K Fellham 101



The Face of the Booke unmasked.

HEere, th'*Vniverſe* in Natures Frame,
Suſtain'd by *Truth*, and *wiſdomes* hand,
Does, by *opinions* empty Name,
And *Ignorance*, diſtracted ſtand:
Who with ſtrong *Cords* of vanity, conſpire,
Tangling the *Totall*, with abſtruſe Deſire.

But then the *Noble Heart* infir'd,
With *Rayes*, divinely from above,
Mounts (though with wings moiſt, and bemir'd)
The great *Gods* glorious *Light* to prove,
Slighting the World: yet ſelfe renouncing, tries,
That where *God* drawes not, there ſhe ſinks, & dies.

K Fellham 101



The Face of the Booke unmasked.

HEere, th'*Vniverſe* in Natures Frame,
Suſtain'd by *Truth*, and *wiſdomes* hand,
Does, by *opinions* empty Name,
And *Ignorance*, diſtracted ſtand:
Who with ſtrong *Cords* of vanity, conſpire,
Tangling the *Totall*, with abſtruſe Deſire.

But then the *Noble Heart* infir'd,
With *Rayes*, divinely from above,
Mounts (though with wings moiſt, and bemir'd)
The great *Gods* glorious *Light* to prove,
Slighting the World: yet ſelfe renouncing, tries,
That where *God* drawes not, there ſhe ſinks, & dies.


Sapientia
Veritatis
Opinio
Ignorantia
RESOLVES
A Duple Century
The 5th. Edition
By Owen Felltham: th
a large Alphabeticall
Table thervnto.
et sic demulcebo
Vitam.
LONDON
Imprinted for Henry
Seile and are to be sould at
the Tygers head in S. Paules
Church yard. 1634.

28 MR 59

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THOMAS Lord COVENTRY, Baron of *Aleſborough*, Lord Keeper of the great Seale of *England*, and Councellour of Eſtate to his Majeſty of *Great Britaine*.

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

THough I ſhould not know your *Perſon*, I cannot bee a ſtranger to your *Vertues*: All eares are filled with report of *them*: and what a *Predeceſſour* of yours, to his great *Honour*, wrote of the *Greatneſſe of Peace*, you, *My Lord*, have to your greater *Honour*, practiſed. Theſe my *Excogitations*, I humbly *dedicate* to your *Lordſhip*; which I confeſſe I ſhould ſcarce have done, if your *Nobleneſſe* had not been more *eminent* than your *Place*. All that hath made

me thus preſuming, is your *Goodneſſe*, which I know is full of *Pardons*, for thoſe that erre by *reverencing*. That I have prefixed your *Name*, is not in thought of adding ought to your *Honour*: but in gaining ſomething to the *Worke*; that being ſo *inſcribed*, it may carry with it, what already ſhineth in your *Noble Boſome*, *Honeſt Authority*. May it live but as long as your *Fame*, and knowne *Integritie*; then I reſt aſſured, *it* ſhall never meet a *Grave* in comming *Ages*. Howſoever, I ſhall be *praiſed* for this, (if I have not coveted too *high*, and intruded on your more *weightie Affaires*,) that I have choſen *an approved Patron*.

The *God* of *Goodneſſe* perpetuate your *Lordſhips Happineſſe*.

The moſt humble of
your Lordſhips trueſt
Honourers.

OW. FELLTHAM.

TO THE READERS.

I Am to answer two Objections, *One, that I have made use of* Story, *yet not quoted my* Authorities; *and this I have* purposely *done. It had beene all one Labour, in-serting the* matter, *to give them, both the* Author, *and* place. *But while I am not* Controversiall, *I should onely have troubled the* Text, *or spotted a* Margent, *which I alwaies wish to leave free, for the* Comments *of the man that reads. Besides, I doe not professe my selfe a* Scholler: *and for a* Gentleman, *I hold it a little* pedanticall. *He should use them rather, as brought in by* Memory, raptim, *and* occasionall, *than by* Study, search, *or strict* collection: *especially in* Essay, *which of all writing is neerest to a running* Discourse. *I have so used them, as you may see I doe not* steale, *but* borrow. *If I doe; let the* Reader *trace me, and if hee will, or can, to my shame* discover; *there is no cheating like the* Felony *of* Wit: *He which theeves* that, *robbes the* Owner, *and coozens those that heare him.*

The next is, for the Poetry, *wherein, indeed, I have been strict, yet would be* full. *In my opinion, they disgrace our* Language, *that will not give a* Latine *Verse his* English, *under two for one. I confesse, the* Latine

tine (*beſides the curiouſneſſe of the* Tongue) *hath in every* Verſe, *the advantage of three or foure* Sillables; *yet if a man will labour for't, he may turne it as ſhort, and I beleeve as* full. *And for this, ſome late* Tranſlations *are my prooſe.* What *you find heere, if you pleaſe, like: But remember alwaies, to cenſure a* Reſolve *in the middle, is to give your* Iudgement *a poſſibility of erring. If you aske why I* writ *them? 'Twas becauſe I lov'd my* Study. *If, why I* publiſh *them? Know, that having no other meanes to ſhew my ſelfe to the* World, *ſo well, I choſe this, not to* boaſt, *but becauſe I would not deceive.*

RE-



RESOLVES: DIVINE, MORAL, POLITICALL.

I.

Of ſuddaine Proſperitie.

Proſperity in the beginning of a *great Action*, many times, vndoes a *Man* in the end. *Happineſſe* is the *Cauſe* of *miſchiefe*. The faire *chance* of a treacherous *Dye*, at firſt flatters an *improvident Gameſter*, with his owne *hand*, to *throw* away his *wealth* to another. For while we expect all things, *laughing* vpon us, like thoſe we have paſs'd; we remit our *care*, and *periſh* by *neglecting*. When a *Rich Crowne* ha's newly kiſs'd the *Temples* of a gladded *King*, where hee findes all things in a *golden ſwim*, and *kneeling* to him with *Auſpicious reverence*; he careleſly *waves* himſelfe in the *ſwelling plenty*:

Laies his heart into *pleasures*, and forgets the *future*; till *Ruine* seize him before he can thinke it. *Felicity* eates up *Circumspection:* and when that *guard* is wanting, wee lye *spred* to the *shot* of generall *Danger*. How many have lost the *victory* of a *Battell*, with too much *confidence* in the good *fortune*, which they found at the *beginning*? Surely 'tis not good to be *happy* too soone. It many times *undoes* a *Noble Family*, to have the estate fall to the *hands* of an *Heire*, in *minority*. Witty *children* oft faile in their *age*, of what their *childhood* promised. This holds not true in *Temporall* things onely, but even in *Spirituall*. Nothing slackens the *proceedings* of a *Christian* more than the *too-early* applause of *those* that are groundedly *honest*. This makes him thinke he now is farre *enough*, and that he may *rest* and *breathe*, and *gaze*. So he *slides* backe for want of *striving*, to goe on with *increase*. Good *successe* in the midd'st of an *action*, takes a man in a firme *settlednesse:* and though he finds the *event* alter, yet *custome* before, will continue his care for *afterwards*. In the end, it *crownes* his expectation; and *incourages* him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the *sequell* answerable. But in the beginning it falls like much *raine* as soone as the seede is sowne: which does rather *wash* it away, than give it a moderate *rooting*. How many had *ended* better, if they had not *begun* so well? *Pleasure* can *undoe* a man at any time, if *yeelded* to. 'Tis an inviting *Ginne* to catch the *Woodcock-man* in. *Cræsus* counsel'd *Cyrus*, if he meant to hold the *Lydians* in a *slavery*, that he should teach them to *sing*, and *play*, and *drinke*, and

dance,

dance, and *dally*; and that would doe it without his *endevor*. I remember *Ovids* fable of the *Centoculated Argus*; The *Devill* I compare to *Mercury*, his *pipe* to *pleasure*, *Argus* to *Man*, his hundred *eyes* to our *care*, his *sleeping* to *security*, *Io* to our *soule*, his *transformation* to the *curse of God*. The *Morall* is onely this; The *Devill* with *pleasure*, *pipes* Man into *securitie*, then *steales* away his *soule*, and *leaves him* to the *wrath of Heaven*. It can *ruine Anthony* in the midd'st of his *fortunes*, it can *spoile Hanibal* after a *long* and *glorious warre*: but to *meet* it at first, is the most *danger*; it then being apteſt to find *admiſsion*; though to *meet* and yeeld, be worſt at laſt: becauſe there is not then a *time* left for *recovery*. If the *Action* bee of *worth* that I take in hand, neither ſhall an ill *accident* diſcourage me, nor a good *one* make mee *careleſſe*. If it happen *ill*, I will be the more *circumſpect*, by a heedfull prevention to avoid the *like*, in that which *inſues*. If it happen *well*, my feare ſhall make mee warily *vigilant*. I will ever *ſuſpect* the *ſmoothed ſtreame* for *deepeneſſe*; till we come to the end. *Deceit* is gracious *company*; for it alwayes ſtudies to be *faire* and *pleaſing*: But then, like a *theefe*, having train'd us from the *Roade*, it robbes us. Where all the *benefit* we have left, is this: that, if we have *time* to ſee how we were *cooſened*, wee may have ſo much *happineſſe* as to *die* repenting.

Laies his heart into *pleasures*, and forgets the *future*; till *Ruine* seize him before he can thinke it. *Felicity* eates up *Circumspection*: and when that *guard* is wanting, wee lye *spred* to the *shot* of generall *Danger*. How many have lost the *victory* of a *Battell*, with too much *confidence* in the good *fortune*, which they found at the *beginning*? Surely 'tis not good to be *happy* too soone. It many times *undoes* a *Noble Family*, to have the estate fall to the *hands* of an *Heire*, in *minority*. Witty *children* oft faile in their *age*, of what their *childhood* promised. This holds not true in *Temporall* things onely, but even in *Spirituall*. Nothing slackens the *proceedings* of a *Christian* more than the *too-early* applause of *those* that are groundedly *honest*. This makes him thinke he now is farre *enough*, and that he may *rest* and *breathe*, and *gaze*. So he *slides* backe for want of *striving*, to goe on with *increase*. Good *successe* in the midd'st of an *action*, takes a man in a firme *settledness*: and though he finds the *event* alter, yet *custome* before, will continue his care for *afterwards*. In the end, it *crownes* his expectation; and *incourages* him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the *sequell* answerable. But in the beginning it falls like much *raine* as soone as the seede is sowne: which does rather *wash* it away, than give it a moderate *rooting*. How many had *ended* better, if they had not *begun* so well? *Pleasure* can *undoe* a man at any time, if *yeelded* to. 'Tis an inviting *Ginne* to catch the *woodcock-man* in. *Cræsus* counsel'd *Cyrus*, if he meant to hold the *Lydians* in a *slavery*, that he should teach them to *sing*, and *play*, and *drinke*, and

dance,

dance, and *dally*; and that would doe it without his *endevor*. I remember *Ovids* fable of the *Centoculated Argus*; The *Devill* I compare to *Mercury*, his *pipe* to *pleasure*, *Argus* to *Man*, his hundred *eyes* to our *care*, his *sleeping* to *security*, *Io* to our *soule*, his *transformation* to the *curse of God*. The *Morall* is onely this; The *Devill* with *pleasure*, *pipes* Man into *securitie*, then *steales* away his *soule*, and *leaves him* to the *wrath of Heaven*. It can *ruine Anthony* in the midd'st of his *fortunes*, it can *spoile Hanibal* after a *long* and *glorious warre*: but to *meet* it at first, is the most *danger*; it then being apteſt to find *admiſsion*, though to *meet* and yeeld, be worſt at laſt: becauſe there is not then a *time* left for *recovery*. If the *Action* bee of *worth* that I take in hand, neither ſhall an ill *accident* diſcourage me, nor a good *one* make mee *careleſſe*. If it happen *ill*, I will be the more *circumſpect*, by a heedfull prevention to avoid the *like*, in that which *inſues*. If it happen *well*, my feare ſhall make mee warily *vigilant*. I will ever *ſuſpect* the *ſmoothed ſtreame* for *deepeneſſe*; till we come to the end. *Deceit* is gracious *company*; for it alwayes ſtudies to be *faire* and *pleaſing*: But then, like a *theefe*, having train'd us from the *Roade*, it robbes us. Where all the *beneſit* we have left, is this: that, if we have *time* to ſee how we were *cooſened*, wee may have ſo much *happineſſe* as to *die* repenting.

II.

Of Reſolution.

WHat a *skeyne* of ruffled *ſilke* is the *vncompoſed Man?* Every *thing* that but offers to even *him*, intangles *him* more, as if, while you unbend *him* one way, *he* warpeth worſe the other. *He* cannot but meet with *variety* of occaſions, and every one of theſe, intwine *him* in a deeper trouble. His *wáies* are *ſtrew'd* with *Briers*, and he *buſsles* himſelfe into his owne *confuſion*; Like a *Partridge* in the net, hee maskes *himſelfe* the more, by the anger of his *fluttering wing*. Certainely, a good *Reſolution* is the moſt *fortifying Armour* that a *Diſcreet* man can weare. That, can defend him againſt all the unwelcome *ſhuffles* that the poore rude *World* puts on him. Without this, like *hot Iron*, he *hiſſes* at every *drop* that finds him. With this, He can be a *ſervant* as well as a *Lord*; and have the ſame inward *pleaſantneſſe* in the *quakes* and *ſhakes* of *Fortune*, that hee carries in her *ſofteſt ſmiles*. I confeſſe, biting *Penury* has too ſtrong *talons* for *mud-wal'd Mun*, to graſpe withall. *Nature* is importunate for *neceſſities*: and will try all the *Engines* of her *wit*, and *power*, rather than ſuffer her owne *deſtruction*. But where ſhee hath ſo much as ſhee may *live*: *Reſolution* is the onely *Marſhall* that can keepe her in a *decent* order. That which puts the looſe *woven mind* into a whirling *tempeſt*, is by the *Reſoluse*, *ſeene*, *ſleighted*, *laughed*

laughed at: with as much *honour*, more *quiet*, more *safety*. The *world* has nothing in it worthy a man's *serious anger*. The best way to perish *discontentments*, is neither not to see them, or *convert* them to a *dimpling mirth*. How endlesse will be the *quarrels* of a *chollericke man*, and the *contentments* of him, that is *resolved* to turne *indignities* into things to make sport withall? 'Tis sure, nothing but *experience*, and collected *Iudgement*, can make a man doe this: but when he has brought himselfe unto it, how infinite shall he find his *ease*? It was *Zantippe's* observation, that she ever found *Socrates* returne with the same *countenance* that he went abroad withall. *Ennius* can tell us,

——Fortunaque per dat,
Opposita virtute, minas.——

——All Fortunes threats be lost,
Where Vertue does oppose.——

I wish no *man* so *spiritlesse*, as to let all *abuses* presse the dulnesse of a willing *shoulder*: but I wish him an able *discretion*, to *discerne* which are fit to be stirred in, and those to *prosecute* for no other end, but to shew the *injury* was more to *Vertue*, and deare *Natures Iustice*, than to himselfe. Every man should be *Equities champion*: because it is that *eternall pillar*, whereon the *World is founded*. In *high* and *mountain'd Fortunes Resolution* is necessary, to insafe us from the *thefts*, and *wiles* of *prosperity*: which *steale* us away, not only from our *selves*, but *vertue*: and for the

moſt part, like a *long peace*, ſoftly delivers us into *impoveriſhing warre*. In the *wane* of Fortune, *Reſolution* is likewiſe *neceſſary*, to guard us from the *diſcontents* that uſually *aſſaile* the poore *dejected man*. For all the *world* will beate the *man*, which *Fortune* buffets. And unleſſe by this, he can turne off the *blowes*; he ſhall be ſure to *feele* the greateſt *burthen*, in his owne ſad *mind*. A *wiſe man* makes a *trouble* leſſe, by *Fortitude*: but to a *foole*, 'tis heavier by his *ſtooping* too't. I would faine bring my *ſelfe* to that *paſſe*, that I might not make *my happineſſe* depend on an others *Iudgement*. But as I would never doe any thing *unhoneſtly*: ſo I would never feare the *immateriall wind of cenſure*, when it is done. Hee that *ſteeres* by that *gale*, is ever in danger of *wracke*. *Honeſty* is a *warrant* of farre more *ſafety* than *Fame*. I will never be *aſham'd* of that which *beares* her *ſeale*: As knowing 'tis onely *Pride's* being in *faſhion*, that hath put *honeſt Humility out of countenance*. As for the *crackers* of the *braine*, and *tongue-ſquibs*, they wil *dye* alone, if I ſhall not *revive* them. The beſt way to have them *forgotten* by others, is firſt to *forget* them my ſelfe. This will *keepe* my ſelfe in quiet, and by a *noble not-caring*, *arrow* the *intenders* boſome: who will ever fret moſt, when he finds his *deſignes* moſt *fruſtrate*. Yet, in all theſe, I will ſomething reſpect *cuſtome*, becauſe ſhe is *magnified* in that *world*, wherein I am one. But when ſhe parts from *iuſt reaſon*, I ſhall rather *diſpleaſe* her by parting; than offend in her *company*. I would have all men ſet up their *reſt*, for all things that this *world* can yeeld: Yet ſo, as they *build* upon a ſurer *foundation* than themſelves: otherwiſe,

otherwise, that which should haue beene their *foundation*, will surely *crosse* them; and that is, GOD.

III.

A Friend and Enemy, when most dangerous.

I Will take *heed* both of a *speedy Friend*, and a *slow Enemy*. *Love* is never *lasting*, that *flames* before it *burnes*. And *Hate*, like wetted *Coales*, throwes a fiercer *heate*, when *fire* gets the *mastery*. As the first may *quickly faile*, so the latter will *hardly* be *altered*. Early *fruits* rot soone. As quicke *wits* haue seldome sound *judgements*, which should make the continue: so *friendship* kindled suddenly, is *rarely* found with the *durability* of *affection*. *Enduring Love* is ever built on *Vertue*; which no man can see in another at once. He that *fixeth* upon her, shall find a *beauty* that will every day take him with some new *grace* or other. I like that Love, which by a *soft ascension*, does degree it selfe in the *soule*. As for an *Enemy* that is long a making: hee is much the *worse*, for being ill no *sooner*. I count him as the *actions* of a wise *State*, which being long in *resolving*, are in their *Execution sudden*, and *striking* home. He *hates* not but with *cause*, that is *unwilling* to *hate* at all. If I must have *both*, give me rather a *friend* on *foote*, and an *Enemy* on *horse backe*. I may perswade the one to *stay*, while the other may be *galloping* from me.

IV.

Of the ends of Vertue and Vice.

VErtue and *Vice* never *differ* ſo much, as in the *end*; at leaſt, their *difference* is never ſo much upon the *view*, as then. And this I thinke, is one *reaſon*, why ſo many *iudgements* are *ſeduced* in *purſuit* of ill. They *imagine* not their *laſt Act* will be *Tragicall*; becauſe their former *Scenes* have all beene *Comedie*. The *end* is ſo farre off, that they ſee not thoſe *ſtabbing ſhames*, that *awaite* them in a *killing ambuſh*. If it were neerer, yet their owne *dimme ſight* would leave them *undiſcovered*. And the ſame thing that incourageth *Vice*, diſcourageth *Vertue*: For, by her *rugged way*, and the *reſiſtance* that ſhee findes in her *paſſage*; ſhe is oft *perſwaded* to ſtep into *Vice's path*: which while ſhee findeth *ſmooth*, ſhee never perceiveth *ſlippery*. *Vice's Road* is paved with *Ice*; *Inviting* by the *eye*, but *tripping* up the *heele*, to the *hazzard* of a *wound*, or *drowning*. Whereas *Vertue* is like the *paſſage* of *Hannibal* over the *Alpes*; a worke of a *trying toyle*, of *infinite danger*. But once *performed*, it lets him into the *Worlds Garden*, *Italy*: and withall, leaves him a *fame* as laſting, as *thoſe* which he did *Conquer*, with his moſt *unuſed weapon of warre*, *Vineger*. Doubtleſſe the *world* hath nothing ſo *glorious* as *Vertue*: as *Vertue* when ſhee rides triumphant. When like a *Phœbean Champion*, ſhee hath rowted the *Armie* of

of her *enemies*, flatted their *ſtrongeſt Forts*, brought the *mightieſt* of her *Foes*, in a *chained ſubiection*, to humour the *motions* of her thronged *Chariot*, and be the *gaze* of the *abuſive world*. *Vice*, at beſt, is but a *diſeaſed Harlot*: all whoſe *commendation* is, that ſhe is *painted*.

Sed locum virtus habet inter aſtra;
Vere dum flores venient tepenti,
Et comam ſylvis hyemes recident,
Vel comam ſylvis revocabit æſtas,
Pomaq; Autumno fugiente cedent,
Nulla te terris rapiet vetuſtas,
Tu Comes Phœbo, comes ibis aſtris.

But *Vertue's* thron'd among the Starres;
And while the Spring warmes th'infant bud,
Or Winter bald's the ſhag-hair'd wood:
While Summer gives new lockes to all,
And fruits full ripe, in Autumne fall,
Thou ſhalt remaine and ſtill ſhalt be,
For Starres, for Phœbus, Company.

Is a *rapture* of the *lofty Tragedian*. Her *preſence* is a *dignity*, which amazes the beho'der with *in-circling raies*. The *conceit* of her *Actions*, begets *admiration* in others, and that *admiration* both *infuſeth* a *ioy* in her, and *inflames* her *magnanimity* more. The *good honour* her, for the *love* of the *like*, that they find in *themſelves*. The *bad*, though they repine *inwardly*, yet *ſhame* (which is for the moſt part an effect of baſe *Vice*,) now goes before the *action*, and commands their *baſer hearts* to *ſilence*. On the other

otherside, what a *Monster*, what a *Painters Devill is Vice*, either in her *bared skin*, or her owne *enfordid rag g's?* Her own *guilt*, and the *detestation* which she findes from others, set up two great *Hels*, in her one little, narrow, *heart*; *Horrour*, *Shame*; and *that* which most of all doth *gall* her, is, that shee findes their *flames* are *inextinguishable*. Outwardly, sometimes she may *appeare* like *Vertue*: For all the severall *Iemmes* in *Vertue*, *Vice* hath counterfeit *stones*, wherewith she guls the *Ignorant*. But there bee too maine *reasons* which shall make me *Vertues* Lover: for her *inside*, for her *end*. And for the same *reasons* will I hate *Vice*. If I finde there be a *difference* in their *waies*; I will yet thinke of them, as of the two *sonnes* in the *Gospell*; whereof *Vertue* said hee would not goe to the *Vineyard*, yet *did*. And *Vice*, though he promised to goe; *desisted*.

V.

Of Puritans.

I Finde many that are called *Puritans*; yet few, or none that will owne the *name*. Whereof the reason sure is this; that 'tis for the most part held a *name of infamie*; and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtain'd a *definition*: nor is it an *appellation* derived from one *mans* name, whose *Tenents* wee may finde, digested into a *Volume*: whereby we doe much erre in the *application*. It imports a kinde of *excellency* above another; which *man* (being conscious

ſcious of his owne fraile bendings) is aſhamed to aſſume to himſelfe. So that I beleeve there are men which *would be Puritans*: but indeed not any that *are*. One will have him one that lives religiouſly, and will not revell it in a ſhoreleſſe exceſſe. Another, him that ſeparates from our *Divine Aſſemblies*. Another, him that in ſome *tenents* onely is *peculiar*. Another, him that will not *ſweare*. Abſolutely to define him, is a worke, I thinke, of *Difficulty*; ſome I know that rejoyce at the *name*; but ſure they be ſuch, as leaſt *underſtand* it. As hee is more generally in theſe times taken, I ſuppoſe wee may call him *a Church Rebell*, or one that would exclude *order*, that his *braine* might rule. To *decline offences*; to be carefull and conſcionable in our ſeverall *actions*, is a *Purity*, that every man ought to labour for, which we may well doe, without a ſullen *ſegregation* from all *ſociety*. If there be any *Priveleges*, they are ſurely granted to the Children of the *King*; which are thoſe that are the Children of *Heaven*. If *mirth* and *recreations* be lawfull, ſure ſuch a one may lawfully uſe it. If *Wine* were given to cheere the *heart*, why ſhould I feare to uſe it for that end? Surely, *the merrie ſoule* is freer from intended *miſchiefe*, than the *thoughtfull man*. A bounded *mirth*, is a *Patient* adding time and happineſſe to the crazed life of *Man*. Yet if *Laertius* reports him rightly, *Plato* deſerves a *Cenſure*, for allowing *drunkenneſſe* at *Feſtivals*; becauſe, ſaies he, as then, the *Gods* themſelves reach *wines* to preſent *Men*. *God* delights in nothing more, than in a *cheerefull heart*, carefull to performe him ſervice. What

Parent

Parent it is, that rejoyceth not to ſee his *Childe* pleaſant, in the limits of a *filiall duty*, I know, wee reade of *Chriſts weeping*, not of his *laughter*: yet we ſee, hee graceth a *Feaſt* with his *firſt Miracle*; and that a *Feaſt of joy*: And can we thinke that ſuch a *meeting* could paſſe without the noyſe of *laughter*? What a lumpe of *quickned care* is the *melancholike man*? Change *anger* into *mirth*, and the Precept will hold good ſtill: *Bee merry, but ſinne not.* As there bee many, that in their life aſſume too great a *Liberty*; ſo I beleeve there are ſome, that abridge themſelves of what they might lawfully uſe. *Ignorance* is an ill *Steward*, to provide for either *Soule*, or *Body*. A man that ſubmits to reverent *Order*, that ſometimes unbends himſelfe in a moderate *relaxation*; and in all, labours to approve himſelfe, in the ſereneneſſe of a healthfull *Conſcience*: ſuch a *Puritane* I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but *ceremoniall*, ſhall ſpurne at the grave Authority of the *Church*, and out of a needleſſe *nicetie*, be a Theeſe to himſelfe, of thoſe benefits which *God* hath allowed him: or out of a blind and uncharitable *Pride*, cenſure, and ſcorne others as *reprobates*: or out of obſtinacy, fill the World with *brawles*, about *undeterminable Tenents*: I ſhall thinke him one of thoſe, whoſe *opinion* hath ſevered his *zeale* to *madneſſe* and *diſtraction*. I have more faith in one *Salomon*, than in a thouſand *Dutch Parlours* of ſuch *Opinioniſts*. Behold then, what I have ſeene good! That it is comely to eate, and to drinke, and to take pleaſure in all his labour wherein he travaileth under the *Sunne*, the whole number

number of the daies of his life, which God giveth him. For, this is his *Portion*. Nay, *there is no profit to Man, but that he eat, and drinke, and delight his soule with the profit of his labour*. For, he that saw other things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the *hand of God*. Mee thinkes the reading of *Eccleſiaſtes*, ſhould make a *Puritane* undreſſe his braine, and lay off all thoſe *Phanatique toyes* that gingle about his *vnderſtanding*. For my owne part, I thinke the World hath not better men, then ſome, that ſuffer under that name: nor withall, more *Sceleſtique Villaines*. For, when they are once *elated* with that *pride*, they ſo *contemne* others, that they infringe the Lawes of all *humane ſociety*.

VI.

Of Arrogancy.

I Never yet found *Pride* in a *Noble Nature*: nor *Humility* in an *vnworthy minde*. It may ſeeme ſtrange to an *inconſiderate eye*, that ſuch a poore *violet Vertue*, ſhould ever dwell with *Honour*: and that ſuch an aſpiring fume as *Pride* is, ſhould ever ſojourne with a *conſtant Baſeneſſe*. 'Tis ſure, we ſeldome find it, but in ſuch, as being conſcious of their owne *deficiency*, thinke there is no way to get *Honour*, but by a bold aſſuming it. As if, rather then want *fame*, they would with a rude aſſault, *deflowre* her: which indeed, is the way to loſe it. *Honour* like a *Noble Virgin*, will never agree to grace the man that *rauiſheth*.

raviſheth. if ſhe be not wonne by *Courteſie*, ſhe will never love *truly*. To offer *violence* to ſo choyſe a *beauty*, is the way to be *contemn'd* and *looſe*. 'Tis *hee* that hath nothing elſe to commend him, which would invade mens *good opinions*, by a *miſ-becomming ſawſineſſe*. If you ſearch for high and ſtrained *Carriages*; you ſhall for the moſt part, meet with them, in *low men*. *Arrogance*, is a *weed*, that ever growes in a *dunghill*. 'Tis from the rankeneſſe of that ſoyle, that ſhe hath her *height* and *ſpreadings*: Witneſſe *Clownes*, *Fooles*, and *fellows* that from *nothing*, are lifted ſome few ſteps upon *Fortunes Ladder*: where, ſeeing the glorious repreſentment of *Honour*, above; they are ſo greedy of *imbracing*, that they ſtrive to leape thither at once: ſo by over-reaching themſelves in the way, they faile of the *end*, and fall. And all this happens, either for want of *Education*, which ſhould ſeaſon their *minds* with the generous precepts of *Morality*; or, which is more powerfull; *Example*: or elſe, for lacke of a diſcerning *Iudgement*, which will tell them, that the beſt way thither, is to goe about, by *humility* and *deſert*. Otherwiſe, the River of *Contempt* runs betwixt them and it: and if they goe not by theſe paſſages, they muſt of neceſſity either *turne backe* with ſhame, or ſuffer in the deſperate *venture*. Of all *Trees*, I obſerve, *God* hath choſen the *Vine*, a low *plant*, that creeps upon the helpfull *Wall*. Of all *Beaſts*, the ſoft and patient *Lambe*; Of all *Fowles*, the mild and gall-leſſe *Dove*. *Chriſt* is the *Roſe* of the *Field*, and the *Lilly* of the *Valley*. When *God* appeared to *Moſes*, it was not in the

lofty *Cedar*, not the ſturdy *Oake*, nor the ſpreading *Plane*; but in a *Buſh*; an humble, ſlender, abject *ſhrub*. As if he would by theſe *elections*, checke the conceited arrogance of *Man*. Nothing procureth *Love*, like *Humility*; nothing *Hate* like *Pride*. The *proud man* walkes among *daggers*, poynted againſt him: whereas the *humble* and the *affable* have the *People* for their guard in *dangers*. To be humble to our *Superiors*, is *duty*; to our *Equals*, *courteſie*, to our *Inferiors*, *Noblenesſe*. Which, for all her *lowneſſe*, carries ſuch a ſway, that ſhee may command their *ſoules*. But wee muſt take heed, wee expreſſe it not in unworthy *Actions*. For then leaving *Vertue*, it falls into *diſdained baſeneſſe*; which is the undoubtable *badge* of one, that will betray *Society*. So farre as a man, both in *words* and *deeds*, may be free from *flattery*, and unmanly *cowardice*, hee may be humble with *commendation*. But ſurely, no *circumſtance* can make the expreſſion of *Pride* laudable. If ever it bee, 'tis when it meets with *Audacious Pride*, and conquers. Of this *good* it may then be *author*, that the *affronting man*, by his owne *folly*, may learne the way to his *duty*, and *wit*. Yet this I cannot ſo well call *Pride*, as *an emulation of the Divine Iuſtice*; which will alwaies vindicate it ſelfe upon *preſumptuous ones*: and is indeed ſaid to fight againſt no *ſinne*, *but pride*.

Of

VII.

Of Reward and Service.

WHen it lights vpon a *worthy Nature*, there is nothing procures a more faithfull *Service*, than *The Maſters liberality*: nor is there any thing makes *that* appeare more, than a *true fidelity*. They are each of other *alternate Parents*; begetting and begotten. Certainely, if theſe were practiſed; *Great men* need not ſo often change their *Followers*: nor would the *Patrons* bee abandoned by their old *Attendants*. *Rewards* are not *given*, but *paied*, to *Servants* that be good and wiſe. Nor ought that *blood* to bee acoounted *loſt*, which is out-letted for a *Noble Maſter*. *Worth* will never faile to give *Deſert* her *Bayes*. A *liberall Maſter*, that loves his *Servant* well, is in ſome ſort a *Gad* unto him: which may both give him *bleſſings*, and protect him from *danger*. And beleeve it, on the other ſide, a *diligent* and *diſcreet Servant*, is one of the *beſt friends* that a man can bee bleſt withall. Hee can doe whatſoeuer a *Friend* may: and will bee commanded with leſſer hazzard of loſing. Nay, hee may in a kinde, challenge a glory above his *Maſter*: for, though it bee harder to play a *Kings part* well, than 'tis to act a *Subjects*; yet *Natures* inclination is much more bent to *rule* than to *obey*: *Service*, being a condition, which is not found in any Creatures of one kinde, but *Man*. Now, if the Queſtion be, when men meet

in

in these *relations*, who shall the first begin? The *lot* will surely fall upon the *Servant*: For hee is tyed in duty to be *diligent*; and that ever binds without exception. The *Lord* is tyed but by his *Honor*: which is voluntary, and not compulsive; *Liberality* being a free adjection, and not a *Tye* in his *bargaine*. 'Tis good sometimes for a *Lord* to use a *Servant* like a *friend*, like a *companion*: but 'tis alwaies fit for a *Servant* to pay him the reverence due to a *Master*. *Pride* becomes neither the *commander* nor the *commanded*. Every *Family* is but a severall *Plume* of *Feathers*: the meanest is of the selfe same stuffe: onely he that made the *Plume*, was pleased to set the *Lord* highest. The power of *commanding*, is rather *Politicall* than from equall Nature. The *service* of *man* to *man*, followed not the *Creation*, but the *fall of Man*: and till *Noah* curs'd his *Sonne*, the name of *Servant* is not read in *Scripture*. Since, there is no absolute *freedome* to be found below. Even *Kings* are but more *splendid Servants*, for the *Common body*. There is a mutuality betweene the *Lord* and *Vassailes*. The *Lord* serves them of *necessaries*: and they him, in his *pleasures* and *conveniences*. *Vertue* is the truest *liberty*: nor is he free that stoops to *passions*: nor hee in bondage, that serves a *Noble Master*. When *Demonax* saw one cruell in the beating of a Servant: *Fie* (saies he) *forbeare; lest by the World, your selfe be taken for the servant*. And if we have any faith in *Claudian*, we may beleeve, that

He knows no bondage, whō a good *King* swaies:
For *Freedome* never shines with clearer rayes,
Than when *braue Princes* raigne.

Pallitur, egregio quiſquis ſub Principe credit
Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam ſub Rege pio.

Imperiouſnes turnes that *ſervant* into a *ſlave*, which *Moderation* makes as an humble-ſpeaking *friend*. *Seneca* begins an *Epiſtle*, with rejoycing, that his *Friend* lived familiar with his *Servant*. Neither can have *comfort*, where both are *uncommunicable*. I confeſſe, the like countenance is not to be ſhewed to all. *That which makes a wiſe man* modeſt, *makes a Foole* unmannerly. 'Tis the *ſaucy ſervant*, that cauſes the *Lord* to ſhrinke his deſcending *favours*. Of the two, *Pride* is the more tolerable in a *Maſter*. The other is *prepoſterouſneſſe*, which *Salomon* ſaw the *Earth* did groane for. *Hadrian* ſent his *inferiour ſervant* a boxe on the eare, for walking but betweene two *Senators*. As I would not *ſerve*, to be admitted to nothing, but to *high commands*: So I thinke, whoſ'ere is rudely *malepart*, blemiſhes the diſcretion of himſelfe, and *his Lord*. As there ought to be *equality*, becauſe *Nature* has made it; ſo their ought to be a *difference*, becauſe *Fortune* has ſet it. Yet cannot the *diſtance* of their *Fortunes* be ſo much, as their *neereneſſe*, in being *Men*. No *Fate* can fright away that likeneſſe. The other we have found in *motion*, in *variance*; even to rare and inverted *mutations*. Let not the *Lord* abuſe his *Servant*; for 'tis poſſible, *he may* fall below him: Let not the *ſervant* neglect his *Maſter*, for *he may* bee caſt to a meaner condition. Let the *ſervant* deſerve, and the *Maſter* recompence: and if they would both be *noble*, the beſt way is, for thoſe

those that be subject, to forget their services, and for those that are *Commanders*, to remember them. So, each loving other, for their *generous worthinesse*, the VVorld shall strew praises in both their *Paths*. If the *servant* suppose his *lot* be hard, let him think that *service* is nothing but the *free-mans* calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to discharge himselfe, *well*.

VIII.

Of Reprehension.

TO *Reprehend* well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of *Friendship*. VVho is it, that will either *not merit a checke*, or *endure* one? Yet wherein can a *Friend* more unfold his *love*, than in preventing *dangers*, before their birth: or, in reducing a Man to *safety*, which is travelling in the way to *Ruine*? I grant, the manner of the *Application*, may turne the *benefit* into an *injury*: and then it both strengtheneth *Error*, and wounds the *Giver*. *Correction* is never in vaine. *Vice* is a *mysterie deepenesse*: if thou striveſt to helpe one out, and doſt not; thy ſtirring him, ſincks him in the further. *Fury* is the madder for his chaine. VVhen thou chideſt thy *wandring Friend*, doe it ſecretly; in ſeaſon; in love: Not in the eare of a popular *convention*: For many times, the preſence of a *Multitude*, makes a man take up an unjuſt *defence*, rather than fall, in a juſt *ſhame*. Diſeaſed *eyes* endure not an unmaſked *Sunne*: nor does the *wound* but rankle more,

which is vanned by the publike *ayre*. Nor can I much blame a man, though hee ſhuns to make the *Vulgar* his *Confeſſor*: For they are the moſt uncharitable *tell-tailes* that the burthened earth doth ſuffer. They underſtand nothing, but the *Dregges* of *Actions*: and with ſpattering thoſe abroad, they beſmeare a deſerving *Fame*. A man had better bee *convinced* in *private*, than be made *guilty* by a *Proclamation*. *Open Rebukes* are for *Majeſtraies*, and *Courts of Iuſtice*: for *Stelled Chambers*, and for *Scarlets*, in the *thronged Hall*. *Private*, are for *friends*; where all the *witneſſes* of the *offenders bluſhes*, are blinde, and deafe, and dumbe. We ſhould doe by them, as *Ioſeph* thought to have done by *Mary*, ſeeke to cover blemiſhes, with *ſecrecy*. *Publike Reproofe*, is like ſtriking of a *Deere* in the *Herd*, it not only wounds him, to the loſſe of inabling *bloud*: but betrayes him to the *Hound* his *Enemy*; and makes him, by his *fellowes*, be puſht out of *company*. Even *concealement of a fault*, argues ſome *Charity* to the *Delinquent*: and when wee tell him of it in ſecret, it ſhewes, we wiſh he ſhould amend; before the *world* comes to know his amiſſe. Next, it ought to bee in *ſeaſon*, neither when the *Braine* is miſted, with ariſing *fumes*: nor when the *Minde* is madded, with un-reined *paſſions*. Certainely, hee is *drunke* himſelfe, that prophanes *Reaſon* ſo, as to vrge it to a *drunken man*. *Nature* unlooſed in a flying ſpeede, cannot come off with a ſudden ſtop.

Quis matrem, niſi mentis inops, in funere Nati
Flere vetat? non hoc ulla monenda loco eſt:

Hee's

Hee's mad, that dries a *Mothers* eyes full tyde
At her *Sonnes* grave. There 'tis no time to chide:

Was the opinion of the *ſmootheſt Poet*. To *admoniſh* a man in the height of his *paſſion*; is, to call a *Souldier* to *Councell*, in the mid'ſt, in the heate of a *Battaile*. Let the *Combat* ſlacke, and then, thou maiſt expect a hearing. All *Paſſions* are like *rapid Torrents*: they ſwell the more, for meeting with a *Damme* in their *violence*. He that will heare nothing in the raged and rore of his *anger*, will, after a pauſe, inquire of you. Seeme you to *forget him*; and hee will the ſooner *remember himſelfe*. For it often fals out, that the end of *Paſſion*, is the beginning of *Repentance*. Then will it be eaſie to draw backe a retiring man: As a *Boat* is rowed with leſſe labour, when it hath both a *wind* and *Tide* to drive it. A word ſeaſonably given, like a *Rudder*, ſometimes ſteeres a man quite into another *Courſe*. When the *Macedonian Philip* was caring in the view of his *Captives*: Saies *Demades*,—*'Since Fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you ſhew your ſelfe like Therſites?* And this chang'd him to another Man. *A blow* beſtow'd in the ſtriking time, is better than ten, delivered unſeaſonably. There are ſome nicks in *Time*, which whoſoever findes, may promiſe to himſelfe *ſucceſſe*. As in all things, ſo in this, eſpecially, if hee doe it as hee ought; *In Love*. It is not good to bee too *tetricall* and *virulent*. *Kinde words* make *rough actions* plauſible: The bitterneſſe of *Reprehenſion*, is inſweetned with the pleaſingneſſe of *Compellations*. If ever *Flattery* might bee lawfull,

heere is a *Cause*, that would give it admission. To be *plaine*, argues *Honesty*: but to be *pleasing*, argues *discretion*. *Sores* are not to be anguish't with a rusticke pressure; but gently stroaked, with a *Ladied hand*. *Physicians* fire not their eies at *Patients*: but calmely minister to their *diseases*. Let it be so done, as the *offender* may see *affection* without *arrogancy*. Who blowes out *Candles* with too strong a breath, does but make them stinke, and blowes them light againe. To avoid this, it was ordain'd among the *Lacedemonians*, that every *Transgressor*, should be, as it were, his owne *Beadle*: for, his punishment was, to cõpasse the *Altar*, singing an *Invective* made against himselfe. It is not confonant, that a member so un-boned as the *tongue* is, should smart it with an *Iron lash*. Every man that *adviseth*, assumes as it were, a *transcendency* over the other; which if it bee not allayed with *protestations*, and some selfe-including *termes*, growes hatefull: that even the *Reprehension*, is many times the greater fault of the two. It will bee good therefore, not to make the *complaints* our owne, but to lay it upon some others: that not knowing his grounded *Vertues*, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his *actions*. Nor can he be a cõpetent *Iudge* of anothers *crime*, that is guilty of the like himselfe. 'Tis unworthily done, to *condemne* that in others, which wee would not have but *pardoned* in our selves. When *Diogenes* fell in the *Schoole* of the *Stoickes*; Hee answers his *deriders*, with this *question*: *Why do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you your selves doe retrograde your lives?* He is not fit to *cure* a *dimmed sight*, that lookes upon

upon another with a *beamed eie*. *Freed*, we may *free* others. And, if we pleaſe them with *praiſing* ſome of their *vertues*, they will with much more *eaſe*, be brought to know their *Vices*. *Shame* will not let them be *angry* with them, that ſo equally *deale* both the *Rod*, and *Laurell*. If he be much our *Superiour*: 'tis good to doe it ſometimes in *Parables*, as *Nathan* did to *David*: So, let him by *collection*, give himſelfe the *Cenſure*. If he be an *Equall*, let it appeare, *affection*, and the truth of *friendſhip* urging it. If he be our *Inferiour*, let it ſeeme our *care*, and *deſire* to benefit him. Towards all, I would be ſure to ſhew *Humility*, and *Love*. Though I find a little *bluſter* for the *preſent*, I am *confident*, I ſhall meete with *Thankes* afterward. And in my *abſence*, his reverend *report*, following me. If not: the beſt way to loſe a *friend*, is by *ſeeking*, by my *love*, to ſave him. 'Tis beſt for others that they *hate* me, for *vice*; but if I muſt be *hated*, 'tis beſt for my ſelfe, that they *hate* mee for my *goodneſſe*. For, then am I mine owne *Antidote*, againſt all the *poyſon*, they can *ſpit* upon me.

IX.

Of Time's continuall ſpeede.

IN all the *Actions* that a *Man* performes, ſome part of his *life paſſeth*. We *dye* with doing that, for which onely, our *ſliding life* was granted. Nay, though we doe nothing, *Time* keepes his conſtant *pace*, and flies as faſt in *idleneſſe*, as in *imployment*.

Whether wee *play* or *labour*, or *sleepe*, or *dance*, or *study*, the *Sunne* posteth, and the *Sand* runnes. An houre of *Vice* is as long as an houre of *Vertue*. But, the difference which followes upon *good actions*, is infinite from that of *ill ones*. The *good*, though it diminisheth our *time* heere, yet it laies up a *pleasure* for *Eternity*: and will *recompence* what it taketh away, with a *plentifull returne* at last. When we *trade* with *vertue*, we doe but buy *pleasure* with *expence* of *time*. So it is not so much a *consuming of time*, as an *exchange*. Or as a *man* sowes his *Corne*, he is content to want it a while, that he may, at the *Harvest*, receive it with *advantage*. But the *bad deeds* that we doe here, doe not onely *robbe us* of so much *time*, but also be-speake *a torment* for hereafter: and that in such a *life*, as the greatest *pleasure* wee could there be *crown'd* withall, would bee the very *act of dying*. The one, *Treasures* up a *pleasure* in a *lasting life*: The other, provides *us torture*, in a *death eternall*. *Man*, as soone as *he* was made, had two great *Suitors*, for his *life* and *soule*: *Vertue*, *Vice*. They both travail'd the world with *traines*, *harbingers*, and large *attendance*: *Vertue* had before her, *Truth*, running *naked*, *valiant*, but *unelegant*: then *labour*, *cold*, *hunger*, *thirst*, *care*, *vigilance*, and these but poorely *arrayed*, and she in plaine, though cleane *attire*. But looking neere, shee was of such a *selfe-perfection*; that she might very well *embleme*, whatsoever *omnipotency* could make most *rare*. *Modest* shee was: and so *lovely*, That whosoever *look't* but stedfastly upon her, could not, but *insoule* himselfe in her. After her, followed *content*, full of *Iewels*, *Coyne*, *Perfumes*,

Perfumes, and all the *massy riches* of the World. Then *Ioy*, with *Masquers*, *Mirth*, *revelling*, and all *Essentiall pleasures*. Next *Honour*, with all the ancient *Orders* of *Nobility*, *Scepters*, *Thrones*, and *Crownes Imperiall*. Lastly, *Glory*, shaking such a *brightnesse* from her *Sunny Tresses*, that I have heard, no man could ever come so neere, as to *describe* her truely. And behinde all these, came *Eternity*, casting a *Ring* about them, which like a strong *inchantment*, made them for ever the same. Thus *Vertue*. *Vice* thus: Before her, First went *Lying*, a *smooth*, *painted huswife*: clad all in *Changeable*, but under her *garments*, full of *Scabbes*, and ugly *Vlcers*. She spoke *pleasingly*, and promised, whatsoever could be *wisht for*, in behalfe of her Mistris, *Vice*. Vpon her, *Wit* waited: a conceited *Fellow*, and one that much tooke *Man* with his pretty *Tricks* and *Gamballs*. Next *Sloath*, and *Luxury*, so full: That they were after *choaked* with their owne *fat*. Then (because she could not have the true ones, for, they follow *Vertue*) she gets *Impostors*, to personate *Content*, *Ioy*, *Honour*, in all their *wealth* and *Royalties*: After these, *she* comes herselfe, sumptuously *apparrel'd*, but a *nasty* surfetted *Slut*: whereby, if any *kist* her, they were sure by her *breath* to *perish*. After her, followed on a suddaine, like *enemies* in ambush, *gilt*, *horror*, *shame*, *losse*, *want*, *sorrow*, *torment*. These *charm'd* with *Eternities* Ring, as the other. And thus they wooed *fond Man*: who taken with the *subtill* coozenings of *Vice*, yeelded to lye with her: where he had his *nature* so impoyson'd, that his *seed* was all *contaminated*, and his *corruption*, even to this day,

day, is ſtill *Conduited* to his undone *Poſterity*. It may be *Virgill* knew of Such a Story, when he writ,

Quiſquis enim, duros caſus virtutis amore
Vicerit, ille ſibi laudemque, decuſque parabit:
At qui deſidiam, luxumque, ſequetur inertem,
Dum fugit oppoſitos, incauta mente, labores,
Turpis inopſque ſimul, miſerabile tranſiget ævum.

Man that Love-conquers *Vertues* thorny waies,
Reares to himſelfe a fame-tombe, for his praiſe:
But he that *Luſts*, and Leaden *Sloth* doth prize,
While heedleſſe he, oppoſed *Labour* flies,
All, foule and poore, moſt miſerably, dies.

'Tis true, *they* both ſpend us *time* alike: nay many times, *honeſt induſtry* ſpends a man more, than the ungirthed *Solaces*, of a ſenſuall *Libertine*: unleſſe they be purſued with *inordinateneſſe*: then they deſtroy the *preſent*, ſhorten the *future*, and haſten *paine*. Why ſhould I wiſh to *paſſe* away this *life* ill, which to thoſe that are ill, is the *beſt*? if I muſt daily *leſſen* it, it ſhall bee by that, which ſhall joy mee with a future *Incomme*. *Time* is like a *Ship*, which never *Anchors*: while I am *aboord*, I had better doe thoſe things, that may advantage mee at my *Landing*, then *practiſe* ſuch, as ſhal cauſe my *commitment*, when I come to the *Shore*. Whatſoever I *doe*, I would *thinke* what will *become* of it, when it is *done*. If *good*, I will goe on to *finiſh* it. If *bad*, I will either leave off, where I am, or not undertake it at all. *Vice*, like an *unthrift*, ſels away the *Inheri-*

tance,

tance, while 'tis but in *Reversion*: But *Vertue*, husbanding all *things* well, is a *Purchaser*. Heare but the witty *Spaniards* Dystich;

Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi, vir bonus, hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priori frui.

He that his former well-led life injoyes,
Lives twice: so gives addition to his dayes.

X.

Of Violence and eagernesse.

THe too *eager* pursuit of a thing, hinders the *injoyment*. For, it makes men take *indirect* waies, which though they *prosper* sometimes, are *blessed* never. The *Covetous*, because he is madde upon *riches*, practiseth *injurious* Courses, which *God* cursing, bring him to a speedy *poverty*. *Oppression* will bring a *Consumption* upon thy *gaines*. *Wealth* snatch't up by *unjust* and injurious waies, like a *rotten sheepe*, will *infect* thy *healthfull flocke*. We thinke by *wrong* to hide our selves from *want*, when 'tis that onely, which unavoideably *puls* it on us. Like *Theeves*, that Hooking for *cloathes* in the *darke*, they draw the *Owner*, which takes, and then imprisons them. He that longs for *Heaven*, with such *impatience*, as he will *kill* himselfe, that hee may bee there the sooner, may by that *act*, bee *excluded* thence: and lye *gnashing* of his *teeth*, in *Hell*. Nay, though

wee

wee be in the *right way*, our *haſte* will make our *ſtay* the longer; Hee that rides all upon the *driving ſpurre*, tires his horſe ere his *journey* ends: ſo is there the *later*, for making ſuch *unwonted ſpeede*. He is like a giddy *meſſenger*, that runnes away without his *errand*: ſo diſpatches leſſe for his *nimbleneſſe*. *when* God *hath layd out* Man *a way*, *in vaine hee ſeekes a neerer* one. *we ſee the* things *we* aime *at*, *as* Travailers *doe* Townes *in hilly* Countries; we *iudge* them neere, at the *eyes* end, becauſe, we ſee not the *valleyes* and the *brooke* in them, that *interpoſe*. So, thinking to take ſhorter *courſes*, wee are led about through *Ignorance*, and *incredulity*. *Surely*, *God that made* diſpoſing Nature, *knowes her better*, *than* imperfect Man. And he that is once *perſwaded* of this, will rather ſtay the *leaſure* of the *Deity*, than follow the *chaſe* of his owne *deluſions*. *We goe* ſureſt, *when we* poaſt *not in a* precipitation. *Sudden* riſings, *have ſeldome ſound* foundations. Wee might *ſweate* leſſe, and *availe* more. How have I ſeene a *Beeſe-brain'd fellow* (that hath onely had *impudence* enough to ſhew himſelfe a *foole*) thruſt into *diſcourſes* of *wit*, thinking to get *eſteeme*; when, all that he hath *purchaſed*, hath beene onely, the *hiſſe* of the *wiſe*, and a *juſt deriſion* from the *abler judgements*? Nor will it bee leſſe *toyleſome*, than wee have already found it, *incommodious*. What *jealous* and *envious furies*, gnaw the *burning breſt* of the *ambitious foole*? What *feares* and *cares* affright the *ſtarting ſleepes* of the *covetous*? Of which if any *happen*, they *cruſh* him, ten times heavier, than they would doe the *minde* of the *well-tempered man*. All that *affect* things

things *over-violently*, doe *over-violently grieve* in the *disappoyntment*. Which is yet *occasioned*, by that, the too-much *earnestnesse*. Whatsoever I wish for, I will pursue *easily*, though I doe it *assiduously*. And if I can, the *hands diligence* shall goe without the *leaping hounds* of the *heart*. So if it happen well, I shall have more *content*: as comming lesse expected. Those *joyes* claspe us with a friendlier *arme*, that *steale* upon us, when we looke not for them. If it fall out *ill*, my *minde* not being set on't, will teach me *patience*, in the *sadning want*. I will coozen *paine*, with *carelesnesse*, and plumpe my *joyes*, by letting them *surprize* mee. As, I would not *neglect* a suddaine good *opportunity*, so I would not *fury* my selfe in the *search*.

XI.

Of the triall of Faith and Friendship.

Faith and *Friendship*, are seldome truly *tried*, but in *extreames*. To finde *friends*, when we have no need of *them*, and to want *them*, when wee have, are both alike *easie*, and *common*. In *Prosperity*, who will not *professe*, to *love* a man? In *Adversity*, how few will *shew* that they *doe it*, in deed? When wee are *happy*, in the *Spring-tide* of *Abundance*, and the *rising flood* of *Plenty*, then, the *World* will be our *servant*: then, all men *flocke* about us, with *bared heads*, with *bended bodies*, and *protesting tongues*. But when these *pleasing waters* fall to *ebbing*; when *wealth* but

shifteth,

ſhifteth, to another *ſtand*: Then, men looke upon us, at a *diſtance*: and *ſtiffen* themſelves, as if they were in *Armour*; leſt, (if they ſhould *comply* us) they ſhould get a *wound*, in the *cloſe*. *Adverſity* is like *Penelope's* night; which *undoes* all, that ever the day did *weave*. 'Tis a *miſery*, that the *knowledge* of ſuch a *bleſſednesſe*, as a *friend* is, can hardly be without ſome *ſad mis-fortune*. For wee can never throughly *try* him, but in the *kicke* of malignant *Chance*. And till we have *tri'de* him, our knowledge can be *call'd*, but by the name of *Hope*. What a pittifull *plight* is poore *duſt-tempered Man* in, when hee can neither bee truly *happy* without a *friend*, nor yet know him to bee a true *friend*, without his being *unhappy*? Our *Fortunes*, and our *ſelves*, are things ſo cloſely *link'd*, that wee know not, which is the *Cauſe* of the *love*, that wee find. When theſe *two* ſhall *part*, wee may then *diſcerne* to which of them *affection* will make *wing*: When they are Coveēd together, wee know not, which is in *purſuit*. When they *riſe* and *breake*, we ſhall then ſee, which is *aymed* at. *I confeſſe he is happy, that finds a true friend in extremity: but hee is happier, that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend.* Thus the *triall* of *friendſhip*, is, by finding, what others will do for us. But the *tryall of Faith*, is, by finding, what wee will doe for *God*. To truſt him for *eſtate*, when we have the *Evidences* in our *Iron Cheſt*, is *eaſie*; and not *thankeworthy*. But to depend upon him, for what we cannot *ſee*; As 'tis more *hard* for Man to doe, So 'tis more acceptable to *God*, if it bee done. For, in that *act*, wee make *confeſſion* of his *Deity*.

VVo

We know not in the *flowes* of our *contentednesse*, what wee our ſelves are, or, how we could *neglect* our ſelves, to follow *God*, commanding us. All men will bee *Peters*, in their *bragging tongue*: and moſt men will be *Peters*, in their *baſe deniall*. But few men will be *Peters*, in their *quicke repentance*. When we are *well*, wee ſweare we will not leave him, in our greateſt *ſickneſſe*: but when our *ſickneſſe* comes, we forget our *vowes*; and ſtay. When wee meet with *blowes*, that will force us, either to let goe our hold of *God*, or our ſelves, then wee ſee to which, our *ſoules* will cleave the faſteſt. And, of this *triall* excellent is the *uſe*, wee may make. If we finde our *Faith* upon the *Teſt*, firme; it will bee unto us, a perpetuall *banquet*. If we find it *daſtardly* ſtarting aſide, knowing the *weakeneſſe*, we may ſtrive to ſtrew it, with a ſtronger *nerve*. So that it *everie*, either the aſſurance of our *happineſſe*, or the *way*, whereby we may find it. Without this *confidence* in a *Power* that is alwayes able to aide us, wee *wander* both in *trouble* and *doubt*. *Infidelity* is the cauſe of all our *woes*, the *ground* of all our *feares*. Not truſting *God*, wee diſcontent our ſelves with *feares* and *ſolicitations*: and to cure theſe, wee runne into *prohibited pathes*. Vnworthy *earthen worme!* that canſt thinke *God* of ſo un-noble a nature, as that he will ſuffer ſuch to *want*, as with a *dutifull endevor* doe depend upon him. It is not uſuall with *Man*, to bee ſo baſe. And canſt thou believe, that that moſt *heroical* & *omnipotent infiniteneſs* of his, wil abridge a *Follower* of ſuch poore *toyes*, as the *accoutrements of* this life are? Can a *Deity* be inhumane?

Or

Or can he that graſpes the un-emptied *proviſions* of the *world* in his hand, be a niggard to his *Sonnes*, unleſſe he ſees it be for their *good* and *benefit*? Nay, could'ſt thou that readeſt this (whatſoever thou art) if thou had'ſt but a *Sareptan widowes Cruſe of Gold*, coul'dſt thou let a diligent and affectionate *Servant*, that ever waited on thee, want neceſſaries? Could'ſt thou endure to ſee him ſhamed in diſgracing *ragges*; nip't to a benumming, with the *Icy thumbes* of *Winter*; complaining, for want of *ſuſtenance*; or neglected in the times of *ſickneſſe*? I appeale to thy inward and more *noble acknowledgement*; I know, thou could'ſt not. O *perverſe thought*, of *per-verted man*! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou canſt want ſuch things as theſe, from ſo unbounded a *bounty* as his is? Serve him, and but *beleeve*; and upon my ſoule, he will never faile thee, for what is moſt *convenient*. O my *God*! My *Refuge*, my *Altar*, and my *ſoules Anchor*: I begge that I may but *ſerve* thee, and *depend upon* thee: I neede not begge *ſupply*: To the other two, thou giveſt that without asking. Thou knoweſt, for my ſelfe, my *ſoules* wiſhes are not for a *vaſt abundance*. If ever I ſhould wiſh a *Plenty*; it ſhould bee for my *friends*, not me. I care not to *abound* in *abounding*: and I am perſwaded, I ſhall never *want*; not *neceſſaries*, not *conveniences*. Let me finde my *heart* dutifull, and my *faith* upon triall ſtedfaſt: and I am ſure theſe will be *ground* enough for ſufficient *happineſſe*, while I live heere.

That

XII.

That a wiſe man may gaine by any company.

AS there is no *Booke* ſo poorely furniſhed, out of which a man may not gather ſomething, for his *benefit*: ſo is there no *company* ſo ſalvagely *bad*; but a wiſe man may from it learne ſomething to make himſelfe *better*. *Vice* is of ſuch a *toady complexion*, that ſhe cannot chuſe but teach the *ſoule* to hate: So lothſome, when ſhe's ſeene in her owne ugly *dreſſe*: that, like a man ſaine in a pit before us, ſhee gives us warning to avoid the *danger*. So admirably hath *God* diſpoſed of the waies of *Man*; that even the *ſight of vice* in others, is like a warning-Arrow, ſhot, for us to take heed. When ſhe thinkes by publiſhing of her ſelfe, to procure a *traine*; *God*, by his ſecret working, makes her turne her *weapons* againſt her ſelfe: and ſtrongly pleade for her Adverſary, *Vertue*. Of which take *Balaam* for a type: who intending to *curſe* the *Iſraelites*, had enforced *bleſſings*, put in his diſſenting *tongue*. VVe are wrought to *good* by contraries. *Foule Acts, keepe Vertue from the charmes of Vice*. Saies *Horace*,

——Thus my beſt *Father* taught
Me, to flie *Vice*, by noting thoſe were naught.
VVhen he would charge me thrive, and ſparing be,
Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:
See'ſt not how ill yong *Albus* lives? how low
Poore *Barrus*? Sure, a weighty *Item*, how

One ſpent his meanes. And when he meant to ſtrike
A hate to *Whores*; To *Sectan* be not like.
——thus me a child
He with his Precepts faſhion'd.——

——*Inſuevit Pater optimus hoc me,*
Vt fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Quum me hortaretur parce, frugaliter, atque
Viverem vti contentus eo, quod mi, ipſe paraſſet:
Nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius? utque
Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore
Quum deterreret, Sectani diſimilis ſis.
——*Sic me*
Formabat puerum dictis——

I confeſſe, I doe not learne to *correct faults* in my *ſelfe*, by any thing more, than by ſeeing how uncomely they appeare in *others*. Who can but thinke what a *naſty Beaſt* he is in his *drunkenneſſe*, that hath ſeene how noyſome it hath made another? How like a *nated Sop*, *ſpunged*, even to the cracking of a *skin*? Who will not abhor a *choller icke paſſion*, and a *ſawcy pride* in himſelfe; that ſees how *ridiculous* and *contemptible* they tender thoſe, that are infected with them? Why ſhould I be ſo beſottedly blinde, as to beleeve, others ſhould not ſpie thoſe *Vices* in *me*, which I can ſee, when they do diſcloſe in *them*? *Vertue* and *Vice*, whenſoever they come to *act*, are both margin'd with a poynting *finger*; but in the *intent*, the difference is much: when 'tis ſet againſt *Vertue*, it betokens then *reſpect* and *worth*: but againſt

Vice

Vice, 'tis ſet in ſcorne, and for *averſion*. Though the *bad man* be the worſe, for having *Vice* in his *eye*: yet the *good man* is the better, for all that he ſees, is *ill*. 'Tis certaine, neither *example*, nor *precept*, (unleſſe it be in matters *wholly religious*,) can be the abſolute *guides* of the true *wiſe man*. 'Tis onely a *knowing*, and a *practicall judgement* of his owne, that can direct him in the *maze of life*: in the *buſtle of the world*: in the *twiches* and the *twirles of Fate*. The other may helpe us ſomething in the *generall*: but cannot bee ſufficient in *particulars*. *Mans* life is like a *State*, ſtill caſuall in the *future*. No man can leave his *Succeſſor* rules for *ſeverals*; becauſe hee knowes not how the *times* will be. He that lives alwaies by *Booke-rules*, ſhall ſhew himſelfe *affected* and a *Foole*. I will doe that which I ſee comely, (ſo it bee not diſhoneſt) rather than what a *grave Philoſopher* commands me to the contrary. I will *take*, what I ſee is fitly good, from *any*: but I thinke there was never any one *man*, that liv'd to be a *perfect guide of perfection*. In many things, I ſhall fall ſhort: in ſomething, I may goe beyond him. Wee feede not the *body*, with the foode of one *diſh* onely: nor does the *ſedulous Bee*, *thyme* all her thighes from one *Flowers* ſingle vertues. She takes the beſt from *many*: and together, ſhe makes them ſerve: not without working that to *boney*, which the *putrid Spider* would convert to *poyſon*. Thus ſhould the wiſe man doe. But, even by this, he may better learne to *love* the *good*, than avoyd that which is *offenſive*. Thoſe that are throughly arted in *Navigation*, doe as well know the *Coaſts*, as the *Ocean*: as well the *Flawes*, the

Sands, the *Shallowes*, and the *Rockes*; as the *ſecure depths*, in the moſt *unperillous Channell*. So I thinke, thoſe that are *perfect men*, (I ſpeake of *perfection*, ſince the fall) muſt as well know *bad*, that they may *abſtrude* it; as the *good*, that they may *embrace*. And, this *knowledge* we can neither have ſo *cheape*, or ſoe *certaine*, as by ſeeing it in others, with a *pittifull diſlike*. Surely wee ſhall know *Vertue* the better, by ſeeking that, which is not *ſhe*. If we could paſſe the World, without meeting *Vice*: than, the knowledge of *Vertue* onely were ſufficient. But 'tis not poſſible to live, and not to encounter her. *Vice* is as a *God* in this *World*: whether can we goe, to fly it? It hath an *ubiquitie*, and *ruleth* too. I wiſh no man to know it, either by *uſe*, or by *intruſion*: but being unwittingly caſt upon it, let him obſerve, for his owne more ſafe direction. Thou art *happy*, when thou mak'ſt another mans *Vices* ſteps for thee to climbe to *Heaven* by. The wiſe *Phyſician* makes the *poyſon* medicinable. Even the *mud* of the World, by the induſtrious *Hollander*, is turned to an uſefull *fuell*. If I light on *good company*, it ſhall either induce me to a *new good*, or confirme me in my liked *old*. If I light on *bad*, I will, by conſidering their dull *ſtaines*, either *correct* thoſe *faults*, I *have*, or *ſhunne* thoſe that I *might have*. As the *Marriner* that hath *Sea-roome*, can make any *winde* ſerve, to ſet him forward, in his wiſhed *Voyage*: ſo a *wiſe man* may take advantage from *any company*, to ſet himſelfe forward to *Vertues Region*. *Vice* is ſubtill, and weaving, for her owne preferment: Why ſhould not *Vertue* be plotting for *hers*? It requires as much *policy*

to

to grow *good*, as *great*. There is an *innocentiall providence*, as well as the ſlyneſſe of a *vulpine craft*. There are *vices* to be *diſplac'd*, that would ſtop us, in the way of our *Riſe*. There are *parties* to be made on our ſide; *good Mementoes*, to uphold us when we are declining, through the private *lifts* of our *unjuſt maligners*. There is a *King* to be pleaſed; that may protect us againſt the ſhocke of the *envious Plebeians*: the reigning Humours of the *Time*, that pleade *cuſtome*, and not *reaſon*. VVe muſt have *Intellegencers* abroad, to learne what practices, *Sinnes* (our *Enemies*) have on foot againſt us: and beware what *Syites* we entertaine; leſt we diſhonour our ſelves in their grant. Every *good man* is a *Leiger* here for Heaven; and hee muſt be wiſe and circumſpect, to vaine the ſlenke *nevations* of thoſe, that would undoe him. And, as thoſe that are ſo for the Kingdomes of *Earth*, will gaine ſomething from *all Societies* that they fall upon: So, thoſe that are for this *higher Empire*, may gather ſomething beneficiall, from all that they ſhall converſe with; either for *prevention*, or *confirmation*: either to *ſtrengthen themſelves*, or *confound their oppoſers*.

XIII.

Of Man's unwillingneſſe to dye.

WHat ſhould make us all ſo unwilling to *dye*, when yet wee know, till *death*, wee cannot

be accounted *happy*? Is it the ſweetneſſe wee finde in this *lifes ſolaces*? Is there pleaſure in the *luſhuous bloud*? Is it the *horrour*, of the *paine*, that doth in *Death* affright us? Or, is it our *feare*, and doubt of what ſhall become of us after? Or, is it the *guilt* of our miſ-guided ſoules, already condemning us, by the pre-apprehenſion of a *future puniſhment*? If I found *Death* terrible alike to all, I ſhould thinke there were ſomething more in *Death*; yea, and in *life* too, than yet we doe imagine. But, I finde one man can as willingly *dye*, as another man can bee willing to *dine*. Some, that can as gladly leave *this World*, as the wiſe man, being old, can forbeare the *Court*. There are, to whom *Death* doth ſeeme no more than a *bloud-letting*: and theſe, I finde, are of the ſort of men, which we generally doe eſteeme for *wiſe*. —— Every man, in the *Play* of this World, beſides an *Actor*, is a *ſpectator* too: when 'tis *new begunne* with him, (that is, in his *youth*) it promiſeth ſo much that he is loth to *leave* it: when it growes to the middle, the Act of *virilitie*, then he ſees the *Scenes* grow thicke, and fill; he would gladly underſtand the *end*: but, when it drawes neere, and he findes what that will be; hee is then content to *depart*, and leave his Roome to *ſucceeders*. Nay ma-times, while before this, hee conſiders, that 'tis all as it were *deluſion*, and a *dreame*: and paſſeth away, as the *conſumed dew*: or as the ſound of a *Bell* that is *rung*: He then growes weary with *expectation*, and his *life* is entertain'd with a tedious *diſlike of it ſelfe*. Oh the unſetled *conceit of Man!* that ſeeking after *quiet*, findes his *unreſt* the more: that knowes

knowes neither what *he is*, nor what he *ſhall bee*! We are like men benighted in a *Wilderneſſe*: wee wander in the tread of ſeverall *paths*; we try one, and preſently find another is more *likely*: we follow that, and meet with more, that *croſſe* it; and while we are diſtracted about theſe various *waies*, the fierce Beaſt, *Death*, devoures us. I find two ſorts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of *Death*. One lives in a *full joy* here: he *ſings*, and *revels*, and *pleaſants* his *ſpleene*, as if his *Harveſt* were perpetuall; and the whole *world's* face faſhion'd, to a *poſture*, laughing upon him. And this man would doe any thing, rather than *dye*: whereby hee tels us (though his tongue expreſſe it not) that *he expects a worſer eſtate hereafter*. Another lives hardly here, with a heavy *heart*, furrowing of a mournefull *face*: as if, like the *Beaſt*, he were yeaned into the World, onely to act a *ſad mans* part, and dye: And this *man* ſeekes *Death*, and miſſes him; intimating, that he expects a *better condition* by *Death*: for 'tis ſure, *Natura ſemper in meliorem tendit*: *Nature* ever aimes at better; nor would ſhe wiſh a change, if ſhe did not thinke it a benefit. Now, what doe theſe two tell us? but that there is both a *miſery* and a *Ioy* attending *Man*, when hee is vaniſht hence. The like is ſhewed by the *good man*, and the *bad*: one avoyding what the other would wiſh; at leaſt not *refuſe*, upon offer. For, the *good man*, I muſt reckon with the *wiſe*; as one that equally can *dye*, or *live*. He knowes, while he is here, *God* will protect him; and when he goes hence, *God* wil *receive* him. I borrow it from the *Father*: *Non ita vixi, ut me*

vixisse pudeat: nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum. I have not *so liv'd*, as I should be *ashamed:* nor feare I to *dye*, for *God is mercifull.* Certainely, we are never at *quiet*, in any thing long, till we have *conquered* the *feare* of *death.* Every *spectacle of Mortality terrifies.* Every *casuall danger affrights us.* In to what a *dumpe*, did the sight of *Cyrus* Tombe, strike the most noble *Alexander?* It comes, like an *arrest* of *Treason* in a *Iollity: blasts* us, like a *Lightning-flash*, and like a *Ring* put into our *Noses*, *checks* us in the *friskes* and *Lavaltoes*, of our dancing *bloud.* Feare of *death*, kils us often when *Death* it selfe can doe it but once. I love therefore, the saying of the Dying *Emperour Iulian*, *He that would not dye when he must, and hee that would dye when he must not, are both of them Cowards alike*, That which we *know* we must doe, *once*; why should we be *afraid* to doe it at any *time?* What wee cannot doe till our *time* comes, why should wee *seeke* to doe it *before?* I like the man that can dye *willingly*, whensoever *God* will have him dye; and that can *live* as *willingly*, whensoever *God* would have him not to dye. To feare *Death* much, argues an *evill* man; at *best* a man that is *weake.* How brave did *Socrates* appeare, when he told the *Athenians*, they could doe nothing, but what *Nature* had ordain'd, before them, condemne him to dye? How *unmovedly* did he take his *poyson?* as if hee had beene *drinking* of a *Glory* to the *Deity.* Into what a *trepidation* of the *soule*, does feare decline the *Coward?* How it *Drownes* the *head* in the *intrembled bosome?* But the *Spanish* Tragedy tels us,

He

He that ſmiling can gaze on
Styx, and blacke-wav'd *Acheron*;
That dares brave his ruine; he
To Kings, to Gods, ſhall equall be.

Qui vultus Acherontis atri,
Qui Styga triſtem, non triſtis videt,
Audetque vitæ ponere finem,
Par ille Regi, par Superis erit.

'Tis a Fathers Sentence, *Nihil eſt in Morte quod metuamus, ſi nihil timendum, vita commiſit: Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made ſo.* He that hath *liv'd well*, will bee ſeldome *unwilling* to *dye*. *Death* is much *facilitated*, by the *vertues* of a *well-lad-life*. To ſay the *good man* feares not *God*, I thinke may bee good *Divinity*. *Faith* approches *Heaven* with *confidence*. *Ariſtippus* told the *Saylers*, that wondred why hee was not, as well as they, *afraid* in the *ſtormes*; that the oddes was much: for, they feared the *torments* due to a *wicked life*, and hee expected the *rewards* of a good *one*. *Vice* drawes *Death* with a *horrid looke*, with a *whip*, and *flames* and *terrours*. It was cold comfort *Diogenes* gave a *lewd Liver*: that baniſht, complain'd hee ſhould dye in a *forraine ſoyle*. *Be of good cheere, man, whatſoever thou art, the way to Hell is the ſame.* I confeſſe, take a man, as *Nature* has made him, and there is ſome *reaſon* why he ſhould feare *Death*: becauſe he knowes not what it *will doe* with him. What he findes heere, hee *ſees*, and *knowes*; what he ſhall find after *death*, hee *knoweth* not. And no man,

man, but would rather continue in a *moderate delight*, which he knowes: than indure *paine*, to bee delivered to *incertainties*. I would *live*, till *GOD* would have me *dye*: and then, I would *doe it* with out either *feare* or *grudging*. It were a ſhame for me, being a *Chriſtian*, and beleeving *Heaven*, to be *afraid* of removing from *Earth*. In *reſolving* thus, I ſhall *triumph* over other *caſualties*. All things that we *feare* here, we *feare* as *ſteps*, that deſcend us toward our *graves*, towards *infamy*, and *deprivation*. When we get the *Victory* over this great *terrour*; all the ſmall ones, are *conquered* in it. Great *Cities* once *expugned*, the *Dorps*, and *Villages*, will ſoone come in of *themſelves*.

XIIII.

Of the worſhip of Admiration.

WHatſoever is *rare*, and *paſſionate*, carries the *ſoule* to the thought of *Eternity*. And, by *contemplation*, gives it ſome *glympſes* of more abſolute *perfection*, than here 'tis *capable* of. When I ſee the *Royalty* of a *State-ſhow*, at ſome unwonted *ſolemnity*, my thoughts preſent me ſomething, more *royall* than this. When I ſee the moſt *inchanting* beauties, that *Earth* can ſhew mee; I yet thinke, there is ſomething farre more *glorious*: me thinkes I ſee a kind of higher *perfection*, peeping through the *frailty* of a *face*. When I heare the *raviſhing ſtraines* of a *ſweet tuned voice*, married to the *warbles* of the

Artfull

Artfull instrument: I apprehend by this, a higher *Diapaſon*: and doe almoſt beleeve, I heare a little *Deity* whiſpering, through the *pory ſubſtance* of the *tongue*. But, this I can but *grope* after. I can neither *finde*, nor *ſay*, what it is. When I reade a *rarely ſententious man*, I admire him, to my owne *impatiency*. I cannot reade ſome part of *Seneca*, above two Leaves together. He raiſes my *ſoule* to a *contemplation*, which ſets me a *thinking*, on more, than I can *imagine*. So am I forced to caſt him by, and *ſubſide* to an *admiration*. Such *effects* workes *Poetry*, when it lookes to towring *Vertues*. It gives up a man to *raptures*; and *inradiates* the *ſoule*, with ſuch high *apprehenſions*: that all the *Glories*, which this *world* hath, hereby appeare, *contemptible*. Of which the ſoft-*ſoul'd Ovid* gives a touch, when hee complains the *want*.

Impetus ille Sacer, qui vatum Pectora nutrit,
Qui prius in nobis eſſe ſolebat, abeſt.

That Sacred vigor, which had wont alone,
To flame the *Poets* noble breſt, is gone.

But this is, when theſe *excellencies* incline to *gravity*, and *ſerioúſneſſe*. For otherwiſe, light *aires* turne us into *ſprightfull actions*, which breathe away in a looſe *laughter*, not leaving halfe that *impreſſion* behind them, which ſerious *conſiderations* doe. As if *Mirth* were the *excellency* of the *body*, and *meditation* for the *ſoule*. As if one were, for the *contentment* of this *life*: and the other, *eying* to that of the

life

life to come. All *Indeavours* aſpire to *Eminency*; All *Eminencies* doe beget an *Admiration.* And, this makes me beleeve, that *contemplative Admiration*, is a large part of the *worſhip* of the *Deity.* Tis an *adoration*, purely, of the *Spirit*; a more *ſublime* bowing of the *ſoule* to the *Godhead.* And this is it, which that *Homer* of *Philoſophers* avowed, could bring a man to *perfect happineſſe*, if to his *Contemplation*, he joyned a conſtant *Imitation* of *God*, in *Iuſtice, Wiſdome, Holineſſe.* Nothing can carry us ſo neere to *God*, and *Heaven*, as this. The *minde* can walke, beyond the *ſight* of the *eye*; and (though in a *cloud*) can lift us into *Heaven*, while wee live. *Meditation* is the *ſoules Perſpective-Glaſſe*: whereby, in her long *remove*, ſhee diſcerneth *God*, as if hee were neerer hand. I perſwade no man to make it his whole *life's* buſineſſe. We have *bodies*, as well as *ſoules.* And even this *world*, while we are in it, ought ſomewhat to be cared for. As thoſe *States* are likely to *flouriſh*, where *execution* followes ſound *adviſements*: ſo is *Man*, when *contemplation*, is ſeconded by *action. Contemplation* generates; *Action* propagates. Without the firſt, the latter is *defective.* Without the laſt, the firſt is but *abortive*, and *embrions.* Saint *Bernard* compares *contemplation* to *Rachel*, which was the more *faire*: but *action* to *Leah*, which was the more *fruitfull.* I will neither alwaies be *buſie*, and *doing*: nor ever *ſhut up* in nothing but *thoughts.* Yet, that which ſome would call *Idleneſſe*, I will call the *ſweeteſt part* of my *life*: and, that is, my *Thinking.* Surely, *God* made ſo many *varieties* in his *Creatures*, as well for the *inward*

ſoule,

ſoule, as the *outward ſenſes*; though hee made them *primarily*, for his owne *Free will*, and *Glory*. He was a *Monke* of an honeſter *age*, that being asked how he could indure that *life*, without the *pleaſure* of *bookes*, anſwered: The *Nature* of the *Creatures* was his *Library*: wherein, when he pleaſed, he could muſe upon *Gods deepe Oracles*.

XV.

Of Fame.

IT may ſeeme *ſtrange*, that the whole *world of men*, ſhould bee carried on with an *earneſt deſire* of a *noble fame*, and *memory* after their *deathes*: when yet we know it is not *Materiall*, to our *well*, or *ill* being, what *cenſures* paſſe upon us. The *tongues* of the *living* availe nothing, to the *good*, or hurt, of thoſe that *lye* in their *graves*. They can neither adde to their *pleaſure*, nor yet diminiſh their *torment*, if they finde any. My *account* muſt paſſe upon mine owne *actions*, not upon the *report* of others. In vaine men labour'd, to *approve* themſelves to *goodneſſe*, if the *Palaces* which *Vertue* reares, could be *unbuilt*, by the *taxes* of a *wounding tongue*. *Falſe-witneſſes* can never finde *admiſſion*, where the *God* of *Heaven* ſits *judging*. There is no *Common Law* in the *New Ieruſalem*. There *Truth* will be received, though either *Plantife*, or *Defendant*, ſpeakes it. Heere wee may *article* againſt a man, by a *common fame*: and by the *frothy buzze* of the *World*, caſt away

way the blood of *Innocents*. But *Heaven* proceedes not after ſuch *incertainties*. The *ſingle man* ſhall be beleeved in *truth*, before all the *humming* of *ſucceſsive Ages*. What will become of many of our *Lawyers*, when not an *Advocate*, but *Truth*, ſhall be *admitted*? *Fame*, ſhall there be *excluded*, as a lying *witneſſe*? though here, there is nothing which wee doe *poſſeſſe*, which we reckon of an equall *value*. Our *wealth*, our *pleaſure*, our *lives*, will not all hold *weight* againſt it, when this comes in *competition*. Nay, when wee are *circled* round with *calamities*, our *confidence* in this, like a *Conſtant friend*, takes us by the hand, and cheeres us, againſt all our *miſeries*. When *Philip* ask'd *Democratus*, if he did not feare to loſe his *head*, he anſwered no; for if he did, the *Athenians* would give him one *immortall*. He ſhould be *Statued*, in the *treaſury* of *eternall fame*. See if it were not *Ovids comforter*, in his *baniſhment*.

——Nil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis, ingenijq; bonis.
Ergo ego, cum patria, caream, vobiſque domoq;:
Raptaque ſint, adimi quæ potuere mihi.
Ingenio tamen ipſe meo comitorq;, fruorq;:
Cæſar, in hoc potuit Iuris habere nihil.
Quilibet hanc ſævo vitam, mihi finiet enſe:
Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit.

——All that we hold will dye,
But our brave thoughts, and ingenuity.
Even I that want my country, houſe, and friend:
From whom is raviſht, all that Fate can rend;

Poſſeſſe

Poſſeſſe yet my owne *Genius*, and enjoy
That which is more, than *Cæſar* can deſtroy.
Each Groome may kill me: but whens'ere I dye,
My Fame ſhall live to mate Eternity.

Plutarch tels us of a *poore Indian*, that would rather endure a *dooming to death*, than *ſhoot* before *Alexander*, when he had *diſcontinued*; leſt by *ſhooting* ill, hee ſhould marre the *Fame*, hee had gotten. Doubtleſſe, even in this, *Man* is ordered by a *power* above him; which hath *inſtincted* in the mindes of all men, an ardent *appetition*, of a laſting *Fame*. Deſire of *Glory*, is the laſt *garment*, that, even *wiſe men*, lay aſide. For this, you may truſt *Tacitus*, *Etiam ſapientibus, Cupido gloriæ, noviſſima exuitur*. Not, that it *betters* himſelfe, being *gone*: but that it *ſtirs* up, thoſe that follow him, to an *earneſt endeavor*, of *Noble actions*; which is the onely *meanes*, to win the *fame* wee wiſh for. *Themiſtocles*, that *ſtreamed* out his *youth*, in *Wine*, and *Venery*; and was ſodainely *changed*, to a *vertuous*, and *valiant* man, told one, that ask'd what did ſo *ſtrangely change* him: that, The *Trophie* of *Miltiades*, would not let him *ſleepe*. *Tamberlaine* made it his *practice*, to reade often the *Heroicke deeds* of his owne *Progenitors*: not as *boaſting* in them: but as *glorious examples* propounded, to inſire his *Vertues*. Surely, nothing *awakes* our *ſleeping vertues*, like the *Noble acts* of our *Predeceſſors*. They are flaming *Beacons*, that *Fame*, and *Time*, have ſet on *Hils*, to call us to a defence of *Vertue*, whenſoever *Vice* invades the *Common-wealth* of *Man*. Who can indure to *skulke* away his life in an

an idle *corner*, when he has meanes, and findes, how *Fame* has blowne about *deserving-names*? *Worth* begets in weake and base mindes, *Envy*: but in those that are *magnanimous*, *Emulation*. *Romane* vertue, made *Romane* vertues, *lasting*. Brave men never dye; but like the *Phenix*: From whose *preserved ashes*, one, or other, still doth *spring* up, like them. How many *valiant Souldiers*, does a generous *Leader* make? *Brutus*, and *Brutus*, bred many constant *Patriots*. *Fame*, I confesse, I finde more eagerly pursued by the *Heathen*, than by the *Christians* of these times. The *Immortality* (as they thought) of their *name*, was to them, as the *Immortality* of the *soule* to us: A strong *Reason*, to perswade to *worthinesse*. Their knowledge halted in the latter, so they rested in the first. Which often made them *sacrifice* their lives to that, which they *esteem'd* above their lives, their *Fame*. *Christians* know a thing beyond it: And, that *knowledge*, causes them to give but a *secondary* respect to *Fame*; there being no *reason*, why wee should *neglect*, that, whereon all our future *happinesse* depends, for that, which is nothing but a *name*, and *empty ayre*. *Vertue* were a kinde of *misery*, if *Fame* only, were all the *Garland*, that did *crowne* her. *Glory* alone were a *reward incompetent*, for the *toyles* of industrious *Man*. This followes him but on *Earth*, in *Heaven* is laid up, a more *Noble*, a more *Essentiall* recompence. Yet, because 'tis a fruit that *springs* from good *actions*, I must thinke, he that *loves* that, *loveth* also, that which *causes* it, *worthines*. In others, I will honour the *Fame*, for the deserving *deeds*

which

which cauſed it. In my ſelfe, I will *reſpect* the *Actions*, that may *merit* it. And, though for my owne *benefit*, I will not much ſeeke it: yet, I ſhall bee glad if it may follow me, to *incite* others; that they may goe *beyond* me: *I will*, if I *can*, treade the *Path* which leades to't. If I finde it, I ſhall thinke it a *bleſſing*: if not, my endeavour will bee enough, for *diſcharging* my ſelfe within; though I *miſſe* it. *God* is not bound to reward me any way: if he *accepts* mee, I may count it a *Mercy*. The other I will not looke for. I like him, that does things that deſerve a *Fame*, without either *ſearch* or *caring* for it. *Chriſt*, after many *miraculous cures*, enjoyned his *patients* ſilence: perhaps to *checke* the *world*, for the too-too *violent queſt*, of this *vacuum*. For a meane *Man* to thirſt for a mighty *Fame*, is a kind of fond *Ambition*. Can wee thinke a *Mouſe* can caſt a *ſhadow*, like an *Elephant*? Can the *Sparrow* looke for a traine like the *Eagle*? Great *Fames* are for *Princes*; and ſuch as for their parts, are the *Glories of Humanity*. Good ones may *crowne* the *private*. The ſame *fire* may be in the *waxen* Taper, which is in the *ſtaved Torch*, but 'tis not equall either in *quantity*, or *advancement*. Let the world ſpeake well of mee, and I will never care, though it does not ſpeake much. *Checke* thy ſelfe, thou *Ayremonger*: that with a *madding thought*, thus chaſeſt *fleeting ſhadowes*. Love *ſubſtances*, and reſt thy ſelfe *content*, with what *Boetius* tels thee,

Quicunque ſolam, mente præcipiti, petit
Summumque credit, Gloriam:

Late patentes, ætheris cernat plagas,
Arctumque terrarum ſitum.
Brevem replere non valentis ambitum,
Pudebit, auctì nominis.

He that thirſts for Glories prize,
Thinking that, the top of all:
Let him view th'expanſed skies,
And the Earth's contracted Ball.
Hee'l be aſhamed then, that the name he wanne,
Fils not the ſhort walke, of one healthfull man.

XVI.

Of the choice of Religion.

Variety, in any thing, *diſtracteth the minde*; and leaves it *waving:* in a *dubious* trouble: and then how eaſie is it to *ſway* the *minde* to either ſide? But, among all the *diverſities* that we meet with, *none* trouble us more, than thoſe that are of *Religion.* 'Tis *rare* to finde two *Kingdomes* one; as if every *Nation* had (if not a *God*, yet at leaſt) a *way* to *God* by it ſelfe. This ſtumbles the unſetled *ſoule:* that not knowing which way to take, without the danger of *erring*, ſtickes to none: ſo *dies*, ere he does that, for which he was made to *live*: the *Service of the true Almighty.* We are borne as *Men* ſet downe in the midd'ſt of a *wood*; circled round with ſevetall *voyces* calling us. At firſt, we ſee not, which will *lead* us the right *way* out; ſo divided in our ſelves,

we

wee ſit ſtill, and follow none: remaining *blind* in a flat *Atheiſme*, which ſtrikes deepe at the *foundation*, both of our *owne*, and the whole World's *happineſſe*. 'Tis true, if we let our *dimmed underſtanding* ſearch in theſe *varieties* (which yet is the onely *meanes*, that we haue in our ſelves, to doe it with) wee ſhall certainely loſe our ſelves in their *windings*; there being in every of them ſomething to *beleeve*, above that *reaſon* which leades us to the *ſearch*. *Reaſon* gives us the *Anatomy* of things, and *illuſtrates* with a great deale of *plaineneſſe*, all the waies that ſhe goes: but her *line* is too ſhort, to reach the *depths* of *Religion*. *Religion* carries a *confutation* along with it: and with a high hand of *Soveraignty*, Awes the inquiſitive *tongue* of *Nature*: and when ſhe would ſometimes *murmur* privately, ſhe will not let her *ſpeake*. *Reaſon*, like a milde *Prince*, is content to ſhew his *Subjects* the cauſes of his *commands* and *rule*. *Religion*, with a *higher ſtraine of Majeſty*, bids doe it, without inquiring further than the *bare command*: which, without doubt, is a meanes of procuring mighty *reverence*. What we know not, we *reverently admire*; what we doe know, is in ſome ſort ſubject to the triumphs of the *ſoule*, that hath diſcovered it. And, this *not knowing*, makes us not able to jugde. Every one tels us, his owne is the trueſt: and there is none, I thinke, but hath beene *ſeal'd* with the bloud of ſome. Nor can I ſee, how wee may more than *probably*, prove any: they beeing all ſet in ſuch *heights*, as they are not *ſubject* to the *demonſtrations* of *Reaſon*. And as wee may eaſier ſay what a *ſoule* is not, than what it is:

ſo wee may more eaſily diſprove a *Religion*, for *falſe*, than prove it, for one that is *true*: There being in the *world*, farre more *errour*, than *Truth*. Yet is there beſides, another *miſery*, neere as great as this: and that is, that wee cannot bee our owne *Chuſers*: but muſt take it upon truſt, from others. Are wee not oft, before wee can diſcerne the *true*, brought up and grounded in the *falſe*, ſucking in *Hereſie*, with our milke in *childhood*? Nay, when we come to yeeres of *abler judgement*, wherein the Minde is growne up *compleat Man*: wee examine not the ſoundneſſe; but retaine it meerely, becauſe our fathers taught it us. What a lamentable *weakeneſſe* is this in Man, that hee ſhould build his *Eternall welfare*, on the *approbation*, of perhaps a weake, and ignorant *Parent*? Oh! why is our *neglect* the moſt, in that, wherein our care ſhould be *greateſt*? How few are there which fulfill that *Precept* of trying all *things*, and taking the *beſt*? Aſſuredly, though *Faith* be above *Reaſon*, yet is there a *Reaſon* to bee given of our *Faith*. Hee is a *Foole* that beleeves he knowes neither what, nor why. Among all the *Diverſities in Religion*, that the *world* holds, I thinke, it may ſtand with moſt ſafety, to take that, which makes moſt for *Gods Glory*, and *Mans quiet*. I confeſſe, in all the Treatiſes of *Religion*, that I ever ſaw, I find none that I ſhould ſo ſoone follow, as that of the *Church of England*. I never found ſo ſound a *Foundation*, ſo ſure a *direction* for *Religion*: as the *Song* of the *Angels* at the *Birth of Chriſt*: *Glory be to God on high*. There is the *Honour*, the *reverend Obedience*, and the *Admiration*, and the

Adoration,

Adoration, which we ought to give him. *On earth peace.* This is the *effect* of the former: working in the *hearts of Men*, whereby the *world* appeares in his nobleſt *beauty*, being an entire *chaine of intermutuall amity*. *And good will toward men.* This is *Gods mercy*, to *reconcile Man* to himſelfe, after this fearefull *diſſertion* of his *Maker*. Search all *Religions* the world thorow, and you will finde none that aſcribes ſo much to *God*, Nor that *conſtitutes* ſo firme a love among men, as does the *eſtabliſht Doctrine* of the *Proteſtant Church* among us. All other either *detract* from *GOD*: Or infringe the *Peace of Men.* The Iewes in their *Talmud* ſay before *God* made this, hee made many other *worlds*, and marr'd them againe: to keepe himſelfe from *Idleneſſe*. The *Turkes* in their *Alchoran* bring him in, diſcourſing with the *Angels*, and they telling him, of things which before hee knew not: and after, they make him *ſweare* by *Mahomets Pen*, and *Lines*; and by *Figgs*, and *Olives*. The *Papiſts pourtray* him as an *old Man*: and by this meanes, *diſdeifie him*, *derogating* alſo from his *Royalty*, by their odious interpoſing of *merit*. And for the *Society* of men, what bloody *Tenents* doe they all hold? as, That he deſerves not the *name* of *Rabbi*, that hates not his enemie to the *death*: That 'tis no *ſinne* to *revenge injuries*: That 'tis *meritorious* to kill a *Heretike*, with whom no *Faith* is to be kept: Even to the ungluing of the whole *Worlds Frame*; Contexted only, by *Commerce*, and *Contracts*. What obhorred *barbariſmes* did *Selymus* leave in *Precept*, to his Succeſſor *Solyman*? which, though I am not

certaine they were ratified, by their *Mufties*; I am ſure, are practized by the *Inheritors* of his *Empire*. By this *Taſte*, learne to *deteſt* them *all*.

Ne putet eſſe nefas, cognatum haurire cruorem:
Et nece fraterna, conſtabilire Domum.
Iura, Fides, Pietas, regni dum nemo ſuperſit
Æmulus, haud turbent religione animum.
Hæc ratio eſt, que ſola queat, regale tueri
Nomen, & expertem te ſinit eſſe metus.

Thinke not thy kinreds murther ill, 'tis none:
By thy ſlaine brothers, to ſecure thy Throne.
Law, Faith, Religion, while no Rivals aime
Thy ruine, may be practiz'd, elſe they maime.
This is the way, how kingly names may be
Inſaf't, and from diſtractive terrors free.

In other *Religions*, of the *Heathen*, what fond *opinions* have they held of their *Gods*? reviling with unſeemely *threats*, when their *affaires* have *thwarted* them. As if allowing them the *name*, they would conſerve the *Numen* to themſelves. In their *ſacrifices*, how *Butcherly* cruell? as if (as 'tis ſaid of them) they thought by *inhumanity*, to appeaſe the *wrath* of an offended *Deity*. The *Religion* which wee now profeſſe, eſtabliſheth all in another *ſtraine*. What makes more for *Gods Glory*? what makes more for the *mutuall love of Man*, than, *The Goſpell*? All our *Abilities* of good, we offer to *God*, as the *Fountaine* from whence they *ſtreame*. Can the

day

day be *light*, and that *light* not come from the *Sun*? Can a *Clocke* goe, without a *weight* to move it, or a Keeper to set it? As for *Man*: it teaches him to tread on *Cottons*, mild's his wilder *temper*: and learnes him in his *patience*, to affect his *enemies*. And for that which doth partake on both: it makes *Iuſt God*, a friend to *unjuſt Man*, without being *unjuſt*, either to himſelfe, or Man. Sure, it could bee no other, than the *invention* of a *Deity*, to find out a *way*, how *Man*, that had *juſtly* made himſelfe *unhappy*, ſhould, with a full *ſatisfaction* to exacteſt *Iuſtice*, be made againe moſt *happy*. I would wiſh no man that is able to try, to take his *Religion* upon others words: but once reſolved in it, 'tis dangerous to *neglect*, where we know we doe owe a *Service*.

Dii multa neglecta dederant,
Heſperiæ mala Luduoſæ.

God neglected, plenteouſly
Plagued mournefull *Italy*.

And this, before *Horace his time*; when *God is neglected of Man*; *Man* ſhall bee *contemned of God*. When *Man* abridgeth *God* of his *honour*; *God* will ſhorten *Man* of his *happineſſe*. It cannot but be beſt, to give all to *him*, of whom whatſoever wee have, wee hold. I beleeve it *ſafeſt* to take that *Religion*, which moſt *magnifies God*, and makes moſt, for the *peaceable Converſation of Men*. For, as wee cannot *aſcribe* too much to him, to whom wee owe more

than wee can *aſcribe*: ſo I thinke the moſt ſplendid *eſtate* of *Man*, is that which comes neereſt to his firſt *Creation*: wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleaſant *embracements of mutuall love*, and *concord*.

XVII.

Of Petitions and Denials.

Denials in *Suits*, are *Reprehenſions*, to him that asketh. We ſeeme thereby to tell him, that he craves *That*, which is not *convenient*; ſo erres from that *ſtation*, he ſhould reſt in. In our *demands*, wee uncover our owne *deſires*; in the anſwers wee receive, we gather how we are affected. Beware what thou askeſt: and beware what thou *denieſt*. For if *diſcretion* guide thee not, there is a great deale of *danger* in both. We often, by one requeſt, open the *windowes* of our *heart* wider, than all the indeavours of our *obſervers* can. 'Tis like *giving* of a man our hand in the *darke*; which directs him better where wee are, than either our *voice*, or his owne *ſearch* may. If wee give *repulſes*, wee are preſently held in *ſuſpicion*; and inſearched for the cauſe: which, if it bee found trenching on *diſcourteſie*; *Love* dyes, and *Revenge* ſprings from the *aſhes*. To a *friend* therefore, a man never ought to give a rough *deniall*: but alwaies, either to grant him his *requeſt*, or an able *Reaſon* why we *condeſcend* not; by no meanes ſuffering him to goe away *unſatisfied*:

For

For that, ever leaves *fire*, to kindle a *succeeding jarre*. *Deny* not a juſt ſuite; nor *prefer* thou one, that is *unjuſt*. Either, to a wiſe man, ſtamps unkindneſſe in the *memory*. I confeſſe, to the generous ſpirit, as 'tis hard to *beg*, ſo 'tis *harſh*, to be *denyed*. To ſuch, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg *injurious* favours, nor bee *importunate*: and when thou beeſt to receive of ſuch, grant not too much on a yeelding *Friend*: though thou maiſt have thy wiſh for the preſent, thou ſhalt perhaps be a *loſer* in the *ſequell*. Thoſe that are readily daunted upon a *repulſe*, I would wiſh firſt to try by *circumſtances*, what may bee the ſpeed of their *ſuite*. 'Tis eaſier to beare *collected unkindneſſe*, than that which wee meete in *affronts*: the one wee may wrap to death in a ſtill *ſilence*: the other we muſt, for *honours* ſake, take notice on. For this cauſe, 'twill be beſt, never to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a *probability of obtayning*. *Negat ſibi ipſi, qui quod fieri non poteſt, petit*: When we aske what is not likely to be had, before we aske, we give our ſelves the *deniall*. *Ill Queſtions* are the *mints* for *worſer Anſwers*. Our *refuſall* is deſervedly, while our *demands* are either *unfitting*, or beyond the expedience of him that ſhould grant. Nor ought we to bee offended with any but our *ſelves*, when wee have in ſuch *requeſts*, tranſgreſſed the bounds of *modeſty*: though in ſome I have knowne the deniall of *one favour*, drowning the memory of many fore-performed ones. To thinke ill of any man, for not giving mee that, which he needs not, is *Injuſtice*: but for *that*, to blot out *former benefits*, is *Extreame ingratitude*. The

good

good mans thankes for *old favours*, live, even in the *blowes of injury*. Why ſhould a *diſwonted unkindneſſe* make me ingrate for *wonted benefits*? I like not thoſe *diſpoſitions*, that can either *make unkindneſſes*, and *remember them*: or unmake *favours*, & *forget them*. For all the *favours* I receive, I will be thankefull, though I meete with a ſtop. The *failing* of *one*, ſhall not make mee neglectfull of *many*: no, not though I finde *upbraiding*: which yet hath this effect, that it makes *that* an *injury*, which was before a *benefit*. Why ſhould I, for the *abortion* of one *childe*, kill all the *elder iſſue*? Thoſe *favours* that I can doe, I will not doe for *thanks*, but for *Nobleneſſe*, for *Love*; and that with a free *expreſſion*. *Grumbling* with a *benefit*, like *a hoarſe voyce*, marres the *muſicke* of the *ſong*: Yet, as I will doe none for *thankes*; ſo I will receive none without *paying* them. For *Petitions* to others, I will never put up *undecent ones*: nor will I, if I faile of thoſe, either *vexe* my *ſelfe*, or *diſtaſte* too much the *denyer*. Why ſhould I thinke he does mee an *injury*, when hee only but keepes his *owne*? I like *Pædaretus* his mirth well, who when hee could not bee admitted for one of the three hundred among the *Spartans*, went away laughing, and ſaid, *He was heartily glad, that the Republike had three hundred better men than himſelfe*. I will never importune too much upon *unwilling mindes*: nor will I bee ſlow in yeelding, what I meane to give. For the firſt, with *Ovid*,

Et pudet, & metuo, ſemperque eademque precari,
Ne ſubeant animo tœdia juſta tuo.

I ſhall

I ſhall both feare and ſhame, too oft to pray,
Leſt *urged minds* to *juſt diſdaines* give way:

For the other, I am confident, *Auſonius* gives good *counſell*, with perſwading reaſons:

Si bene quid facias, facias cito: nam cito factum,
Gratum erit: ingratum, gratia tarda facit:

Diſpatch thy purpos'd *good:* quicke *courteous deeds*
Cauſe *thanks:* ſlow *favour*, men unthankfull breeds.

XVIII.

Of Poverty.

THe *Poverty* of the *poore man*, is the leaſt part of his *miſery*. In all the ſtormes of *Fortune*, hee is the firſt that muſt ſtand the ſhocke of *extremity*. *Poore men* are *perpetuall Sentinels*, watching in the depth of *night*, againſt the inceſſant aſſaults of *want*; while the *rich* lie ſtoved in *ſecure repoſes:* and compas'd with a large *aboundance*. If the *Land* bee ruſſetted with a *bloodleſſe Famine*; are not the *poore* the firſt that *ſacrifice* their lives to *Hunger*? If *Warre* thunders in the trembling *Countries* lap, are not the *poore* thoſe that are expoſed to the *Enemies Sword* and *outrage*? If the *Plague*, like a *loaded ſponge*, flies, ſprinkling *poyſon* thorow a *Populous Kingdome*: the *poore* are the *fruit* that are ſhaken from the burthen'd *Tree*: while the *rich*, furniſht with the helpes of

of *Fortune*, have meanes to winde out themſelves, and turne theſe ſad indurances on the *poore*, that cannot avoid them. Like ſalt *marſhes*, that lie low: they are ſure, whenſoever the *Sea* of this World rages, to be firſt under, and embarrenn'd with a *fretting care*. Who, like the *poore*, are harrowed with *oppreſſion*, ever ſubject to the *imperious taxes*, and the gripes of *mightineſſe*? Continuall *care* checks the *ſpirit*: continuall *labour* checks the *body*: and continuall *inſultation* both. Hee is like one rowled in a Veſſell full of Pikes; which way ſoever hee turnes, hee ſomething findes that pricks him. Yet beſides all theſe, there is another *tranſcendent miſerie*: and this is, that it maketh men *contemptible*.

Nil habet infelix, &c.

Vnhappy *want* hath nothing harder in it,
Then that it makes men *ſcorn'd*.—

As if the *poore man* were but *Fortunes Dwarfe*; made lower than the reſt of men, to bee *laughed at*. The *Philoſopher* (though hee were the *ſame minde*; and the *ſame man*) in his *ſquallid rags*, could not finde admiſſion, when *better robes*, procured both an open doore, and *reverence*. Though outward things can adde nothing to our *eſſentiall worth*: yet, when wee are judged on, by the helpe of others *outward ſenſes*, they much conduce to our *value* or *diſ-eſteeme*. A *Diamond* ſet in *braſſe*, would bee taken for a *Chriſtall*, though it bee not ſo, whereas a

Chriſtall

Chriſtall ſet in *gold*, will by many bee thought a *Diamond*. A *poore man wiſe*, ſhall be thought a *foole*; though hee have nothing to condemne him, but his being *poore*: The complaint is as old as *Salomon: The wiſedome of the poore is deſpiſed, and his words not heard*. *Poverty* is a *gulfe*, wherein all good parts are ſwallowed. *Poore men*, though *wiſe*, are but like *Sattens* without a *gloſſe*; which every man will refuſe to looke upon. *Poverty* is a *reproach*, which clouds the luſtre of the *pureſt vertue*. It turnes the *wiſe man foole*, to humour him that is *a foole*. *Good parts* in *poverty*, ſhew like *beauty* after *ſickneſſe*, *pallid* and *pulingly deadiſh*. And if all theſe calamities be but *attendants*, what may we judge that ſhe is in *herſelfe*? Vndoubtedly, whatſoever we preach of *Contentedneſſe in want*; no precepts can ſo gaine upon *Nature*, as to make her a *non-ſenſitive*. 'Tis impoſſible to finde content in gnawing *penury*. Lacke of things neceſſary, like a *heavy loade*, and an *ill-ſaddle*, is perpetually wringing of the backe that beares it. Extreame *poverty* one calls a *Lanthorne*, that lights us to all *miſeries*; And without doubt, when 'tis urgent and importunate, it is ever chafing, upon the very heart of *nature*. What pleaſure can he have in *life*, whoſe whole *life* is griped by ſome or other *misfortune*? Living no time free, but that, wherein he does not live, his *ſleepe*. His *minde* is ever at jarre, either with *deſire*, *feare*, *care*, or *ſorrow*: his appetite unappeaſedly craving *ſupply of food*, for his *body*: which is either nummed with *cold* in *idleneſſe*, or ſtew'd in *ſweat*, with *labour*: nor can it bee, but it will imbaſe even the pureſt *metall* in *Man*:

it

it will *Alchimy* the *gold* of *vertue*, and mixe it with more dull *Allay*. It will make a man submit to those *course waies*, which another estate would scorne: nay, it will not suffer the soule to exercise the *generous freedome*, which equall *nature* ha's given it: but hales it to such low *undecencies*, as pull *disdaine* upon it. *Councell* and *discretion*, either quite leave a man; or else are so limited, by unresistable *necessity*, as they lose the *brightnesse* that they use to shine withall.

Crede mihi, miseros, prudentia prima reliquit,
Et sensus cum re, consiliumque fugit.

Beleeve it, *wisdome* leaves the man distrest:
With *wealth*, both *wit* and *Counsel* quits the brest.

Certainely, *extreame poverty*, is worse than *Abundance*. We may be good in *Plenty*, if we *will*: in biting *Penury* we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is *casuall*: in the other, 'tis *necessitating*. The *best* is that which *partakes of both*, and *consists* of *neither*. He that hath *too little*, wants *feathers* to *fly* withall. He that hath *too much*, is but combred with too large a *Taile*. If a flood of *wealth* could profit us, it would be good to swim in such a *Sea*: But it can neither lengthen our *lives*, nor inrich us after the *end*. I am pleased with that *Epigram*, which is so like *Diogenes*, that it makes him bite in his *grave*:

Effigiem, Rex Crœse, tuam ditissime regum,
Vidit apud manes, Diogenes Cynicus:
Constitit,

Conſtitit; utque proeul, ſolito majore cachinno
Concuſſus, dixit: Quid tibi divitiæ
Nunc proſunt, Regum Rex ô ditiſſime, cum ſis
Sicut ego ſolus, me quoque pauperior?
Nam quæcunque habui, mecum fero, cum nihil ipſe
Extantis tecum, Crœſe, feras opibus:

When the *Tubb'd Cynicke* went to *Hell*, and there
Found the pale *Ghoſt* of *golden Crœſus* bare,
He ſtops, and geering till he ſhugges againe,
Saies; O thou richeſt *King of Kings*, what gaine
Have all thy large heapes brought thee, ſince I ſpy
Thee heere alone, and poorer now than I?
For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou,
Of all thy wealth, haſt not one farthing now.

Of what little uſe does he make the *mines* of this fame opulent man? Surely, *Eſtates* bee then beſt, when they are likeſt *mindes* that be worſt: I meane, neither *hot*, nor *cold*: neither diſtended with too *much*, nor narrowly pent, with too *little*: yet neerer to a *plenty* than *want*. Wee may be at eaſe in a Roome *larger* than our ſelves: in a Roome that is *leſſe* we cannot. Wee neede not uſe *more than will ſerve*: but wee cannot uſe *leſſe*. Wee ſee all things grow *violent* and *ſtruggle*, when wee would impriſon them in any thing *leſſe* than themſelves. *Fire*, ſhut up, is furious. *Exhalations* inclouded, breake out with *Thunder*. *Water*, compreſſed, ſpurteth thorow the ſtretched *ſtrainer*. 'Tis harder to contract *many graines* into *one*, than to cauſe many ſpring out of *one*. Where the *channell* is too little

little for the *flood*, who can wonder at the *over-flowing*.

Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus.

He is leſſe guilty that offends for want;

was the charity of *Petronius Arbiter*. There is not in the *world* ſuch another object of *pitty*, as the *pinched State*; which no man being ſecured from, I wonder at the *Tyrants braves*, and *contempt*. Queſtionleſſe, I will rather with *charity*, helpe him that is *miſerable*, as I *may be*: than deſpiſe him that is poore, as *I would not be*. They have flinted and ſteely *hearts*, that can adde calamities to him, that is already but one intirer *Maſſe*.

XIX.

Of the evill in man from himſelfe, and occaſions.

THis not ſo much *want of good*, as *exceſſe of ill*, that makes man poſt to lewdneſſe. I beleeve there are *ſparkes* enow in the *ſoule*, to flame a man, to the morall life of *vertue*: but that they are quenched by the *putrid fogges* of *corruption*. As fruits of *hotter Countries*, tranſ-earth'd in *colder Climates*, have vigour enough in themſelves to bee *fructuous*, according to their *nature*: but that they are hindered, by the *chilling nipps* of the *ayre*, and the *ſoile*, wherein they are *planted*. Surely, the *Soule* hath the *reliqu'd Impreſſa's*

Impreſſa's of *divine Vertue* ſtill ſo left within her, as ſhee would mount her ſelfe to the *Tower of Nobleneſſe*, but that ſhee is depreſſed, by an unpaſſable *Thicket* of hinderances: The *frailties* of the *Body*, the *current* of the *world*, and the *Armies* of *Enemies*, that continually warre againſt *goodneſſe*, are ever checking the *production* of thoſe *motions*, ſhe is pregnant with. When wee runne into *new crimes*, how we Schoole our ſelves when the *Act* is over? as if *Conſcience* had ſtill ſo much *Iuſtice* left, as it would be upright in *ſentencing* even againſt it ſelfe. Nay, many times, to gratulate the *Company*, we are faine to force our ſelves to *unworthineſſe*. *Ill actions* runne againſt the graine of the *undefiled ſoule*: and, even while wee are a doing them, our *hearts* chide our *hands* and *tongues*, for tranſgreſſing. There are few, that are bad at the firſt, meerely, out of their love to *vice*. There is a *nobleneſſe* in the minde of *man*, which of it ſelfe, intitles it, to the *hatred* of what is *ill*. Who is it, that is ſo *bottomeleſſly ill*, as to love *vice*, becauſe it is *vice*? Yet we finde, there are ſome ſo *good*, as to love *goodneſſe* purely, for *goodneſſe* ſake. Nay, *vice* it ſelfe is loved, but for the *ſeeming-good* that it carries with it. Even the firſt *ſinne*, though it were (as Saint *Auguſtine* ſayes) originally from the *ſoule*: yet it was by a *wilful-blindneſſe*, committed, out of reſpect to a *good*, that was look't for by it. 'Tis the *bodies contagion*, which makes the *Soule* leprous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the firſt infuſing 'tis *ſpotleſſe* and *immaculate*: and where we ſee, there be meanes to ſecond the *progreſſions* of it: it flies to a glorious height;

ſcorning and weary of the muddy declining weight of the *body*. And when we have performed any *honourable Action*, how it *cheeres* and *lightens* it ſelfe, and *man*? As if it had no *true joy*, but in ſuch things, as tranſcending the ſenſe of the *druggie fleſh*, tended to the *blaze*, and aſpiring flame of *Vertue*: nay, then, as if ſhe had diſpatched the intent of her *creation*, ſhe reſts full, in her owne approvement, without the *weake worlds* reedy *under-propping*. *Man* has no ſuch *comfort*, as to bee conſcious to himſelfe of the noble deedes of *Vertue*. They ſet him almoſt in the Throne of a Deity; aſcend him to an *unmovednesſe*; and take away from him thoſe blacke *feares*, that would ſpeake him ſtill to bee but *fragile man*. 'Tis the ſicke and diſeaſed ſoule, that drives us into unlimitted *paſſions*. Take her as ſhe is her ſelfe, not dimm'd and thickned, with the miſts of *corporality*; then is ſhee a *beauty*, diſplaied in a full and divine *ſweetneſſe*.

Amat, ſapit, recte facit, animo quando obſequitur ſuo.

When man obeyes his mind, hee's wiſe, loves, and does right.

But this is not to be underſtood at large. For, ſaies the ſame *Comedian*, *Dum id modo fiat bono*. Nor does it onely manifeſt it ſelfe, in it *ſelfe*: but even over the *body* too: and that ſo farre, that it even converts it to a *ſpiritualitie*: making it indefatigable in *travailes*, in *toyles*, in *vigilancies*; inſenſible in *wounds*, in *death*, in *tortures*.

Omnia

Omnia deficiunt, animus tamen omnia vincit;
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit.

Sayes the grand *Love-Maſter.*

Though all things want; all things the *minde* ſub-
{dues,
And can new ſtrength in fainting *Fleſh* infuſe.

When we find it ſeconded with the *prevalent incitations* of *Literature* and *ſweet Morality*: how courageous, how comfortable, how towring is *ſhe*? *Socrates*, cals *Nature*, the *Reaſon of an honeſt man*: as if *man*, following *her*, had found a *ſquare*, whereby to direct his *life*. The *ſoule* that takes a delight in *Lewdneſſe*, is gain'd upon by *Cuſtome*: and after an *undoing*, dulling *practice* takes a *joy* in that, which at firſt did daunt with *terrour*. The firſt *Acts* of *Sinne*, are for the moſt part *trembling*, *fearefull*, and *full of the bluſh*. Tis the *iteration of will*, that gives *forehead* to the *foule offender*. Tis eaſie to know a *beginning ſwearer*: hee cannot *mouth it*, like the *practiſed man*. Hee *oathes it*, as a *cowardly Poncer* plaies; who as ſoone as hee hath offered a *blow*, ſhrinkes backe: as if his heart ſuffered a kinde of *violence* by his *tongue*: yet had rather take a ſtep in *Vice*, than bee left behinde for not being in *faſhion*. And, though a man be plunged in *wickedneſſe*, yet would hee bee glad to bee *thought good*. Which may ſtrongly argue the *Intentions* of the *Soule* to bee *good*; though unable to maturate that *ſeed* that is in it. Nay, and that like a kinde of *Captive*, ſhee is carried by *corruption*, through *boggs* and *Deſarts*; that at firſt ſhee feares

to tread upon. *Sinne* at first does a little ſtartle the *blood*. *Vice* carries *horror* in her conſidered looke, though wee finde a *ſhort plauſibility*, in the preſent *imbraces*. There is no man, but in his *ſoule* diſlikes a *new vice*, before he acts it. And this diſtaſte is ſo generall, that when *Cuſtome* ha's dull'd the *ſenſe*; yet the *minde* ſhames to tranſmit it ſelfe to the *tongue*; as knowing, hee which holds *Tenents* againſt *Natures Principles*, ſhall, by ſhewing a *quick wit*, loſe his *honeſt name*. *Goodneſſe* is not ſo quite extinct in *man*, but that ſhe ſtill flaſhes out a glimmering light, in *morality*. Though *Vice* in ſome ſoules, have got the ſtart on her: yet ſhee makes every mans *tongue* fight for *Vices extirpation*. Hee that maintaines *Vice* lawfull, ſhall have *mankinde* his *enemy*. 'Tis *gaine*, not *love to Treaſon*, that makes man fall a *Traitor*. A *noble deede* does beare a *ſpurre* in it ſelfe. They are *bad workes*, that need *rewards* to crane them up withall. I beleeve, if we examine *Nature*, thoſe things that have a pleaſure in their performance, are *bad* but by miſ-uſe; not ſimply ſo in themſelves. *Eating*, *drinking*, *mirth*, are *ill*, but in the *manner*, or the *meaſure*; not at all in the *matter*. *Mans wiſdome* conſiſts not in the *not uſing*, but in the *well uſing* of what the world affords him. *How to uſe*, is the moſt waighty leſſon of *man*. And of this wee faile, for want of ſeconding the ſeedes that bee in the *ſoule*: The *thornes* doe firſt choake them; and then, they *dwindle*, for lacke of *watering*. Two things I will ſtrongly labour for: *To remove Annoyance*; and *To cheriſh the growth of budding Vertue*. He that ſpends his time well, that ſtrives to

reduce

reduce *Nature* to her first perfection. Like a *true friend*, thee wishes well to man, but is growne so *poore*, and falne into such *decay*, as indeede she is not *able*. I will helpe her what I can in the way; though of my selfe, I be not able to set her safe in the end: and if it bee in *spirituall things*, not able to beginne. As man has not that free power of himselfe, which first he had: so I am farre from thinking him so dull, to bee a *patient* meerely: it was not in the first Fall *slaine*, but irrecoverably *lamed: debilitated*, not *annihilated*. But whether this bee true or no, I thinke it cannot be ill, of whatsoever *good* wee doe, to give our *God* the *glory* on't.

XX.

Of Preaching.

THe *excesse* which is in the *defect of Preaching*, ha's made the *Pulpit* sleighted: I meane, the much bad *Oratory* we finde it guilty of. Tis a wonder to me, how men can *Preach so little*, and so *long*: so *long a time*, and so *little matter*: as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vaine *Tantologies*. I see no reason, that so high a *Princesse as Divinity* is, should bee presented to the *People* in the *sordid rags* of the *tongue*: nor that he which speakes from the *Father of Languages*, should deliver his *Embassage* in an *ill one*. A man can never speake *too well*, where he speakes not *too obscure*. Long and distended *Clauses*, are both tedious to the *eare*, and

difficult for their retaining. A *Sentence* wel couch'd, takes both the *ſenſe* and the *underſtanding*. I love not thoſe *Cart-rope ſpeeches*, that are longer than the memorie of man can fathome. I ſee not, but that *Divinity*, put into *ſignificants*, might raviſh as well as *Poetry*. The weighty *lines* men finde upon the *Stage*, I am perſwaded have beene the *lures*, to draw away the *Pulpit followers*. We complaine of drowzineſſe at a *Sermon*; when a *Play* of a doubled length, leades us on ſtill with alacrity. But the fault is not all in our ſelves. If wee ſaw *Divinity* acted, the *geſture* and *varietie* would as much invigilate. But it is too high to bee perſonated by *Humanity*. The *Stage* feeds both the *eare* and the *eye*: and through his *latter ſenſe*, the *Soule* drinks deeper draughts. Things *acted*, poſſeſſe us more, and are too, more retaineable, than the *paſſable tones* of the *tongue*. Beſides, here wee meete with more *compaſſed Language*: The *Dulcia ſermonis*, moulded into curious *Phraſe*; Though 'tis to bee lamented, ſuch *wits* are not ſet to the right *tune*, and conſorted to *Divinity*; who without doubt, well deckt, will caſt a farre more radiant *luſtre*, than thoſe *obſcene ſcurrilities*, that the *Stage* preſents us with, though oe'd and ſpangled in their *gawdieſt tyre*. At a *Sermon* well dreſs'd, what *underſtander* can have a motion to *ſleepe*? *Divinity* well ordered, caſts forth a *Baite*, which angles the Soule into the *eare*: and how can that cloze; when ſuch a gueſt ſits in it? They are *Sermons* but of baſer metall, which *leade* the eyes to ſlumber. And ſhould we heare a *continued Oration*, upon ſuch a ſubject as the

the *Stage* treates on, in ſuch words as wee heare ſome *Sermons*; I am confident, it would not only be farre more tedious, but *nauſeous* and *contemptfull*. The moſt advantage they have of other places, is, in their good *Lines* and *Action*. For 'tis certaine, *Cicero* and *Roſcius* are moſt compleate, when they both make but one Man. He anſwered well, that after often asking, ſaid ſtill, that *Action* was the chiefeſt part of an *Orator*. Surely, the *Oration* is moſt powerfull, where the *Tongue* is diffuſive and ſpeakes in a *native deceney*, even in every *limme*. A good *Orator* ſhould pierce the *eare*, allure the *eye*, and invade the *minde* of his *hearer*. And this is *Seneca's* opinion: *Fit words* are better than *fine ones*: I like not thoſe that are *in-judiciouſly made*; but ſuch as be *expreſſively ſignificant*: that leade the *minde* to ſomething, beſide the naked *terme*. And he that ſpeake thus, muſt not looke to ſpeake thus every day. A *kemb'd Oration* will coſt both *ſweate*, and the *rubbing of the braine*. And *kemb'd* I wiſh it, not *frizzled*, nor *curl'd*. *Diviuity* ſhould not *laſciviate*. *Vn-wormewooded Ieſts* I like well; but they are fitter for the *Taverne*, than the Majeſty of a *Temple*. *Chriſt* taught the *People* with *Authority*. *Gravity* becomes the *Pulpit*. *Demoſthenes* confeſt he became an *Orator*, by ſpending more *Oyle* than *Wine*. This is too fluid an *Element* to beget *ſubſtantials*. *Wit*, procur'd by *Wine*, is, for the moſt part, like the *ſparkelings* in the *Cup*, when 'tis filling: they *briske* it for a moment, but dye immediately. I admire the *valour* of ſome men; that before their *Studies*, dare aſcend the *Pulpit*, and doe there take more

paines, than they have done in their *Library*. But having done this, I wonder not, that they there ſpend ſometimes *three houres*, but to weary the People into *ſleepe*. And this makes ſome ſuch *fugitive Divines*, that like *cowards*, they run away from their *Texts*. *words* are not *all*, nor *matter* is not *all*, nor *geſture*, yet together, they are. 'Tis much moving in an *Orator*, when the *ſoule* ſeemes to ſpeake, as well as the *tongue*. Saint *Auguſtine* ſaies, *Tully* was admired more for his *tongue*, than his *minde*; *Ariſtotle* more for his *minde*, than his *tongue*: but *Plato* for both. And ſurely, nothing decks an *Oration* more, than *Iudgement* able well to conceive and utter. I know, *God* hath choſen by weak things, to confound the wiſe: yet I ſee not but in all times, a waſhed *Language* hath much prevailed. And even the *Scriptures* (though I know nor the *Hebrew*) yet I beleeve they are penn'd in a *tongue* of deepe expreſſion: wherein, almoſt every word, hath a *Metaphoricall ſenſe*, which does illuſtrate by ſome *alluſion*. How *politicall* is *Moſes*, in his *Pentateuch*? How *Philoſophicall Iob*? How *maſſie* and *ſententious* is *Salomon* in his *Proverbs*? How *quaint*, and *flamingly-amorous* in the *Canticles*? How *grave* and *ſolemne* in his *Eccleſiaſtes*? that in the *world*, there is not ſuch another diſſection of the *world* as it. How were the *Iewes* aſtonied at *Chriſts Doctrine*? How eloquent a *pleader* is *Paul* at the *Bar*? in *diſputation* how ſubtile? And he that reades the *Fathers*, ſhall finde them, as if written with a *criſped pen*. Nor is it ſuch a fault as ſome would make it, now and then, to let a *Philoſopher* or a *Poet*, come in and wait, and give a

Trencher

Trencher at this *Banquet*. Saint *Paul* is president for it. I wish no man to be *too darke*, and full of *shadow*. There is a way to be *pleasingly plaine*, and some have found it. Nor wish I any man to a totall neglect of his *hearers*. Some *Stomackes* rise at *sweete meates*. He prodigals a *Mine* of *Excellency*, that lavishes a *terse Oration* to an *Apron'd Auditory*. *Mercury* himselfe maymove his *tongue* in vaine, if he has none to heare him, but a *Non intelligent*. They that speake to *Children*, assume a pretty *lisping*. *Birds* are caught by the counterfeit of their owne *shrill notes*. There is a *Magicke* in the *Tongue*, can charme the *wilde mans Motions*. *Eloquence* is a *Bridle*, wherewith a wise man rides the *Monster* of the *World*, the *People*. Hee that heares, ha's onely those *affections* that thy *tongue* will give him.

(blot:
Thou maist give *smiles*, or *teares*, which *joyes* doe
Or *wrath* to *Iudges*, which themselves have not.

You may see it in *Lucans* words:

Flet, si flere jubes, gaudet, gaudere coactus:
Et te dante, capit Iudex quum non habet iram.

I grieve, that any thing so excellent as *Divinity* is, should fall into a sluttish handling. Sure, though other interposures doe *eclipse her*; yet this is a principall. I never yet knew a *good Tongue*, that wanted *eares* to heare it. I will honour her, in her *plaine trimme*: but I will wish to meete her, in her gracefull *Iewels*: not that they give addition to her

her *goodneſſe*: but that ſhe is more perſwaſive in working on the ſoule it meetes with. When I meete with *Worth* which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that *Art*, which is a meanes to heighten liking. *Confections* that are *cordiall*, are not the worſe, but the better for being guilded.

XXI.

Of reconciling Enemies.

IT is much ſafer to *reconcile* an *Enemie*, than *conquer* him. *Victory* deprives him of his power; but *Reconciliation*, of his *will*: and there is leſſe danger in a *will* which *will not hurt*, than in a *power*, which *cannot*. The *power* is not ſo apt to tempt the *will*, as the *will* is ſtudious to finde out *meanes*. Beſides, an *Enemie* is a *perpetuall Spie*, upon thy Actions; a *watch*, to obſerve thy *failes*, and thy *excurſions*. All which, in the time of his *Captivity*, he treaſures up, againſt the *day of advantage*, for the confounding of him that hath beene his *Detainer*. When he is free from thy power, his *malice* makes him *nimble-eyed*: apt to note a *fault*, and publiſh it: and with a *ſtrained Conſtruction*, to deprave thoſe things that thy *intents* have told thy *ſoule* are *honeſt*. Like the *Crocodile*, he ſlimes thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art downe, he inſidiates thy *intrapped life*; and with the warmeſt blood of thy *life*, fattens his inſulting *Envie*. Thy waies hee ſtrewes with *Serpents* and *invenomings*. Thy *vices* he ſets, like

Pauls,

Pauls, on high: for the gaze of the *world*, and the ſcatter'd *City*: Thy *Vertues*, like Saint *Faiths*, he placeth under ground, that none may note them. Certainely, tis a miſery to have an *Enemie*, either very powerfull, or very malicious. If they cannot wound upon *Proofes*, they will doe it yet upon *likelihoods*: and ſo by degrees, and ſly waies, corrupt the faire tempter of our *Reputations*. In which, this *diſadvantage* cannot bee helped; that the *Multitude* will ſooner beleeve them than our ſelves. For *affirmations* are apter to win beleife, than *Negatives* to uncredit them. It was a *Spawne* of *Machiavel*, that *A ſlander once raiſed, will ſcarce ever dye, or faile of finding ſome, that will allow it both harbour, and truſt.* The *baggage world* deſireth of her ſelfe to ſcarre the *face*, that is fairer than ſhe: and therefore, when ſhe findes occaſion, ſhe leapes, and flyes to the imbracement of the thing ſhee wiſhed for: where, with a ſharpe-ſet *appetite*, ſhe *quarries* on the prey ſhe meetes withall. When *Seneca* asked the Queſtion, *Quid eſt homini inimiciſſimum?* *Seneca* anſwers, *Alter Homo*. Our *Enemies ſtudies* are the *plots* of our *ruine*: nor is any thing left un-attempted, which may induce our *damage*. And many times, the *danger* is the more, becauſe we ſee it not. If our *Enemie* be *Noble*, hee will beare himſelfe *valiantly*, and ſcorne to give us an *advantage* againſt him: though his owne judicious *forwardneſſe*, may put us to the *worſe*, let his *worth* perſwade thee to an *attonement*. *He that can be a worthy Enemy, wil reconcil'd, be a worthier Friend.* He that in a *jnſt cauſe*, can *valiantly fight againſt thee*, can in a *like cauſe*, *fight as valiantly for thee.*

thee. If hee be *unworthy*, reconcile him too: though there be nothing else gain'd, but *stilling of a scandalous tongue*; even that will be worthy thy labour. Vse him as a *Friend* in *outward faireneſſe*: but beware him, as an *Enemy*, apt to re-aſſume his *Armes*. He that is a *baſe foe*, will hardly be but falſe in *friendſhip*. *Enemies*, like *Miners*, are ever working, to blow up our untainted *names*. They ſpit a *poyſon*, that will *freckle* the *beauty* of a *good report*: & that *fame* which is *white* and *pure*, they ſpot with the *puddled ſprais* of the *tongue*: For, they cannot but ſometimes ſpeake as they thinke: and this S. *Gregory* will perſwade us to beleeve: That *Humana mens, omnem quem inimicum tolerat, etiam iniquum & impium putat: Al men thinke their Enemies ill.* If it may be done with *honor*, I ſhall thinke it a worke of good diſcretion, to regaine a *violent Adverſary*. But to doe it ſo, as it puls a *poorneſſe* on a mans ſelfe; though it bee *ſafe*, is worſe than to be conquer'd in a *manfull conteſtation*. *Friendſhip* is not commendable, when it riſes from *diſhonorable Treaties*. But hee that upon *good termes*, refuſes a *Reconcilement*; may be *ſtubborne*, but not *valiant*, nor *wiſe*. Whoſoever thou art, that wilfully continueſt an *Enemy*, thou reacheſt him to doe thee a *miſchiefe* if he can. I will thinke that endeavour ſpent to purpoſe, that either *makes a Friend*, or *unmaskes an Enemy*. In the one, a *Treaſure* is wonne; in the other, a *Seige* is raiſed. When one ſaid he was a *wiſe King*, that was *kinde* to his *friends*, and *ſharpe* to his *Enemies*: Saies another, *He is wiſer, that can retaine his Friends in their love, and make his Enemies like them.*

Of

XXII.

Of our ſenſe of abſent Good.

SVrely, the *Mad worme* hath wilded all *Humanity*; we ſweate for what we loſe, before we know we have it. We ever *dote* moſt on things, when they are *wanting*: Before we *poſſeſſe* them, we *chaſe them* with an eager runne: When we *have them*, wee *ſleight them*: When they are *gone*, wee ſinke under the wring of *ſorrow*, for their *loſſe*. *Infatuated eſtate of Man!* That the injoyment of a *pleaſure*, muſt diminiſh it: That perpetuall uſe muſt make it, like a *Pyramide*, leſſening it ſelfe by degrees, till it growes at laſt to a *punctum*, to a nothing. With what undelayable heate, does the *lime-twig'd Lover* court a deſerving *Beauty*; Which, when hee obtaines, is farre ſhort of that *content* it promiſed him: Yet, hee againe no ſooner *loſes it*, but hee *over-eſteemes* it, to an *hyperbolicall ſumme*. *Preſence* drownes, or mightily cooles *contentment*: and *Abſence* ſeemes to be a *torture*, that afflicts moſt, when moſt *ſtretched*. *Want* teaches us the *worth* of things more truely. How ſweet a thing ſeemes *liberty*, to one immur'd in a *Caſe* of *walls*? How deare a *Iewell* is *health* to him that tumbles in *diſtempered blood*? Is it ſo, that *Pleaſure*, which is an *aery conſtitution*, cannot bee graſped by a *reall body*? Or doe wee ſo empty our ſelves in the *Fruition*, that we doe in it, powre out our *appetites* alſo? Or is *content* ſuch a ſlender

ſlender *tittle*, that 'tis nothing but the *preſent now*; fled ſooner than enjoy'd? Like the report of a *loud-tongu'd Gunne*, ceas'd as ſoone as heard: without any thing to ſhew it has beene, ſave *remembrance* onely. Wee *deſire long*, and pleaſe our ſelves with *hope*. VVee *enjoy* and *loſe* together: and then wee ſee what wee have *forgone*, and *grieve*. I have knowne many, that have lov'd their *dead friends* better, than ever they did in their *life time*. There is (if I have given you the right ſenſe) alike *complaint* in the *ſinewie Lyricke*.

They that ſtrive to chaſe away
Slaughters and inteſtine Warre:
They would have dumbe *Statues* ſay,
Theſe their Cities Fathers are:
Let them their owne wilde luſts tame,
They ſhall not live, till dead. (O Fate!)
Wee envious, hate ſafe Vertues name,
She dead; we ſigh our widowed ſtate.

O quiſquis voluit impias
Cædes, & rabiem tollere cynicam:
Si quærit, Pater urbium
Subſcribi ſtatuis, indomitam audeat
Refrenare licentiam,
Clarus poſtgenitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis, quærimus invidi.

Wee adore the *bleſſings* that we are *depriv'd* of. An *eſtate* ſquander'd in a *wanton waſte*, ſhewes better in

in the *misse*, than while wee had the use on't. *Possession* blunts the *thought* and *apprehension*. *Thinking* is propereſt to *that*, which is *absent*. VVee injoy the *present*: but we thinke on *future things*, or passed. VVhen *benefits* are lost, the *minde* has time to recount the severall *worths*: Which, after a considerate *search*: she findes to be many more, than the *unexamining possession* told her of. Wee see more, in the *discomposure* of a *watch*, than wee can, when 'tis *set together*. 'Tis a true one: *Blessings* appeare not till they be *vanisht*. The *Comedian* was then *serious*, when he writ,

Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,
Cum quæ in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus.

Fond men, till we have lost the goods we had.
We understand not what their values were.

'Tis *Folly* to neglect the *present*; and then, to greive that we have *neglected*. Surely, hee does best, that is *carefull* to preserve the *blessings* he has, as long as he can; and when they must take their *leaves*, to let them goe without *sorrowing*, or *over-fumming* them. Vaine are those *lamentations* that have no better fruit, than the *displeasanting* of the *soule*, that ownes them. I would adde a thirteenth *reall labour*, to the *faigned twelve*: or doe any thing, that lyes in *nobleman*, to pleasure or preserve the *life* of a *friend*. But *dead* once; all that *teares* can doe, is only to shew the *world* our weakenesse. I speake but my selfe a *foole*, to doe that which *Reason* tels me is

unreasonable.

unreasonable. It was the *Philosophers Dictate*, That hee which laments the *death* of a Man, laments, that that Man was a Man. I count it a *deed royall*, in the kingly *David*, who began to warme his joyes againe, when the *infants* blood was cold: As if the *breath* which the *child* lost, had *disclouded his darkened heart.* I will apply my selfe to the *present*; to *preserve* it; to *injoy* it. But, never bee *passionate* for the losse of *that*, which I cannot *keepe*; nor can *regaine.* When I have a *blessing* I will *respect* it, I will *love* it, as ardently as any *man.* And when tis gone, I confesse, I would *grieve* as little. And this I thinke I may *well* doe, yet owe a deare *respect*, to the *memory* of that I *lost.*

XXIII.

That no man can be good to all.

I Never yet knew any man so *bad*, but some have thought him *honest*; and afforded him *love.* Nor ever any so *good*, but some have thought him *vile*: and *hated* him. Few are so *stygmaticall*, as that they are not *honest* to some. And few againe are so *just*, as that they seeme not to some *unequall*? either the *Ignorance*, the *Envy*, or the *partiality*, of those that *Iudge*, doe constitute a *various man.* Nor can a man in himselfe, *alwaies appeare alike*, to all. In some, *Nature* hath invested a disparity. In some, *Report* hath fore-blinded *Iudgement.* And in some, *Accident* is the cause of disposing us to *love*, or *hate.*

Or

Or, if not these, the variation of the *bodies humours*. Or, *perhaps* not any of these. The *soule* is often led by secret *motions*, and *loves*, shee knowes not why. There are impulsive *privacies*, which urge us to a liking, even against the *Parliamentall Acts* of the two houses, *Reason*, and the *Common Sense*. As if there were some *hidden beauty*, of a more *Magnetique force*, than all that the eye can see. And this too, more powerfull at one *time*, than *another*. Vndiscovered influences *please* us now, with what wee would sometimes *contemne*. I have come to the same man, that hath now welcom'd mee with a *free expression of love*, and *courtesies*: and another time hath left me *unsaluted* at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have beene certaine of his sound *affection*: and have found this, not an *intended neglect*; but an *indisposednesse*, or, a *minde*, seriously *busied* within. *Occasion* reines the *motions* of the stirring *minde*. Like men that walke in their *sleepes*, we are led about, we neither know *whither* nor *how*. I know there is a *generation*, that doe thus, out of *pride*: and in *strangers*, I confesse, I know not how to *distinguish*. For there is no *disposition*, but hath a *varnisht vizor*, as well as an *unpencil'd face*. Some people coozen the *World*: are bad, and are not thought so. In some, the *world* is coozened: beleeving them ill, when they are not. Vnlesse it hath beene some few of a *Family*; I have knowne the whole *Molehil* of *Pismires* (the World) in an *errour*. For, though *Report* once vented, like a *stone* cast into a *Pond*, begets *circle* upon *circle*, till it meets with the *banke*, that bounds it: yet *Fame* often plaies the *Curre*, and *opens*, when

ſhe *ſprings* no *game*. *Cenſures* wil not hold out *weight* that have life onely from the *ſpungie Cels* of the *common braine*. Why ſhould I *definitively* cenſure any man, whom I know but *ſuperficially*? as if I were a *God*, to ſee the *inward ſoule*. *Nature*, *Art*, *Report*, may all faile: Yea, oftentimes *probabilities*. There is no certainty to diſcover *Man* by, but *Time*, and *Converſation*. Every *Man* may be ſaid in ſome ſort, to have two *ſoules*; one, the *internall minde*; the other, even the outward *ayre* of the *face*, and *bodies* geſture. And how infinitely in ſome ſhall they differ? I have knowne a *wiſe looke*, hide a *foole* within: and a *merry face*, inhold a *diſcontented ſoule*. *Cleanthes* might well have failed in his *judgement*, had not accident have helped him, to the *obſcured Truth*. Hee would undertake to reade the *minde* in the *bodie*. Some to try his *skill*, brought him a *luxurious fellow* that in his *youth*, had beene expos'd to *toyle*: ſeeing his *face* tann'd, and his hands *lether'd* with a hardened skinne, hee was at a *ſtand*. VVhereupon departing, the man *ſneezed*, and *Cleanthes*, ſayes, Now I know the man, hee is *effeminate*. For great labourers rarely *ſneeze*. *Iudgement* is apt to *erre*, when it paſſeth upon *things* wee know not. Every man keepes his *minde*, if hee liſts, in a *Labyrinth*. The heart of Man, to Man, is a roome *inſcrutable*. Into which, *Nature* has made no certaine *window*, but as himſelfe ſhall pleaſe to *open*. One man ſhewes himſelfe to mee, to another, he is ſhut up. No man can either *like all*, or be *liked of all*. *God* doth not pleaſe *all*. Nay, I thinke, it may ſtand with *Divinity*, as men are, to

ſay,

ſay, hee cannot. Man is infinitely more *impotent*.-I wil ſpeake of every man as I finde. If I heare he hath beene *ill* to others, I will *beware him*, but not *condemne* him, till I heare his owne *Apologie*.

Qui ſtatuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,
Æquum licet ſtatuerit, haud æquus eſt.

Who judgement gives, and will but one ſide heare,
Though he judge right, is no good Iuſticer.

The *Nature* of many men is *abſtruſe*: and not to bee eſpy'd at an *Inſtant*. And without knowing this, I know *nothing*, that may warrant my *Sentence*. As I will not too farre beleeve *reports* from others: So I will never *cenſure* any man; whom I know not *internally*; nor ever thoſe, but *ſparing*, and with *modeſtie*.

XXIV.

That Man ought to be extenſively good.

I Finde in the *Creation*, the *firſt bleſſing God gave Man*, was, *Be fruitfull and multiply*. And this, I finde impoſed by a *precept*, not a *promiſe*. It being a thing ſo neceſſary, as *God* would not leave it, but almoſt in an *impulſive quality*. And withall to ſhew us that (even from the beginning) *mans happineſſe* ſhould conſiſt, in obeying *Gods commands*. All men love to live in *poſterity*. Barrenneſſe is a *Curſe*; and

makes men unwilling to dye. *Men*, rather than they will want insuing *memory*, will bee spoken by the *handed Statute*: Or by the *long-lasting* of some *insensate Monument*. When bragging *Cambyses* would compare himselfe with his Father *Cyrus*, and some of his *flatterers* told him, hee did excell him: Stay, saies *Cræsus*; you are not yet his *equall*; for hee left a *sonne* behinde him. As if he were an *imperfect Prince* that leaveth an *unhelmed State*. When *Philip* viewed his young sonne *Alexander*, he said, He could than be content to *dye*. *Conceit* of a surviving name, sweetens *Deaths alloed potion*. Tis for this, wee so love those that are to *preserve* us in extended *successions*. There was something more in it, then the naked geere, when *Cæsar* (seeing strangers at *Rome*, with *whelpes* and *Monkies* in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the *children*, that the *women* of those *Lands* brought forth. For hee thought such *respectfull love*, was due to none, but a selfe-extracted *Off-spring*. Nor, is this onely in the *baser part of Man*, the *body*: but euen in the *Sagatious Soule*. The first Act *God* requires of a *Convert*, is, *Bee fruitfull*. The good Mans *goodnesse*, lies not hid in himselfe alone: hee is still strengthening of his *weaker brother*. How soone would the *world* and *Christianity* faile, if there were not *propagation* both for *it* and *man*? Good *workes*, and good *instructions*, are the *generative acts* of the *soule*: Out of which spring new *posterity* to the *Church*, and *Gospell*. And I am perswaded, to bee a meanes of bringing more to *heaven*, is an inseparable desire of a *soule*, that is rightly *stated*. *Good* men, wish all that they *con-*

verse

verſe withall in goodnes, to be like themſelves. How ungratefully he *ſlinkes* away, that dyes and does nothing, to reflect a *glory to Heaven*? How *barren a tree*, he is, that *lives*, and *ſpreads*, and *cumbers* the ground, yet leaves not one *ſeed*, not one good *worke* to *generate* another, after him? I know all cannot leave alike; yet, all may leave ſomething, anſwering their *proportion*, their *kinds*. They be *dead*, and *withered graines of Corne*, out of which, there will not one *Eare* ſpring. The *Phyſician* that hath a *Soveraigne Receit*, & *dyeth* unrevealing it, robs the *world* of many *bleſſings*, which might *multiply* after his *death*: Leaving this *Collection*, a truth to al *Survivers*: that he did *good* to others, but to doe himſelfe a *greater*: which, how contrary it is to *Chriſtianity*, and the *Nature of explicative Love*; I appeale to thoſe mindes where *Grace* hath ſowne more *Charity*. *Vertue* is diſtributive, and had rather *pleaſure* many with a *ſelfe-injury*, than bury *benefits* that might *pleaſure a multitude*. I doubt whether ever he will find the way to *Heaven*, that deſires to goe thither alone. They are envious *Favourites*, that wiſh their *Kings* to have no *Loyall Subjects*, but themſelves. All *heavenly* hearts are *charitable*. *Inlightned ſoules* cannot but diſperſe their *rayes*. I will, if I can doe ſomething for others, and *heaven*; nor to deſerve by it; but to expreſſe my *ſelfe*, and my *thankes*. Though I cannot doe what I *would*, I will labour to doe what I *can*.

XXV.

Of the horrour ſinne leaves behind.

NO willing *Sinne* was ever in the *Act diſpleaſing*. Yet, is it not ſooner *paſt*, than *diſtaſtfull*: though *pleaſure* merries the *Senſes* for a while: yet *horror* after vultures the *unconſuming heart*; and thoſe which carrie the moſt *pleaſing taſts*, fit us with the *largeſt reluctations*. Nothing ſo ſoone, can worke ſo ſtrange a *change*: Now, in the *height of delight*, Now in the *depth of horror*. *Damned Satan!* that with *Orphean ayres*, and *dextrous warbles*, lead'ſt us to the *Flames of Hell*: and then, with a *contempt* derideſt us. Like a cunning *Curtizan*, that dallies the *Ruſſian* to undoe himſelfe: and then paies him with a *fleere*, and *ſcorne*. Or, as ſome men will doe to a *deſired beauty*, vow, and promiſe that, in the *heate of paſſion*, which they never mind to ſtand unto. Herein onely is the *difference*: *Gratitude*, and good *nature*, may ſometimes make them *penitent*, and ſeeke ſome way to ſatisfie: whereas, hee that yeelds to the *wooing Devill*, does but more augment his *tyranny*. For, when wee meete with *ignoble ſpirits*, the more *obedience*, is a cauſe of the *worſer uſe*. How often, and how *infinitely* are wee *abuſed*? with what *Maſques* and *Triumphs* are wee led to deſtruction? *Fooliſh, beſotted, degenerate Man!* that having ſo often experimented his *Iuggling*, wilt yet beleeve his *fictions*, and his turfed *Mines*:

Mines: as if he had not many waies to one *deſtroying end:* or could bring thee any *pleaſure*, and in it not ayme at thine *overthrow*. Knoweſt thou not, that he ſowes his *Tares by night*; and in his *Baits*, hides all hee knowes may *hurt thee*. Are not all thoſe *delights* he brings us, like *Trappes* we ſet for *Vermine*, *charitable*, but to *kill*? Does hee not firſt pitch his *Toyles*, and then *traine* us about to *inſnare* us? Hee ſhewes us nothing but a *tempting face*; where hee hath counterfeited *Natures Excellency*, and all the *graces* of a *modeſt countenance:* while, whatſoever is *infective*, is veiled over with the exacteſt *dreſſe* of *comelineſſe*. When our ſoules thirſt after *pleaſure*, we are call'd as *Beaſts* with *fodder*, to the *ſlaughter-houſe*: or as *Boyes* catch *Horſes*, with *provender* in their hands to *ride* them. *Ill actions* are *perpetuall perturbations:* the *puniſhment* that followes, is farre more *grievous*, than the *performance* was *delightfull:* and the *guilt* is worſe than the *puniſhment*.

Eſtq; pati pœnam, quam meruiſſe, minus.

The moſt ſmart is, to thinke we have deſerv'd it.

Ile give you the *Story:* A *Pythagorean* bought a paire of *Shooes* upon truſt: the *Shoomaker* dyes: the *Philoſopher* is glad, and thinkes them *gaines:* but a while after, his *conſcience* twitches him, & becomes a perpetuall *chider:* hee repaires to the *houſe* of the *dead*, caſts in his *money*, with theſe *words*; *There, take thy due, Thou liveſt to mee, though dead to all beſide.*

Certainely, *ill gotten gaines* are far worſe, than *loſſes* with preſerved *honeſty*. Theſe *grieve* but once, the other are continually *grating* upon our quiet. He *diminiſhes* his owne *contentment*, that would adde to it, by *unlawfulneſſe*; looking onely on the *beginning*, hee thinkes not to what end, the end *extendeth*. Tis *indiſcretion* that is *Hare-ſighted*.

O Demea, ſtuc eſt ſapere non quod ante pedes modo eſt
Videre, ſed etiam illa quæ futura ſunt proſpicere.

I tell thee, *Demea*, VViſdome lookes as well,
To things to come, as thoſe that preſent are.

This *differenceth* a wiſe *man* and a *foole*: The firſt, *begins* in the *end*; the other *ends* in the *beginning*. I will take a part of both, and fixe one *eye* on the *Act*, another on the *conſequence*. So if I ſpy the *Devill* be *ſhrowded* in the *following traine*, I will ſhut the dore againſt the *pleaſure* it ſelfe, though it comes like a *Lord*, under *pretence* of honouring mee.

XXVI.

Of Mans imperfection.

OF my *ſelfe*, what can I *doe* without the hazzard of *erring*? Nay, what can *I thinke*? Nay, what can *I not doe*, or *not thinke*? even my beſt *buſineſſe*, & my beſt *vacancy*, are *workes of offence and error*. Vncomfortable *conſtitution of man*, that canſt not but be *bad*,

bad, both in *Action*, and *forbearance*. *Corruption* mixeth with our pureſt *devotions*: and not to performe them, is *neglect*. When we thinke not of *God*, at all, we are *impious*, and *ungratefull*: when we do, we are not able to thinke *aright*. *Imperfection* ſwaies in all the *weake diſpatches* of the palſied *ſoule*. If the *Devill* be abſent, our owne *frailties* are his tempting *Deputies*. If thoſe forbeare, the *Meretricious world* claps our *cheeckes*, and fond's us to a *coozening faile*. So, which way ſoever we turne, we are ſure to be *bitten* with the one, or the other *head* of this *Cerberus*. To what can wee intend our ſelves, wherein there is not a *Devill* to entrap us? If we *pray*, how he caſts in wandring *thoughts*, or by our *eyes*, ſteales away our *hearts*, to ſome other obiect than *God!* If we *heare*, he hath the ſame *policy*, & *prejudicates* our *opinion* with the *Man*, or part of his *doctrine*. If we *reade*, he perſwades us to let *Reaſon Iudge*, as well as *Faith*: So, meaſuring by a falſe rule, hee would make us beleeve, *Divinity* is much *ſhort* of what it *ſhewes* for. If we doe *good works*, he would *poyſon* them, with *Phariſiſme*, and make us, by *overvaluing*, loſe them. If we doe *ill*, he incourages us to a *continuance*: and at laſt *accuſes* us. If *nothing*, wee *neglect the good* wee ſhould doe. If we *ſleepe*, he comes in *dreames*, and wantonneth the *ill-inclining ſoule*. If we *wake*, wee miſpend our *time*; or, at beſt, doe *good*, not *well*. So, by bad *circumſtances*, *poyſon* a well intended *principall*. Even *Actions* of *neceſſity*, we diſpatch not without a *ſtaine*; we drinke to *exceſſe*: and the drowning of the *beaine*. We eate, not to ſatisfie *Nature*, but to overcharge *her*; and to *venerate* the unbridled *ſpi-*

rits

rits. As a *Mill-wheele* is continually turn'd round, and ever drenched with a new *ſtreame*: ſo are we alwaies hurried with ſucceſſions of *various ſinnes*. Like *Arrowes* ſhot in mighty windes, wee wander from the *bow* that ſent us. Sometimes wee thinke we doe things well: but when they are paſt, we are ſenſible of the *tranſgreſſion*. VVe progreſſe in the waies of *Vice*, and are conſtant in *nothing*, but *perpetuall offending*. You may ſee the thoughts of the whipping *Satyriſt*, how divine they are:

Mobilis, & varia eſt ferme natura malorum:
Cum ſcelus admittunt, ſupereſt conſtantia: quid fas,
Atque nefas tandem incipiunt ſentire, peractis
Criminibus: tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos fixa, & mutari neſcia: nam quis
Peccandi finem poſuit ſibi? quando recepit
Ejectum ſemel attrita de fronte ruborem?
Quiſnam hominum eſt, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio? ——

Nature is motive in the queſt of ill:
Stated in miſchiefe: all our ableſt Skill
Cannot know *right* from *wrong*, till *wrong* be done:
Fixt *Nature*, will to condemn'd cuſtomes runne
Vnchangedly: VVho to his *ſinnes* can ſet
A certaine end? VVhen hath he ever met
Bluſhes once from his hardned forehead throwne?
VVho is it ſinnes, and is content with one?

Surely there will not a *man* bee found, that is able to anſwer to theſe *quæres*. Their *ſoules* have *ceeled*

eyes,

eyes, that can ſee nothing but perfection, in their owne *labours*. It is not to any man given, abſolutely to be *abſolute*. I will not be too forward in *cenſuring* the *workes* of *others*; nor will I ever doe any, that I will not ſubmit to *judgement*, and *correction*: yet ſo, as I will be able to give a *reaſon*, why I have *order'd* them, as the *world ſees*.

XXVII.

Of curioſitie in knowledge.

NOthing *wraps a man* in ſuch a *myſt of errors*, as his owne *curioſity*, in ſearching things beyond him. How *happily* doe they live, that know nothing, but what is *neceſſary*? Our *knowledge* doth but ſhew us our *ignorance*. Our moſt *ſtudious ſcrutiny*, is but a diſcovery of what we cannot know. We ſee the *effect*: but cannot geſſe at the *cauſe*. *Learning* is like a *River*, whoſe *head* being farre in the *Land*, is, at firſt *riſing*, *little*, and *eaſily viewed*: but, ſtill as you go it *gapeth* with a *wider banke*: not without *pleaſure*, and *delightfull* winding; while it is on both ſides ſet with *trees*, and the beauties of various *flowers*. But ſtill the *further* you *follow* it, the *deeper* and the *broader* 'tis; till at laſt, it *inwaves* it ſelfe in the *unfathom'd Ocean*; There you ſee more *water*; but no *ſhore*, no end of that *liquid*, *fluid vaſtneſſe*. In many things wee may ſound *Nature*, in the ſhallowes of her *revelations*. VVe may *trace* her, to her ſecond *cauſes*; but beyond them, we meete with nothing but

but the *puzzle* of the *ſoule*, and the *dazle* of the *minds dim eyes*. VVhile we ſpeake of things that are, that we may *diſſect*, and have *power*, and *meanes* to finde the *cauſes*, there is ſome *pleaſure*, ſome *certaintie*. But, when we come to *Metaphyſicks*, to long *buried Antiqnity*, and unto *unrevealed Divinity*, we are in a *Sea*, which is *deeper* than the ſhort reach of the *line of Man*. Much may be gained by *ſtudious inquiſition*; but more will ever reſt, which *Man* cannot *diſcover*. I wonder at thoſe, that will aſſume a *knowledge* of all; they are *unwiſely aſhamed of an ignorance*, which is not *diſgracive*; 'tis no *ſhame* for man not to know that, which is not in his *poſſibility*. VVe fill the *World* with cruell *brawles*, in the *obſtinate defence* of that, whereof wee might with more *honour*, confeſſe our ſelves to bee *ignorant*. One will tell us our *Saviours diſputations* among the *Doctors*. Another, what became of *Moſes* body. A third, in what place *Paradiſe* ſtood: and where is *locall Hell*. Some will know *Heaven* as perfectly, as if they had beene *hurried* about in every *Spheare*; and I thinke they may. Former VVriters would have the *Zones* inhabitable; we finde them by experience, temperate. Saint *Auguſtine* would by no meanes indure the *Antipodes*: we are now of nothing more certaine. Every *Age* both *confutes* old *errors*, and begets *new*. Yet ſtill are we more *intangled*, and the further we goe, the neerer we approach a *Sunne* that *blindes* us. He that went furtheſt in theſe *things*, we finde ending with a *cenſure* of their *vanity*, their *vexation*. 'Tis queſtionable, whether the *progreſſe of Learning* hath done more hurt, or good; whether the *Schooles* have

have not made more Queſtions than they have *decided*; where have we ſuch peaceable, and flouriſhing *Common-wealths*, as wee have found among thoſe, which have not ſo much, as had the *knowledge of Letters?* Surely, theſe *fruitleſſe* and *ænigmatique Queſtions*, are *bones* the *Devil* hath caſt among us, that while wee ſtrive for a vaine *Conqueſt*, in theſe *Toyes* we forget the *Prize* wee ſhould run for. The *Husbandman* that lookes not beyond the *Plough*, and the *Sythe*, is in much more quiet, than the *divided braine*, of the *Satiſt*, or the *Scholler*. Who will not approve the *judgement* of our *Moderne Epigrammatiſt!*

Iudice me, ſoli ſemperque perinde beati,
Sunt, quicunque ſciunt omnia, quique nihil.

If I may judge, they onely happy ſhow,
Which doe or nothing, or elſe all things know.

In *things* whereof I may be certaine, I will *labour* to be *inſtructed*. But, when I come where *reaſon* loſeth her *ſelfe*; I will be content with retiring *admiration*. Why ſhould I racke my braines, for unprofitable *impoſſibilities*? Though I cannot *know* how much is *hid*; I may ſoone *judge* what may be *diſcovered*.

XXVIII.

Of being overvalued.

TIs an *inconvenience* for a *Man* to be counted *wiſer* than *ordinary*. If he be a *Superior*, it keepes him

him from discerning what his *inferiours* are. For, their *opinion* of his piercing *judgement*, makes them to *dissemble* themselves; and fits them with a *Care*, not onely to hide their *defects*, but to shew him only, the best of themselves. Like *ill complexion'd Women*, that would faine bee mistaken for *faire*; they *paint* most cunningly, where they know a *blemish*, or *skarre*; especially, when they are to *incounter* with those, that bee naturally *beautifull*. *Worth* in others, and *defect* in our selves, are two *motives*, that induce us to the *guilding* of our owne *imperfections*. When the *Sun-bak'd Peasant* goes to feast it with a *Gentleman*, he *washes*, and *brushes*, & *kersies* himselfe in his *Holiday cloathes*. When the *Gentleman* comes to him, hee does *fine* up his *homely house*, and *covers* his *clayed floore*, with the freshnesse of a *rushie Carpet*: and all is, that hee may appeare as above *himselfe*: while hee is to meet with one that is so *indeed*. If he be an *equall*, men are *fore-opinion'd* of him for a *politicke* man: and in any matters of *weightie commerce*, they will study how to bee more *cautelous* of him, than they would of an *unesteemed Man*. So he shall bee sure to *conclude* nothing, but upon harder *conditions* for himselfe. Generall *Fames* warne us to advised *contracts*. Hee that is to play with a cunning *Fencer*, will heed his *Wards*, and *advantage* more; who, were hee to meet with one *unskilfull*, he would *neglect*, or not *thinke* of them. Strong *opposition* teaches *opposition* to bee so. I have seene a rising *Favorite* laid at, to be trod in the *dust*: while the *unnoted man*, hath pass'd with the greater *quiet*, and *gaine*. *Report* both makes *Iealousies* where there

are

are *none*, and increaſeth thoſe that there *are*. If he be an *inferiour*, he is often a man of *unwelcome ſociety*. He is thought one of *too prying* an *obſervation*: and that he *lookes* further into our *actions*, than we would have him ſearch. For there be few, which doe not ſometimes doe ſuch *actions*, as they would not have *diſcretion* ſcan. *Integrity* it ſelfe, would not be awed by a *blabbing Spie*. I know, the *obſerver* may faile as well as the *other*: but we all know *natures* to bee ſo compoſed,

Aliena melius ut videant, & judicent, quam ſua.

That they ſee more of others than their owne.

We judge of others, by what they *ſhould be*; of our ſelves, by what wee are. No man ha's *preeminence*, but wiſhes to preſerve it in unpruned *ſtate*; which while an *inferiour* notes of *imperfection*, hee thinkes, doth ſuffer *detriment*: ſo he rather ſeekes to be rid of his *company*, than deſires to keepe him, as the *watch of his waies*. Let me have but ſo much *wiſdome*, as may orderly manage my *ſelfe*, and my *meanes*; and I ſhall never care to be digited, with a *That is He*. I wiſh, not to bee eſteemed wiſer than uſuall: They that are ſo, doe better in *concealing* it, than in telling the *world*. I hold it a greater injury to be *ouer-valued*, than *under*. For, when they both ſhall come to the *touch*, the one ſhall *riſe* with *praiſe*, while the *other* ſhall decline with *ſhame*. The *firſt* hath more incertain'd *honour*; but leſſe *ſafety*: The *latter* is *humbly-ſecure*, and what is wanting in *renowne*, is made up in a better bleſſing, *quiet*.

There

There is no *Detraction* worſe than to *overpraiſe* a man: For whileſt his *worth* comes ſhort of what *report* doth ſpeake him; his owne *actions* are ever giving the *lye* to his *honour*.

XXIX.

That miſ-conceit ha's ruin'd Man.

OUr owne *Follies* have beene the only *cauſe*, to make our lives *uncomfortable*. Our *errour of opinion*, our *cowardly feare* of the *Worlds* worthleſſe *Cenſure*, and our *madding after un-neceſſary Gold*, have brambled the way of *Vertue*, and made it farre more difficult than indeed it is. *Vertue* hath ſuffered moſt by thoſe which ſhould uphold her: That now we feigne her to be, not what ſhe is, but what our fondneſſe makes her, a *Hill* almoſt unaſcendable, by the roughneſſe of a *craggie way*. Wee force *indurance* on our ſelves, to wave with the wanton *taile* of the *World*: Wee dare not doe thoſe things that are *lawfull*, leſt the *wandring world* miſconſtrue them: As if wee were to looke more to what wee ſhould be *thought*, than to what we ſhould *reſolvedly be*. As if the *Poet* writ *untruth*, when hee tels his *friend*, that,

Vertue, muddy cenſures ſcorning,
With unſtained *Honour* ſhines:
Without *vulgar breath's* ſuborning,
Takes the *Throne*, and *Crowne* reſignes.

Virtue

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis Auræ.

Nor does shee live in *penurie*; as some have imagined: though she lives not in *Palaces*, yet shee does in *Paradise*: and there is the *Spirit of joy*, youthfull in *perpetuall life*. *Vertue* is a *competent fruition of a lawful pleasure*; which we may well use so farre, as it brings not any *evill* in the *sequell*. How many have thought it the *Summum bonum*? *Antisthenes* was of opinion, that it had sufficient in it, to make a man perfectly *happy*: to the attaining of which, he wanted nothing but a *Socraticke strength*. Shall we thinke *Goodnesse* to be the *height of pleasure* in the other *world*: and shall we be so mad, as to thinke it heere, the *sufferance of miserie*? Surely 'twas none of *Gods* intent, to square *man* out for *sorrowes*. In our *salutes*, in our *prayers* we wish and invoke *heaven* for the *happinesse* of our *friends*: and shall we be so unjust, or so uncharitable as to with-hold it from our *selves*? As if we should make it a *fashion*, to be kinde *abroad*, and discourteous at *home*. I doe thinke nothing more lawfull, than *moderately* to satisfie the *pleasing desires* of *Nature*; so as they infringe not *Religion*, hurt not *our selves*, or the *commerce* of *humane Society*. *Laughing* is a faculty peculiar to *Man*: yet, as if it were given us for *inversion*, no Creature lives so *miserable*, so *disconsolate*. Why should we deny to use that lawfully, which *Nature* hath made for *pleasure*, in *imployment*? *Vertue* hath neither so crabbed a *face*, nor so austere

a *looke*, as we make her. Tis the *world*, that choaking up the way, does *rugged* that which is naturally *smoother*. How happy and how healthfull doe those things live, that follow harmeleſſe *Nature*? They weigh not what is *paſt*, are intent of the *preſent*, and never ſolicitous of what is to *come*: They are better pleaſed with *convenient food* than *daintie*: and that they eate, not to *diſtemper*, but to *nouriſh*, to *ſatisfie*. They are well arayed with what *Nature* has giuen them: and for *rayment*, they are never clad in the *ſpoyles of others*, but the *Flies*, the *Beaſts*, the *Fiſhes*, may for all them, welcome *Age* in their owne *ſilkes*, *wools*, and *Scarlets*. They live like *Children*, innocently ſporting with their *Mother Nature*: and with a pretty kinde of *harmeleſneſſe*, they hang upon her *nurſing breſt*. How rarely find wee any *diſeaſed*, but by *ill mans* miſ-uſing them? Otherwiſe, they are *ſound* and *uncomplaining*. And this *bleſſednеſſe* they have here aboue *Man*; that, never ſeeking to be more than *Nature* meant them, they are much neerer to the *happineſſe* of their *firſt eſtate*; Wherein this, I confeſſe, may be ſome reaſon: *Man* was curs'd for his owne ſinne: they, but for the *ſinne of man*: and therefore they decline leſſe into *worſe*, in this the *crazed age* of the *World*: Whereas, *Man* is a daily multiplier of his owne *Calamities*: & what at firſt *undid him*, does conſtantly increaſe his *woes*; *Search*, and *ſelfe-preſumption*. Hee hath ſought meanes to winde himſelfe out of *miſerie*, and is thereby implunged to *more*. Hee hath left *vertue*, which the *Stoicks* haye defined to be *honeſt Nature*; and is lanched into *by-devices* of his owne *ingiddied braine*:

braine: nor doe I ſee, but that this *definition* may hold with true *Religion*. For that does not aboliſh *Nature*, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though *Man* at firſt fell deſperately, yet wee reade not of any *Law* hee had to live by, more than the *Inſtinct of Nature*, and the remnant of *Gods Image* in him, till *Moſes* time: Yet in that time, who was it that did teach *Abel* to doe *Sacrifice*? as if wee ſhould almoſt beleeve, that *Nature* could finde out *Religion*. But when *Man* (once falne) was by degrees growne to a height of *prevarication*: Then *God* commanded *Moſes*, to give them *rules*, to checke the madding of their *ranging mindes*. Thus, *God* made *Man righteous*: but hee ſought our *vaine Inventions*: among all which, none hath more befooled him, than the ſetting up of *Gold*: For now, (*riches* ſwaying all) they that ſerve *Vertue*, like thoſe of another *Faction*, are puſht at by thoſe that runne with the *generall ſtreame*. Incogitable *calamitie* of *Man*; that muſt make that for the hindges of his *life* to turne on, which neede not in any thing bee conducent to it. I applaud that in the *weſterne Indies*; where the *Spaniard* hath conquer'd: whoſe *Inhabitants* eſteemed *gold*, but as it was wrought into neceſſary *veſſell*; and that no more, than they would alike of any *inferiour metall*: eſteeming more of the *commodiouſneſſe*, than they did of the thing it ſelfe. Is it not miſerable, that wee ſhould ſet up ſuch an *Idoll*, as ſhould deſtroy our *happineſſe*? And that *Chriſtians* ſhould teach *Heathen* to undoe themſelves by *covetouſneſſe*! How happily they liv'd in *Spaine*, till *fire* made ſome *mountaines* vomit

a *looke*, as we make her. Tis the *would*, that choaking up the way, does *rugged* that which is naturally *smoother*. How happy and how healthfull doe those things live, that follow harmeleſſe *Nature*? They weigh not what is *paſt*, are intent of the *preſent*, and never ſolicitous of what is to *come*: They are better pleaſed with *convenient food* than *daintie*: and that they eate, not to *diſtemper*, but to *nouriſh*, to *ſatisfie*. They are well arayed with what *Nature* has giuen them: and for *rayment*, they are never clad in the *ſpoyles of others*, but the *Flies*, the *Beaſts*, the *Fiſhes*, may for all them, welcome *Age* in their owne *ſilkes*, *wools*, and *Scarlets*. They live like *Children*, innocently ſporting with their *Mother Nature*: and with a pretty kinde of *harmeleſneſſe*, they hang upon her *nurſing breſt*. How rarely find wee any *diſeaſed*, but by *ill mans* miſ-uſing them? Otherwiſe, they are *ſound* and *uncomplaining*. And this *bleſſedneſſe* they have here aboue *Man*; that, never ſeeking to be more than *Nature* meant them, they are much neerer to the *happineſſe* of their *firſt eſtate*; Wherein this, I confeſſe, may be ſome reaſon: *Man* was curs'd for his owne ſinne: they, but for the *ſinne of man*: and therefore they decline leſſe into *worſe*, in this the *crazed age* of the *World*: Whereas, *Man* is a daily multiplier of his owne *Calamities*: & what at firſt *undid him*, does conſtantly increaſe his *woes*; *Search*, and *ſelfe-preſumption*. Hee hath ſought meanes to winde himſelfe out of *miſerie*, and is thereby implunged to *more*. Hee hath left *vertue*, which the *Stoicks* haye defined to be *honeſt Nature*; and is lanched into *by-devices* of his owne *ingiddied braine*:

braine: nor doe I ſee, but that this *definition* may hold with true *Religion*. For that does not aboliſh *Nature*, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though *Man* at firſt fell deſperately, yet wee reade not of any *Law* hee had to live by, more than the *Inſtinct of Nature*, and the remnant of *Gods Image* in him, till *Moſes* time: Yet in that time, who was it that did teach *Abel* to doe *Sacrifice*? as if wee ſhould almoſt beleeve, that *Nature* could finde out *Religion*. But when *Man* (once falne) was by degrees growne to a height of *prevarication*: Then *God* commanded *Moſes*, to give them *rules*, to checke the madding of their *ranging mindes*. Thus, *God* made *Man righteous*: but hee fought our *vaine Inventions*: among all which, none hath more befooled him, than the ſetting up of *Gold*: For now, (*riches* ſwaying all) they that ſerve *Vertue*, like thoſe of another *Faction*, are puſht at by thoſe that runne with the *generall ſtreame*. Incogitable *calamitie* of *Man*; that muſt make that for the hindges of his *life* to turne on, which neede not in any thing bee conducent to it. I applaud that in the *weſterne Indies*; where the *Spaniard* hath conquer'd: whoſe *Inhabitants* eſteemed *gold*, but as it was wrought into neceſſary *veſſell*; and that no more, than they would alike of any *inferiour metall*: eſteeming more of the *commodiouſneſſe*, than they did of the thing it ſelfe. Is it not miſerable, that wee ſhould ſet up ſuch an *Idoll*, as ſhould deſtroy our *happineſſe*? And that *Chriſtians* ſhould teach *Heathen* to undoe themſelves by *covetouſneſſe*! How happily they liv'd in *Spaine*, till *fire* made ſome *mountaines* vomit

Gold! and what miſerable *diſcords* followed after, *Vives* upon *Auguſtine* doth report. If this were put downe, *Vertue* might then be *Queene againe*. Now, wee cannot ſerve her as wee ought, without the leave of his *Godling*. Her acceſſe is more difficult, becauſe wee muſt goe about to come to her. As when an *Vſurper* hath depoſed the *rightfull King*: thoſe that would ſhew their love to the *true one*, either *dare not*, or *cannot*, for feare of the *falſe ones might*. Somethings I muſt doe that I would not: as being one among the reſt, that are involved in the generall *neceſſity*. But in thoſe things wherein I may be free from impugning the *Lawes of Humanity*, I will never deny my ſelfe an honeſt *ſolace*, for feare of an *ayery cenſure*. VVhy ſhould another mans *injuſtice* breed my *unkindneſſe* to my ſelfe? As for *Gold*, ſurely the *world* would bee much happier, if there were no ſuch thing in it. But ſince 'tis now the *Fountaine* whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a *Paſſe*, to travell the *world* by, without *begging*. If I have none, I ſhall have ſo much the more miſery; becauſe *cuſtome* hath plaid the *foole*, in making it *materiall*, when it needed not.

XXX.

Of Woman.

SOme are ſo *uncharitable*, as to thinke *all Women bad*: and others are ſo credulous, as they beleeve, they

they *all* are *good*. Sure, though every man ſpeakes as hee findes; there is reaſon to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole *Sex*; which in a *ſtrict examination*, makes more for their *honour*, than moſt men have acknowledged. At firſt, ſhee was created his *Equall*; onely the difference was in the *Sex*: otherwiſe, they both were *Man*. If wee argue from the *Text*, that *male* and *female* made *man*: ſo the *man* being put *firſt*, was *worthier*. I anſwer, *So the Evening and Morning was the firſt day*; yet few will thinke the *night* the *better*. That *Man* is made her *Governor*, and ſo *above her*, I beleeve rather the puniſhment of *her ſinne*, than the *Prerogative of his worth*: Had they both ſtood, it may be thought, ſhe had never beene in that *ſubjection*: for then had it beene no *curſe*, but a *continuance of her former eſtate*: which had nothing but *bleſſednesſe* in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the *fall*, had *priority*: But *Chryſoſtome*, he ſaies, does doubt it. All will grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautifull* than *Mans*: fuller of *curioſities*, and *Noble Natures wonders*: both for *conception*, and *foſtering* the producted *birth*. And can wee thinke, *God* would put a *worſer ſoule* into a *better body*? When *Man* was created, 'tis ſaid, *God made Man*: but when *woman*, 'tis ſaid, *God builded her*: as if hee had then beene about a *frame* of *rarer Roomes*, and more *exact compoſition*. And, without doubt, in her *body*, ſhe is much more *wonderfull*: and by this we may thinke her ſo in her *minde*. *Philoſophie* tels us, Though the *ſoule* be not cauſed by the *body*; yet in the generall it followes the temperament

ment of it: ſo the *comelieſt out-ſides*, are naturally, (for the moſt part) more *vertuous within*. If *place* can bee any privilege; we ſhall finde her built in *Paradiſe*, when *Man* was made *without it*. 'Tis certaine, they are by *conſtitution* colder than the *boyling Man*: ſo by this, more *temperate*: 'tis *heate* that tranſports *Man* to *immoderation* and *furie*: 'tis that, which hurries him to *a ſavage & libidinous violence*. *Women* are naturally the more *modeſt*: and *modeſty* is the *ſeate* and *dwelling place of Vertue*. Whence proceed the moſt *abhorrid Villanies*, but from a *maſculine unbluſhing impudence*? What a deale of *ſweetneſſe* doe we find in a *milde diſpoſition*? When a *woman* growes bold and daring, we diſlike her, and ſay, *ſhe is to like a man*: yet in our *ſelves*, wee *magnifie* what we *condemne* in *her*. Is not this *injuſtice*? *Every man* is ſo much the *better*, by how much hee comes neerer to *God*. *Man* in nothing is more like *Him*, than in being *mercifull*. Yet *woman* is farre more *mercifull* than *Man*: It being a *Sexe*, wherein *Pitty* and *compaſſion* have diſpers'd farre brighter *raies*. *God* is ſaid to be *Love*; and I am ſure, every where *woman* is ſpoken of, for tranſcending in that *quality*. It was never found, but in *two men* onely, that their love exceeded that of the *feminine Sexe*: and if you obſerve them, you ſhall finde, they were both of *melting diſpoſitions*. I know when they prove *bad*, they are a ſort of the *vileſt creatures*: Yet ſtill the ſame reaſon gives it: for, *Optima corrupta peſſima*: *The beſt things corrupted, become the worſt*. They are things, whoſe *ſoules* are of a more *duſtible temper*, than the harder metall of *man*: ſo may bee made

made both *better* and *worse*. The Representations of *Sophocles* and *Euripedes* may be both true: and for the *tongue-vice*, *talkativeneſſe*, I ſee not, but at *meetings*, *Men* may very well *vie words* with them. 'Tis true, they are not of ſo tumultuous a *ſpirit*, ſo not ſo fit for *great Actions*. *Naturall heate* does more actuate the ſtirring *Genius* of *Man*. Their eaſie *Natures* make them ſomewhat more *unreſolute*: whereby *men* have argued them of *feare* and *inconſtancy*. But *men* have alwaies held the *Parliament*, and have enacted their owne *wills*, without ever hearing *them* ſpeake: and then, how eaſie is it to conclude them *guilty*? Beſides, *Education* makes more difference betweene *men* and *them*, than *Nature*: and, all their *aſperſions* are leſſe noble, for that they are onely from their *Enemies*, *Men*. *Diogenes ſnarled bitterly*, when walking with another, he ſpyed *two women* talking, and ſaid, *See, the Viper and the Aſpe are changing poyſon*. The *Poet* was *conceited*, that ſaid, *After they were made ill*, that *God made them fearefull*, that *Man might rule them*: *otherwiſe they had beene paſt dealing with*. *Catullus* his *Concluſion* was too generall, to collect a *deceit* in all *women*, becauſe he was not confident of his *owne*.

Nulli ſe dicit mulier mea nubere malle
Quam mihi: non ſi ſe Iupiter ipſe petat.
Dicit: ſed mulier Cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento, & rapida ſcribere oportet aqua.

My *Miſtres* ſweares, ſhe'd leave all men for me:
Yea, though that *Iove* himſelfe ſhould *Suiter* be.

She saies it: but what *women* sweare to kind
Loves, may be writ in *rapid streames*, and *wind*.

I am resolved to honour *Vertue*, in what *Sexe* soever I finde it. And I thinke, in the generall, I shall finde it more in *Women*, than *Men*, though *weaker*, and more *infirmely garded*. I beleeve, they are *better*, and may bee wrought to bee *worse*. Neither shall the *faults* of *many*, make me *uncharitable* to *All*: nor the *goodnesse* of *some*, make mee *credulous* of the *rest*. Though hitherto, I confesse, I have not found more *sweet* and *constant goodnesse* in *Man*, than I have found in *Woman*: and yet of *these*, I have not found *a number*.

XXXI.

Of the losse of things loved.

NO *crosses* do so much affect us, as those that befall us in the things wee *love*. VVee are more grieved to lose *one childe of affection*, than we should bee for *many* that wee doe not so neerely care for, though every of them bee like to us, in respect of *outward relations*. The *Soule* takes a *freedome*, to indeare what it liketh, without discovering the *reason* to *Man*: and when that is taken from her, shee *mournes*, as having lost a *sonne*. VVhen the *choice of the Affections* dies, a *generall lamentation* followes. To some things wee so dedicate our selves, that in their *parting*, they seeme to take away even the *sub-*

stance

ſtance of our ſoule along: as if wee had laid up the *treaſure of our lives*, in the fraile and moveable hold of *another*. The *Soule* is fram'd of ſuch an *active nature*, that 'tis impoſſible but it muſt aſſume *ſomething* to it ſelfe, to delight in: We ſeldome finde any, without a *peculiar delight* in ſome *peculiar thing*: though *various*, as their *fancies* leade them. *Honour*, *Warre*, *Learning*, *Muſicke*, doe all finde their ſeverall *votaries*: who, if they faile in their *fonles wiſhes*, mourne immoderately. *David* had his *Abſalon*: *Hannah's wiſh* was *children*: *Hamans thirſt* was *Honour*: *Achitophel* tooke the glory of his counſell. Who would have thought, that they could, for the miſſe of theſe, have expreſſed ſuch *exceſſive paſſions*? Who would have beleeved, that one neglection of his *Counſell* would have trus'd up *Achitophel* in a *voluntary Halter*? Wee then begin to be *miſerable*, when we are totally bent on ſome one *temporall object*. What one *ſublunary Center* is there, which is able to receive the *circles* of the *ſpreading ſoule*? All that wee finde heere, is too *narrow*, and too *little*, for the *patent affections* of the *minde*. If they could afford us *happineſſe*, in their *poſſeſſions*, it were not then ſuch *fondneſſe* to inleague our ſelves with an *undividable love*: but being they cannot make us *truely happy* in their *injoying*; and may make us *miſerable* by their *parting*; it will bee beſt, not to *concenter* all our rayes upon them. Into how many *ridiculous paſſages* doe they precipitate themſelves, that dote upon a *roſey face*? VVho lookes not upon *Dido*, with a kinde of *ſmiling pitty*, if *Virgils Poetry* does not injure her with

with *love* to *Æneas*, rather than tell the truth of her *hate* to *Iarbas*.

Vritur infœlix Dido totaq; vagatur
Vrbe furens: qualis conjecta Cerva sagitta,
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cressia fixit
Pastor agens telis: liquitq; volatile ferrum
Nescius: illa fuga silvas saltusq; peragrat
Dictæos: hæret lateri Lethalis arundo.

(waies
Scorch't in fierce flames, through Cities severall
Lost *Dido* wanders: like some *Deere* that strayes,
And unawares, by some rude *Shepheards Dart*,
In her owne *Crete*, pierc'd to her fearefull heart,
Flies tripping through all *Dicte's* Groves & Plaines
Yet still the *deadly Arrow* stickes, and paines,

But for such *high-fed Loves* as this, *Crates triple remedy* is the best that I know: either *Fasting*, or *Time*: and, if both these faile, *A Halter*. And surely hee deserves it, for robbing himselfe of his *Soule*. Certainely, they can never live in *quiet*, that so vehemently intend a peculiar *quest*. *Feare* and *suspicion* startle their *affrighted minds*: and many times, their *over-loving* is a cause of their *losse*: *Moderate care* would make it last the longer. Often handling of the *withering Flowre*, addes not to the *continuance*, but is a properation of more swift *decay*. Who loves a *Glasse* so well, as hee will still bee playing with it, *breakes* that by his *childishnesse*, which might have beene sound in the *Cellar* or *Case*. But, when in this wee shall lay up all our

best

beſt contentments; what doe wee, but like *fooliſh Merchants*, venture all our *eſtate* in a *bottome*? It is not good to bring our ſelves into that abſolute *neceſsity*, that the failing of *one aime* ſhould *periſh* us. Who, that cannot ſwimme well, would with one *ſmall thred*, hazzard himſelfe in the faithleſſe and unſounded *Sea*? How pleaſantly the *wiſe man laughs* at that, which makes the *Lady weepe*; *The death of her little Dogge*? The *loving part* in her, wanted an object: ſo *play*, and *lapping on it*, made her place it *there*: and that ſo *deepely*, that ſhe muſt bedew *her eyes* at parting with't. How improvident are wee, to make that, *affliction* in the *farewell*, which while we had, wee know was not alwaies to *ſtay*? nor could (if wee ſo pleas'd not) theeve the leaſt *mite* from us. He is unwiſe that lets his *light ſpleene* clap his *wanton ſides*, which knowes it needs muſt *dye*, whens'ere the *Muſicke* ceaſes. I like him that can both *play*, and *winne*, and *laugh*: and *loſe*, without a *chafe*, or *ſighes*. Our loves are not alwaies *conſtant*: their *objects* are much more *uncertaine*; and *events* more *caſuall* than they. *Something* I muſt *like* and *love*: but, *nothing* ſo violently, as to undoe my ſelfe with wanting it. If I ſhould ever be intangled in that *ſnare*; I will yet caſt the *worſt*, and prepare as well for a *parting journey*, as *cohabitation*. And to prevent all, I will bend my love toward that, which can neither be *loſt*, nor admit of *exceſſe*. Nor yet will I ever love a *Friend* ſo *little*, as that he ſhall not command the *All* of an *honeſt man*.

Of

XXXII.

Of the uncertainty of life.

Miserable brevity! more *miserable uncertainty* of *Life!* we are sure that we cannot *live long:* and uncertaine that we shall *live at all.* And even while I am writing *this*; I am not sure my *Pen* shall end the *Sentence.* Our life is so *short*, that we cannot in it, *contemplate* what our selves are: so *uncertaine*, as we cannot say, *we will resolve to doe it. Silence* was a full *answer* in that *Philosopher*, that being asked, *what hee thought of humane life:* said nothing, turn'd him round, and *vanisht.* Like *leaves* on *Trees*, we are the sport of every *puffe* that blowes: and with the least *gust*, may be shaken from our *life* and *nutriment.* Wee *travaile*, wee *study*, wee thinke to dessect the *world* with *continued searches*: when while wee are contriving but the *neerest way* to't, *Age*, and *consumed yeares* ore take us, and only *Labour* payes us the *losses* of our *ill-expended time. Death* whiskes about the unthought full *world*, and with a *Pegasean speede*, flies upon unwarie *Man*; with the *kicke* of his *heele*, or the *dash* of his *foot*, springing fountaines of the teares of *Friends. Iuvenal* does tell us, how *Life* wings away:

——Festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus angustæ, miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio: dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.

——The

——The ſhort-liv'd *Flowre*, and *Portion*
Of poore, ſad *life*, poſt-haſteth to be gone:
And while we *drink*, ſeeke *women*, *wreaths*, & *earn'd*
Aplauſe, *old age* ſteales on us *un-diſcern'd*.

If *Nature* had not made *Man* an *active creature*, that hee ſhould bee delighted in *imployment*, nothing would convince him of more *folly*, than the durance of ſome *enterprizes* that he takes in hand: for they are many times of ſuch a future length, as wee cannot in reaſon hope to live till their *concluſion* comes. We *build*, as we laid *foundations* for *eternity*: and the *expeditions* we take in hand, are many times the length of three or foure *Lives*. How many *warriers* have expir'd in their *expugnations*; leaving their *breath* in the places where they laid their *Siege*? Certainely he that thinkes of *lifes caſualties*, can neither be *careleſſe*, nor *covetous*. I confeſſe, we *may* live to the *Spectacle*, and the *bearing-ſtaffe*: to the *ſtooping backe*, to the *ſnow*, or the *fleckeneſſe* of the *declining crowne*: but, how few are there, that can unfold you a *Dyarie* of ſo many *leaves*? More doe dye in the *Spring* and *Summer* of their yeeres, than live till *Autumne*, or their *growned Winter*. When a man ſhall exhauſt his very *vitality*, for the hilling up of *fatall Gold*; and ſhall then thinke, how a *Haire*, or *Fly* may ſnatch him in a moment from it: how it quels his *laborious hope*, and puts his poſting *minde* into a more ſafe and quiet pace? Vnleſſe we were ſure to enjoy it, why ſhould any man ſtraine himſelfe, for more than is *convenient*? I will never care too much, for that I am not ſure

ſure to *keepe*. Yet, I know, ſhould all men reſpect but their *owne time*, an *Age* or two would finde the World in *ruine*: ſo that for ſuch actions, men may pleade their *charity*, that though they live not to enjoy thoſe things themſelves, they ſhall yet bee beneficiall to *poſterity*. And I rather thinke this an *Inſtinct*, that *God* hath put in *Man*, for the conſervation of things: than an *intended Good* of the *Author* to his *followers*. Thus, as in *propagation*, we are often more beholding to the *pleaſure* of our *Parents*, than their deſire of having us: ſo in matters of the *World*, and *fortune*, the aimes of our *Predeceſſors* for themſelves, have, by the ſecret worke of *providence*, caſt benefits upon us. I will not altogether blame him that I ſee begins *things laſting*. Though they be *vanities* to him, becauſe he knowes not who ſhall enjoy them: yet they will be things well fitted, for ſome that ſhall ſucceed them. They that doe mee *good*, and know not of it, are cauſes of my *benefit*, though I doe not owe them my *thankes*: and I will rather *bleſſe* them, as *inſtruments*, than *condemne* them, as not *intenders*.

XXXIII.

That good counſell ſhould not be valued by the perſon.

TO ſome, there is not a *greater vexation*, than to be adviſed by an *Inferiour*. *Directions* are unwelcome, that come to us by aſcenſions: as if *wealth* only were the full accompliſhment of a *ſoule* within;

within; & could as well infuſe an *inward judgement*, as procure an *outward reſpect*. Nay, I have knowne ſome, that being adviſed by ſuch, have runne into a *worſer contradiction*; becauſe they would not ſeeme to learne of one below them: or if they ſee no other way convenient, they will yet delay the *practice*, till they thinke the *Prompter* has forgot how he counſel'd them. They will rather flye in a perillous height, than ſeeme to decline at the voice of *one beneath them*. *Pittifull!* that we ſhould rather *miſcheive our ſelves*, than be content to be *unpriſed*: For had wee but ſo much *humility*, as to thinke our ſelves but what we are, *Men*, we might eaſily beleeve another might have *braine* to equall us. Hee is ſicke to the ruine of himſelfe, that refuſeth a *Cordiall*, becauſe preſented in a *Spoone of wood*. That *wiſdome* is not laſtingly *good*, which ſtops the *eare* with the *tongue*: that will command and *ſpeake all*, without hearing the voice of another. Even the *Slave* may ſometimes light on a way to *inlarge* his *Maſter*; when his owne *invention* failes. Nay, there is ſome reaſon why we ſhould be beſt directed by *men below our ſtate*: For, while a *Superior* is *ſudden* and *feareles*, an *Inferiour* premeditates the *beſt*; leſt being found *weake*, it might diſpleaſe, by being too light in the *poize*. *Iob* reckons it a part of his *integrity*, that hee had not refuſed the *judgement of his ſervant*. 'Tis good to *command* and *heare* them. Why ſhould wee ſhame by any *honeſt meanes*, to meete with *that* which benefits us? In things that be *difficult*, and not of important *ſecreſie*, I thinke it not amiſſe to conſult with

with *Inferiours*. Hee that lyes under the *Tree*, ſees more than they that ſit o'th top on't. *Nature* hath made the *bodies eies* to *looke upward* with more eaſe than *downe*: So, *the eye of the ſoule* ſees better in *aſcenſions*, and things *meanely raiſed*. We are all with a kinde of *delectation*, carried to the *things above us*: wee have alſo better meanes of obſerving them, while wee are admitted their *view*, and yet not thought as *Spies*. In *things beneath us*, not being ſo *delighted* with them, we paſſe them over with *neglect*, and *not-obſerving*. *Servants* are uſually our *beſt friends*, or our *worſt Enemies*: *Neuters* ſeldome. For, being knowne to bee privy to our *retired actions*, and our more *continuall converſation*; they have the advantage of being *beleeved*, before a *removed friend*. *Friends* have more of the *tongue*, but *Servants* of the *hand*: and *Actions* for the moſt part, ſpeake a *man* more truely than *words*. *Attendants* are like to the *locks* that belong to a *houſe*: while they are *ſtrong* and *cloſe*, they preſerve us in ſafety: but *weake* or *open*, wee are left a *prey* to *theeves*. If they bee ſuch as a *ſtranger* may picke, or another open with a *falſe key*; it is very fit to *change* them inſtantly. But if they be well *warded*, they are then good *guards* of our *fame* and *welfare*. 'Tis good, I confeſſe, to conſider how they ſtand *affected*: and to *handle* their *Counſels*, before wee *embrace* them: they may ſometimes at once, both *pleaſe* and *poyſon*. *Advice* is as well the *wiſe mans fall*, as the *fooles Advancement*: and is often *moſt wounding*, when it ſtroakes us with a *ſilken hand*. All *families* are but *diminutives* of a *Court*; where moſt men reſpect

more

more their owne *advancement*, than the *honour* of their *Throned King*. The same thing that makes a *lying Chamber-maid* tell a *foule Ladie*, that she lookes *lovely*: makes a *base Lord*, sooth up his *ill King* in *Mischiefe*. They both counsell, rather to *insinuate themselves*, by floating with a *light: lov'd humour*; than to profit the *advised*, and imbetter his *fame*. It is good to know the disposition of the *Counseller*, so shall we better judge of his *Counsell*; which yet if wee finde *good*, we shall doe well to follow, howsoever his affection stand. I will love the *good counsell*, even of a *bad man*. We thinke not *Gold* the worse, because 'tis brought us in a *bag of leather*: No more ought wee to contemne *good counsell*, because it is presented us, by a *bad man*, or an *underling*.

XXXIV.

Of Custome in advancing monie.

Custome mis-leads us all: we magnifie the *wealthy man*, though his *parts* be never so *poore*; the *poore man* wee despise, bee hee never so well otherwise *qualified*. To bee rich, is to bee three parts of the way onward to *perfection*. To be *poore* is to bee made a *pavement* for the tread of the *full-minded man*. *Gold* is the onely *Coverlet* of *imperfections*: 'tis the *Fooles Curtaine*, that can hide all his *defects* from the *World*: It can make *knees bow*, and *tongues speake*, against the native *Genius* of the *groning heart*: It supples

ples more than *Oyle*, or *Fomentations*: and can ſtiffen beyond the *Summer Sunne*, or the *Winters white-bearded cold*. In this wee differ from the ancient *Heathen*; They made *Iupiter* their *chiefe god*: and we have crowned *Pluto*. He is *Maſter of the Muſes*, and can buy their *voice*. The *Graces* waite on him: *Mercury* is his *Meſſenger*: *Mars* comes to him for his *pay*: *Venus* is his *Proſtitute*: He can make *Veſta* breake her *vow*: He can have *Bacchus* be *merry* with him; and *Ceres feaſt* him, when hee liſts: He is the *ſicke mans Eſculapius*: and the *Pallas* of an *emptie braine*: nor can *Cupid* cauſe *love*, but by his *golden-headed Arrow*. *Money* is a *generall Man*: and without doubt, excellenlly parted. *Petronius* deſcribes his Qualities:

Quiſquis habet nummos, ſecura naviget æra:
Fortunamq; ſuo temperet arbitrio.
Vxorem ducat Danaen, ipſumq; licebit
Acriſium jubrat credere, quod Danaen:
Carmina componat, declamat, concrepat omnes
Et peragat cauſas, ſitque Catone prior.
Iuriſconſultus, paret, non paret: habeto;
Atque eſto, quicquid Servius aut Labeo.
Multa loquor: quid vis nummis preſentibus opta,
Et veniet: clauſam poſſidet area Iovem.

The *moneyed-man* can ſafely ſaile all *Seas*:
And makes his *Fortune* as himſelfe ſhall pleaſe.
He can wed *Danae*, and command that now
Acriſius ſelfe that fatall match allow.

He

He can declame, chide, censure, *verses* write;
And doe *all things*, better than *Cato* might.
He knowes the *Law*, and rules it: hath and is
Whole *Servius*, and what *Labeo* could possesse.
In briefe; let *rich men* wish whats'ere they love,
'Twill come; they in a *lockt Chest* keepe a *Iove*.

The *Time* is come about, whereof *Diogenes* propheſied; which he gave the reaſon why hee would bee buried *groveling*: wee have made the *Earths bottome* powerfull to the *lofty skies*: *Gold*, that lay buried in the *buttocke* of the *world*; is now made the *head*, and *Ruler* of the *People*: putting all under it, wee have made it extenſive, as the *Spaniſh ambition*: and in the meane, have undeſervedly put *worth* below it. *worth* without *wealth*, is like an *able ſervant* out of *imployment*; hee is fit for all buſineſſes, but wants wherewith to put himſelfe into any: hee hath good *Materials* for a *foundation*: but miſſeth wherewith to reare the *walls* of his *fame*. For, though indeed, *riches* cannot make a man *worthy*, they can ſhew him to the *world* when he is ſo: But when wee thinke him *wiſe*, for his *wealth alone*, we appeare content, to bee *miſled* with the *Multitude*. To the *Rich*, I confeſſe we owe ſomething; but to the *wiſe man*, moſt: To *this*, for *himſelfe*, and his *innate worthineſſe*: to the *other*, as being *caſually happie*, in things that of themſelves are *bleſſings*; but never *ſo much*, as to make *Vertue mercenarie*: or a *flatterer* of *Vice*. *worth* without *wealth*, beſides the *native Nobleneſſe*, ha's this in it, That it may bee a way of getting the *wealth* which

is wanting: But as for *wealth* without *worth*, I count it nothing but a *rich Saddle*, for the *State* to ride an *Asse* withall.

XXXV.

That Sinne is more crafty than violent.

BEfore wee *sinne*, the *Devill* shewes his *policie*; when we have *sinned*, his *baseneſſe*: hee makes us first revile our *Father*: and then steps up, to *witneſſe* how we have *blaſphem'd*. He begs the *rod*, and the *wand*, for *faults* which had not beene, but for his owne *inticement*. Hee was never such a *Souldier*, as he is a *Politician*: Hee blowes up more by *one Mine*, than he can kill by *tenne aſſaults*: He prevailes most by *Treaty*, and *facetious waies*. *Preſents* and *Parlies* winne him more than the *truell wound*, or the *dregge* of the *compulſive hands*. All *sinne* is rather *subtill*, than *valiant*. The *Devill* is a *coward*, and will, with thy *reſiſting* flee thee: nor dare hee shew himselfe in *a noted good mans* company: if hee does, he comes in *seeming vertues*, and the garments of *belyed Truth*. *Vice* stands abash't at the glorious *Majeſty* of a good confirmed *Soule*. *Cato's* presence stopt the practices of the *Romans* bruitish *Floralias*. *Satan* beganne first with *heſitation*, and his sly-couch'd *Oratory*: and ever since, hee continues in *wiles*, in *ſtratagems*, and the *fetches* of a toyling *braine*: rather perswading us to sinne, than urging us: and when we have done it, he seldome

lets

lets us see our *folly*, til we be plunged in some deepe *extremity*: then hee writes in it *capitall Letters*, and carries it as a *Pageant* at a *Show*, before us. What could have made *David* so heartlesse, when *Absolom* rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented *sinnes*? when hee *fled*, and *wept*, and *fled* againe? It appeares a *wonder*, that *Shemei* should raile a *King* to his face: and unpunisht, brave him, and his Host of *Souldiers*, casting *stones*, and spitting *taunts*, while he stood incompassed with his *Nobles*. Surely, it had beene impossible, but that *David* was full of the horror of his *sins*, and knew hee repeated truth; though in that, hee acted but the *Devils* part, ignobly to insult over a man in misery. *Calamity*, in the sight of *worthinesse*, prompts the *hand*, and opens the *purse*, to relieve. 'Tis a *Hellish disposition*, that watcheth how to give a *blow* to the man that is already reeling. When wee are in danger, hee galls us with what wee have done: and on our *sickebeds*, shewes us all our *sinnes* in *multiplying Glasses*. He first drawes us into *hated Treason*; and when wee are taken, and brought to the *Barre*, hee is both our *accuser*, and *condemning witnesse*. His *close policy*, is now turn'd to declared *bosenesse*: nor is it a wonder: for *unworthinesse* is ever the end of *unhoneſt Deceit*: yet sure this *Coozenage* is the more condemned, for that it is so *ruinous*, and so *easie*. Who is it but may *coozen*, if he minds to be a *Villaine*? How poore and inhumane was the craft of *Cleomines* that concluding a *League* for seven daies, in the *night* assaulted the secure *enemy*? alledging, The *nights* were not excluded from *slaughter*.

Nothing is ſo like to *Satan*, as a *Knave*, furniſht with *diſhoneſt fraud*: the beſt way to avoyd him, is to diſdaine the *League*. I will rather labour for *valour*, at the firſt, to reſiſt him; then after *yeelding*, to endeavour a *flight*. Nor can I well tell which I ſhould moſt hate, the *Devill*, or his *Machiavill*. For though the *Devill* bee the more ſecret *Enemie*, yet the baſe *Politician* is the more familiar; and is indeed but a *Devill* in *Hoſe* and *Dublet*, fram'd ſo, in an acquainted ſhape, to advantage his *deceit* the more.

XXXVI.

Of Diſcontents.

THe *diſcontented man* is a *watch* over-wound, wreſted out of tune, and goes falſe. *Griefe* is like *Inke* powred into *water*, that fils the whole *Fountaine* full of *blackeneſſe* and *diſuſe*. Like *miſt*, it ſpoyles the *burniſh* of the *ſilver minde*. It caſts the *Soule* into the *ſhade*, and fils it more with conſideration of the *unhappineſſe*, than thought of the *remedie*. Nay, it is ſo buſied in the *miſchiefe*, as there is neither roome, nor time for the waies that ſhould give us *releaſe*. It does diſſociate *Man*, and ſends him with *Beaſts*, to the lonelineſſe of *unpathed Deſarts*, which was by *Nature* made a *Creature companiable*. Nor is it the *minde* alone, that is thus mudded; but even the *body* is disfaired: it thickens the *complection*, and dyes it into an *unpleaſing ſwarthineſſe*:

thineſſe: the *eye* is dimme, in the *diſcoloured face*, and the whole man becomes as if ſtated in *ſtone* & *earth*. But, above all, thoſe *diſcontents* ſting deepeſt, that are ſuch as may not with ſafety be communicated: For, then the *Soule* pines away, and ſtarves, for want of *counſell*, that ſhould feede and cheriſh it. *Concealed ſorrowes*, are like the *vapours*, that being ſhut up, occaſion *Earth-quakes*; as if the *world* were plagued with a fit of the *Chollicke*. That man is *truly miſerable*, that cannot but *keepe* his *miſeries*; and yet muſt not unfold them. As in the *body*, whatſoever is taken in, that is *diſtaſtfull*, and continues there unvoyded, does daily *impoſtume*, and gather, till at laſt it *kils*, or at leaſt *indangers* to extremity: ſo is it in the *minde*, *Sorrowes* intertain'd, and ſmother'd, doe *collect* ſtill, and ſtill *habituate* it ſo, that all *good diſpoſition* gives way to a *harſh moroſitie*. *Vexations*, when they daily *billow* upon the *minde*, they froward even the ſweeteſt *Soule*, and from a *dainty affability*, turne it into *ſpleene* and *teſtineſſe*. It is good to doe with theſe, as *Iocaſta* did with *Oedipus*, caſt them out in their *infancie*, and lame them in their *feet*: or, for more ſafety *kill them*, to a not reviving. Why ſhould wee hug a *poyſoned Arrow* ſo cloſely in our *wounded boſomes*? Neither *griefes* nor *joyes* were ever ordained for *ſecrecie*. It is againſt *Nature*, that wee ſhould ſo long goe with childe with our *conceptions*, eſpecially when they are ſuch, as are ever ſtriving, to quit the *ejecting wombe*.

Strangulat inclusus Dolor, atq; cor æstuat intus,
Cogitur & vires multiplicare suas.

Vntold griefes choake, cynder the *Heart*: and by Restraint, their burning forces multiply.

I thinke, no man but would willingly tell them, if either *shame of the cause*, or *distrust of the friend*, did not bridle his *expressions*. Either of these intaile a mans mind to *miserie*. Every *Sorrow* is a *short convulsion*; but he that makes it a *close prisoner*, is like a *Papist*, that keepes *Good-Friday* all the yeere; hee is ever *whipping*, and inflicting *penance* on himselfe, when hee needs not. The *sad man* is an *Hypocrite*: for hee *seemes wise*, and is not. As the *eye* fixt upon one *object*, sees other things but by halves and glancings: so, the *soule* intent on this *accident*, cannot discerne on other *contingencies*. *Sad objects*, even for *worldly things*, I know are sometimes profitable: but yet, like *willowes*, if wee set them deepe, or let them stand too long, they will grow *trees*, and *over-spread*, when wee intended them but for *staies*, to *uphold*. *Sorrow* is a *dull passion*, and deads the activenesse of the *minde*. Mee thinkes *Crates* shew'd a *braver Spirit*, when hee danc'd and laugh'd in his *threed-bare Cloake*, and his *Wallet* at his backe, which was all his *wealth*: than *Alexander*, when hee wept, that hee had not such a huge *Beast*, as the *Empire of the world*, to governe. He *contemned*, what this other did *cry* for. If I must have *sorrow*, I will never bee so in love with it, as to keepe it to my *selfe* alone: nor wil I ever so affect *company*, as to live where *vexations* shall daily salute me.

Of

XXXVII.

Of Natures recompencing wrongs.

THere be few *bodily imperfections*, but the *beauty of the minde* can *cover*, or *countervaile*, even to their *not seeming*. For, that which is *unsightly* in the *body*, though it bee our *misfortune*, yet it is not our fault. No man had ever power to *order Nature* in his owne *composure*: what we have their, is such as we could neither give our *selves*, nor *refuse* when it was *bequeathed* us: but, what we finde in the *Soule*, is either the *blurre of the Man*, or the *blossome* for which we praise him: because a *minde well-qualified*, is oft beholding to the *industrie* of the *carefull Man*: and that againe which is mudded with a *vicious inquination*, is so, by the vileness of a *wilfull selfe-neglect*. Hence, when *our soule* findes a rareness in a *tuned soule*, we fixe so much on that, as we become charitable to the *disproportion'd body*, which wee finde containing it: and many times, the *failes of the one*, are *foyles*, to set off the *other*, with the greater *grace* and *lustre*. The *minds excellency* can salve the *reall blemishes* of the *body*. In a man *deformed*, and *rarely qualified*, wee use first to view his *blots*, and then to tell his *vertues*, that transcend them: which bee as it were, *things* set off with more *glory*, by the pitty and defect of the *other*. 'Tis fit the *minde* should bee most magnified which I suppose to bee the reason, why *Poets have* ascribed

aſcribed more to *Cupid*, the *Sonne*, that to *Venus*, the *Mother*: becauſe *Cupid* ſtrikes the *minde*, and *Venus* is but for the *body*. *Homer* ſaies, *Minerva* cur'd *Vlyſſes* of his *wrinkles* and *balneſſe*; not that ſhe tooke them away by *ſupplements*, or the *deceiving fucus*: but that hee was ſo *applauded*, for the *acuteneſſe* of an *ingenuous minde*, that men ſpared to obiect unto him his *deformity*: and if it ſhall chance to be remembred, it will bee allayed with the adjunct of the others *worth*. It was ſaid of *bald*, *hookenos'd*, *crooke-footed Galba*, onely that his *wit* dwelt ill. *Worth* then does us the *beſt ſervice*, when it both *hides the faults of Nature*, and brings us into *eſtimation*. We often ſee *blemiſhed bodies*, rare in *mentall excellencies*: which is an admirable *inſtinct of Nature*, that being conſcious of her owne *defects*, and not able to *abſterge* them, ſhe uſes *diverſion*, and drawes the conſideration of the *beholders*, to thoſe parts, wherein ſhee is more confident of her *qualifications*. I doe thinke, for *worth* in many men, wee are more beholding to the *defects of Nature*, than their owne *inclinary Love*. And certainely, for *converſe* among men, *beautifull perſons* have leſſe need of the *Aindes commending Qualities*. *Beauty* in it ſelfe, is ſuch a *ſilent Orator*, as ever is pleading for *reſpect* and *liking*: and by the *eyes* of others, is ever ſending to their *hearts* for *love*. Yet even *this* hath this *inconvenience* in it: that it makes them oft neglect the furniſhing of the minde with *Nobleneſſe*. Nay, it oftentimes is the cauſe, that the *minde* is ill. The *modeſt ſweetneſſe* of a *Lillied face*, makes men perſwade the *heart* into *immodeſty*: Had not *Dinah* had

had ſo good a one, ſhe had come home *unraviſhed*. *Vnlovely feat ers* have more liberty to bee *good* withall, becauſe they are freer from *ſolicitations*. There is a kinde of *continuall Combat*, betweene *Vertue*, and *Proportions pleaſingneſſe*. Though it bee not a *Curſe*; yet 'tis many times an *unhappineſſe* to bee *faire*.

Lucretia's fate warnes us to wiſh no *face*
Like hers; *Virginia* would beneath her grace
To Lure-backt *Rutilæ*, in exchange: for till,
The faireſt Children doe their Parents fill
With greateſt care; ſo ſeldome *modeſty*
Is found to dwell with *Beauty*.——

——*Vetat oportari faciem Lucretia qualem*
Ipſa habuit; cuperet Rutilæ Virgitia gibbum
Accipere atq; ſuam Rutilæ dare. Filius autem
Corporis egregij miſeros, trepidoſq; parentes
Semper habet: rara eſt adeo concordia formæ.
Atque pudicitiæ.

The words be *Iuvenals*. Above all therefore, I applaud that man which is *amiable* in both. This is the true *Marriage*, where the *body* and the *ſoule* are met, in the *ſimiliarie robe* of *Comelineſſe*: and hee is the more to bee affected, becauſe we may beleeve, he hath taken up his *goodneſſe*, rather upon *love to it*, than upon *ſiniſter ends*. They are *rightly vertuous*, that are ſo, without *incitation*: nor can it but argue, *vertue* is then ſtrong, when it lives *upright*, in the preaſe of *many temptations*. And, as theſe

are

are the beſt in *others eyes*, ſo are they moſt compoſed in *themſelves*. For here *Reaſon* and the *ſenſes* kiſſe; *diſporting* themſelves, with *mutuall ſpeculations*: whereas thoſe men, whoſe *mindes* and *bodies* differ, are like two that are *married* together, and *love not*: they have ever *ſecret reluctations*, and doe not *part* for any other reaſon, but becauſe they *cannot*.

XXXVIII.

Of Truth, and bitterneſſe in jeſts.

IT is not good for a man to be too *tart* in his *Ieſts*. *Bitterneſſe* is for *ſerious Potions*; not for *Healths of merriment*, and the *jollities* of a *mirthfull Feaſt*. An *offenſive man* is the *Devils Bellowes*, wherewith hee blowes up *contentions* and *jarres*. But among all paſſages of this nature, I finde none more galling than an *offenſive Truth*. For thereby we runne into two *great errors*. One is, wee *childe* that in a *looſe laughter*, which ſhould be *grave*, and ſavour both of *love* and *pitty*. So we rub him with a *poyſon'd oyle*, which ſpreads the more, for being put in ſuch a *fleeting ſuppleneſſe*. The other is, wee deſcend to *particulars*, and by that meanes, draw the *whole company* to witneſſe his diſgrace we breake it on. The *Souldier* is not *noble*, that makes himſelfe ſport, with the wounds of his owne *companion*. Whoſoever will *jeſt*, ſhould be like him that *flouriſhes* at a *Show*: hee may turne his *Weapon* any way, but not aime more

more at one, than at another. In this caſe, things *like Truth*, are better than *Truth it ſelfe*. Nor is it leſſe ill than unſafe, to fling about this *wormewood of the braine*: ſome *noſes* are too tender to endure the ſtrength of the *ſmell*. And though there bee many, like *tyled houſes*, that can admit a falling ſparke, unwarm'd: yet ſome againe, are cover'd with ſuch light, dry *Straw*, that with the leaſt touch they will kindle, and flame about your *troubled eares*: and when the *houſe* is on fire, it is not diſputing with how ſmall a matter it came, it will quickly proceede to miſchiefe. *Exitus iræ, furor*: *Anger* is but a ſtep from *Rage*; and that is wilde *fire*, which will not be extinguiſhed. I know, wiſe *men* are not too nimble at an *injury*. For, as with *fire* the *light ſtuffe*, and *rubbiſh*, kindles ſooner than the *ſolid*, and more *compacted*: ſo *Anger* ſooner inflames a *Foole*, than a man compoſed in his *reſolutions*. But wee are not ſure alwaies to meete *diſcreetenes*: nor can wee hope it, while wee our ſelves are otherwiſe in giving the *occaſion*. *Fooles* are the greater number: *wiſe men* are like *Timber-trees* in a *wood*, here and there one: and though they bee moſt acceptable, to *men wiſe*, like themſelves, yet have they never more neede of *wiſdome*, than when they converſe with the *ringing elbowes*: who, like *corrupt Ayre*, require many *Antidotes*, to keepe us from being infected: But when wee grow *bitter* to a *wiſe man*, wee are then *worſt*: For, hee ſees further into the *diſgrace*, and is able to harme us more. *Laughter* ſhould *dimple* the *cheeke*, not *furrow* the *brow* into ruggedneſſe. The *birth* is then *prodigious*, when

Miſchiefe

Miſchiefe is the *childe* of *Mirth*. All ſhould have liberty to laugh at a *Ieſt*: but if it throwes a diſgrace upon one, like the cracke of a *ſtring*, it makes a *ſtop* in the *Muſicke*. *Flouts* we may ſee proceed from an *inward contempt*; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a *generous minde* than *ſcorne*. *Nature* at firſt makes us all *equall*: wee are differenc'd but by *accident*, and *outwards*. And I thinke 'tis a *Iealouſie*, that ſhee hath infus'd in *Man*, for the maintaining of her owne *Honour* againſt externall *cauſes*. And though all have not wit to reject the *Arrow*: yet moſt have memorie to retaine the *offence*; which they will bee content to owe a while, that they may repay it, both with more *advantage*, and eaſe. 'Tis but an *unhappy wit*, that ſtirs up *Enemies* againſt the *owner*. A man may ſpit out his *friend* from his *tongue*; or laugh him into an *Enemy*. *Gall* in *mirth* is an *ill mixture*: and ſometime *truth* is *bitterneſſe*. I would wiſh any man to bee *pleaſingly merry*: but let him beware, he bring not *Truth* on the *Stage*, like a *wanton* with an edged *Weapon*.

XXXIX.

Of apprehenſion in wrongs.

WEE make our ſelves more *injuries* than are offered us: they many times paſſe for *wrongs* in our *owne thoughts*, that were never meant ſo, by the *heart* of him that ſpeaketh. The *apprehenſion of wrong*, hurts more, than the ſharpeſt part of

of the *wrong* done. So, by falsly making of our selves *patients* of *wrong*, wee become the true and first *Actors*. It is not good, in matters of *discourtesie*, to dive into a mans *minde*, beyond his owne *Comment*: nor to stirre up a doubtfull *indignitie*, without it: unlesse wee have *proofes*, that carry *weight* and *conviction* with them. *Words* doe sometimes fly from the *tongue*, that the *heart* did neither *hatch* nor *harbour*. While wee thinke to *revenge* an *injurie*, we many times *beginne one*: and after that, repent our *misconceptions*. In things that may have a *double sense*, 'tis good to thinke, the *better* was intended: so shall wee still both keepe our *friends*, and *quietnesse*. If it be a *wrong* that is *apparent*: yet it is sometimes better to *dissemble* it, than play the *waspe*, than strive to returne a *sting*. A *wise mans glory is*, in passing by an *offence*: and this was *Salomons Philosophie*. A *Foole* strooke *Cato* in the *Bath*, and when hee was sorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it: For, saies *Seneca*, *Melius putavit non agnoscere, quàm ignoscere*. Hee would not come so neere *Revenge*, as to acknowledge that hee had beene *wronged*. *Light injuries* are made *none*, by a not regarding: which, with a *pursuing revenge*, grow both to height, and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a *generous spirit*, to returne a *punishment* for every *abuse*. Some are such, as they require nothing but *contempt* to kill them. The *cudgell* is not of use, when the *beast* but onely *barkes*. Though *much sufferance* be a *stupiditie*: yet a little is of good esteeme. Wee heare of many that are disturbed with a *light offence*, and wee commend them for it:

because,

because, that wh ch we cal *remedy*, slides into *disease*, and makes that live to *mischiefe* us, which else would *dye*, with giving life to *safety*. Yet, I know not what *selfe-partiality*, makes us thinke our selves behindhand, if we offer not repayment in the *same coyne* we received it. Of which, if they may stand for *reasons*, I thinke, I may give you two. One is the *sudden apprehension of the minde*, which will endure any thing with more patience, than a *disgrace*; as if by the secret *spirits* of the *ayre*, it coveyed a *stab* to the *aetheriall soule*. Another is, because living among many, we would justifie our selves, to avoid their *contempt*; and these being most such, as are not able to *judge*: we rather satisfie them by *externall actions*, than rely upon a *judicious verdict*, which gives us in for *nobler*, by *contemning it*. Howsoever we may prize the revengefull man for *spirit*: yet without doubt, 'tis *Princely* to *disdaine a wrong*: who, when *Embassadours* have offered *undecencies*, use not to *chide*, but ro deny them *audience*, as if *silence* were the *way Royall*, to reject a *wrong*. He enjoyes a *brave composednesse*, that seates himselfe, above the flight of the *injurious claw*. Nor does hee by this shew his *weakenesse*, but his *wisdome*. For, *Qui leviter sæviunt, sapiunt magis*: *The wisest rage the least*. I love the man that is *modestly valiant*: that stirres not till he must needs; and then *to purpose*. A *continued patience* I commend not; 'tis different from what is *goodnesse*. For though *God* beares *much*, yet hee will not beare *alwaies*.

when

XL.

When Vice is moſt dangerous.

WHen *Vice* is got to the *midſt*, it is hard to ſtay her till ſhee comes to the *end*. Give a hot *Horſe* his head at firſt, and he will ſurely runne away with you. Who can ſtop a man in the *thunder* of his *wrath*, till he hath a little diſcharg'd his *paſſion*, either by *intemperate ſpeech*, or *blowes*? in vaine wee preach a *patience*, preſently after the ſenſe of the *loſſe*. VVhat a ſtir it askes, to get a man from the *Taverne*, when he is but *halfe drunke*! *Deſire* is diſperſed into every *veine*; that the *Body* is in all his parts *concupiſcible*. And this dies not in the way; but by *diſcharge*, or *receſſe*. The *middle* of *extremes* is worſt. In the *beginning*, he may forbeare: in the *end*, he will leave alone: in the *middeſt*, he cannot but goe on to worſe; nor will hee, in that heate, admit of any thing, that may teach him to deſiſt. *Rage* is no *friend* to any man. There is a time when 'tis not ſafe to offer even the *beſt advice*. Bee counſel'd by the *Romane Ovid*:

Dum furor in curſu eſt, currenti cede furori;
Difficiles additus impetus omnis habet.
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum diſcedere poſsit,
Pugnat, in adverſas ire natator aquas.

VVhen rage runnes ſwiftly, ſtep aſide and ſee
How hard th'approaches of fierce *Fury* be.

When *dangers* may be ſhun'd, I reckon him
Vnwiſe, that yet againſt the ſtreame will ſwim.

We are ſo blinded in the *heate of the Chaſe*, that wee beate backe all *preſervatives*: or make them meanes to make our *vices* more. That I may keepe my ſelfe from the *end*, I will ever leave off in the *beginning*. Whatſoever *Precepts* ſtrict *Stoiciſme* would give us, for the calming of *untemper'd paſſion*, 'tis certaine, there is none like *running away*. *Prevention* is the *beſt bridle*. I commend the *Ploicy* of *Satyrus*, of whom *Ariſtotle* hath this Story; That being a *Pleader*, and knowing himſelfe *chollericke*, and in that *whirre* of the *minde*, apt to ruſh upon foule *tranſgreſſion*; he uſed to ſtop his eares with *waxe*, leſt the ſenſe of *ill Language*, ſhould cauſe his *fierce blood* ſeeth in his *diſtended skinne*. It is in *Man* to avoyd the *occaſion*; but not the *inconvenience*, when hee hath admitted it. Who can retyre in the *impetuous girds* of the *Soule*? Let a *Giant* knocke, while the doore is ſhut, hee may with eaſe be ſtill kept out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a *limme* of himſelfe: than is there no courſe left, to keepe out the intirer *bulke*.

XLI.

That all things are reſtrained

I Cannot thinke of any *thing*, that hath not ſome *enemy*, or ſome *Antagoniſt*, to reſtraine it, when it

it growes to *exceſſe*. The whole *world* is kept in order by *diſcord*, and every part of it, is but a more particular *compoſed jarre*. Not a *Man*, not a *beaſt*, not a *creature*, but have ſomething to ballaſt their *lightneſſe*. One *ſcale* is not alwaies in *depreſſion*, nor the other lifted ever *high*, but the alternate wave of the *beame*, keepes it ever in the *play* of motion. From the *Piſmire* on the *tufted hill*, to the *Monarch* in the *raiſed Throne*, nothing but hath ſomewhat to *awe* it. Wee are all here like *birds* that *Boyes* let flye in ſtrings: when we mount too high, wee have that which puls us *downe* againe. What man is it which lives ſo *happily*, which feares not ſomething, that would ſadden his *ſoule* if it fell? nor is there any whom *Calamity* doth ſo much *triſtitiare*, as that hee never ſees the *fleſhes* of ſome warming joy. *Beaſts* with *Beaſts* are *terrified* and *delighted*. *Man* with *Man* is *awed* and *defended*. *States* with *States* are *bounded* and *upholded*. And in all theſe, it makes greatly for the *Makers* glory, that ſuch an admirable *Harmony* ſhould bee produced out of ſuch an *infinite diſcord*. The *world* is both a perpetuall *warre*, and a *wedding*. *Heraclitus* call'd *Diſcord* and *Concord* the univerſall *Parents*. And to raile on *Diſcord* (ſaies the Father of the *Poets*) is to ſpeake ill of *Nature*. As in *Muſicke* ſometimes one ſtring is lowder, ſometimes another; yet never one *long*, nor never all at *once*: So ſometimes one *State* gets a *Monarchy*, ſometime another; ſometimes one *Element* is violent, now another; yet never was the whole *world* under one long, nor were all the *Elements* raging together. Every

ſtring has his *uſe*, and his *tune*, and his *turne*. When the *Aſſyrians* fell, the *Perſians* roſe. When the *Perſians* fell, the *Grecians* roſe. The loſſe of one *Man*, is the gaine of another. 'Tis *viciſſitude* that maintaines the *World*. As in infinite *circles* about one *Center*, there is the ſame *Method*, though not the ſame *meaſure*: So, in the ſmalleſt *creature* that is, there is an *Epitome* of a *Monarchy*, of a *world*, which hath in it ſelfe *Convulſions*, *Areſcations*, *Enlargements*, *Erections*: which, like props keepe it *upright*, which way ſoever it *leanes*. Surely *God* hath put theſe lower things into the hands of *Nature*, which yet he doth not *relinquiſh*; but *diſpoſe*. The *world* is compoſed of foure *Elements*, and thoſe bee contraries. The yeere is quartered into different *ſeaſons*. The body both conſiſts, and is nouriſhed by *contraries*. How divers, even in *effect*, are the *birds* and the *beaſts* that *feede us*? and how divers againe are thoſe things that *feede them*? how many ſeverall qualities have the *plants* that they *browſe* upon? which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd *Salad* doe they make? The *minde* too is a *mixture* of *diſparities*: *Ioy*, *ſorrow*, *hope*, *feare*, *hate*, and the like. Neither are thoſe things *pleaſing*, which flow to us, in the *ſmoothneſſe* of a free *proſtitution*. A gentle *reſiſtance* heightens the deſires of the *ſeeker*. A friendly *warre*, doth indulciate the inſuing *cloze*. 'Tis *variety* that hits the *humours* of both ſides. 'Tis the *imbecillity* of declining *Age*, that *commits* man priſoner to a *ſedentary* ſetl-dneſſe. That which is the vigor of his *life*, is *ranging*, *Heate* and *cold*, *drineſſe* and *moiſture*, *quarrell* & *agree* within

within him. In all which, he is but the great *worlds Bretviary*. Why may wee not thinke the *world* like a *Maſquing Battell*, which *God* commanded to bee made for his owne content in viewing it? Wherein, even a *dying Flye* may lecture out the *worlds Mortalitie*. Surely, we deceive our ſelves, to thinke on *earth*, *continued joyes* would pleaſe. 'Tis a way that croſſes that which *Nature* goes. Nothing would be more tedious, than to bee glutted with perpetuall *Iollities*: were the *body* tyed to one *diſh* alwaies, (though of the moſt exquiſite *delicate*, that it could make choyce of) yet after a ſmall time, it would complaine of *loathing* and *ſatiety*. And ſo would the *ſoule*, if it did ever *epicure* it ſelfe in *joy*. *Diſcontents* are ſometimes the better part of our *life*. I know not well which is the more *uſefull*; *Ioy* I may chuſe for *pleaſure*, but *adverſities* are the beſt for *profit*. And ſometimes theſe doe ſo farre helpe me, as I ſhould without them, want much of the joy I have.

XLII.

Of Diſſimulation.

Diſſimulation in Vice, is like the *braine in Man*. All the *Senſes* have recourſe to *that*, yet is it much *controverted*, whether that at all bee *ſenſitive*, or no: So, all *vices* fall into *diſſimulation*, yet is it in a *diſpute*, whether that in it ſelfe be a *vice*, or no. Sure, men would never act *Vice* ſo freely, if they thought not they could eſcape the *ſhame* on't by *diſſembling*.

Vice hath ſuch a *loathed* looke with her, that ſhee deſires to be ever *maſqued*. *Deceit* is a *dreſſe* that ſhe does continually weare. And howſoeuer the *worlds* corrupt *courſe* may make us ſometimes uſe it; even this will *condemne* it, that it is not of uſe, but either when we doe ill our *ſelves*; or meet with ill from others. Men are *divided* about the queſtion; ſome diſclaime *all*, ſome admit too *much*, and ſome have hit the Meane. And ſurely, as the *World* is, it is not all *condemnable*. There is an *honeſt policy*. The heart is not ſo farre from the *tongue*, but that there may bee a *reſervation*; though not a *contradiction*, betweene them. All *policy* is but circumſtantiall *diſſembling*; *pretending* one thing, *intending* another. Some will ſo farre allow it, as they admit of an abſolute *receſſe* from a *word* already *paſſed*, and ſay, that *Faith* is but a *Merchants*, or *Mechanicke vertue*. And ſo they make it higher, by making it a regall *vice*. There is an order that out-goeth *Machiavell*: or elſe hee is honeſter than his wont, where he confeſſes, *Vſus fraudis, in cæteris actionibus deteſtabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis. That fraud which in warre is commendable, is, in other actions, deteſtable.* 'Tis certaine there is a *prerogative* in *Princes*, which may *legitimate* ſomething in their *Negotiations*, which is not alowable in a *private perſon*. But even the grant of this *liberty*, hath encouraged them to too great an *inlargement*. *State* is become an *irreligious Riddle*. *Lewis* the eleventh of *France*, would wiſh his ſonne to learne no more *Latine*, than what would teach him to bee a *diſſembling Ruler*. The plaine *heart* in *Court*, is but

growne

growne a better word for a *Foole*. Great *Men* have occasions both more, and of more *weight*, and such as require contrivings, that goe not the *ordinary* way; least being *traced*, they be *countermined*, and fall to *ruine*. The ancient *Romans* did (I thinke) *miscall* it, *Industry*. And when it was against an *enemy*, or a bad *man*, they needs would have it *commendable*. And yet the prisoner that got from *Hanibal*, by eluding his *oath*, was by the Senate (as *Livie* tels us) *apprehended* and *sent* backe againe. They *practiz'd* more than some of them *taught*; though in this deede, there was a greater *cause* of performance, because there was a *voluntary* trust reposed. Contrary to the *opinion* of *Plato*, that allowed a lye lawfull, either to save a *Citizen*, or deceive an *enemy*. There is a *sort*, that the *Poet* bids us *coozen*.

Fallite fallentes, ex magna parte profanum
Sunt genus: in laqueos quos posuere, cadent.

Coozen the Coozeners, commonly they be
Profane: let their owne snare their ruine be.

But sure wee goe too farre, when our *coozenage* breeds their *mischiefe*. I know not well whether I may goe along with *Lipsius*; *Fraus triplex: prima levis, ut dissimulatio, & diffidentia; hanc suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, & deceptio: illam tollero. Tertia magna, ut perfidia, & injustitia: istam damno.* I had rather take *Peter Martyrs distinction* of *good* and *bad*: *Good*, as the *Nurse* with the *childe*, or the

Physician with his *Patient*, for his *healths* sake: *bad*, when 'tis any way author of *harme*. Certainely, the *use* of it any way is as great a *fault*, as an *imperfection*: and carries a kinde of *diffidence* of *God* along with it. I beleeve if *Man* had not *falne*, he should never need have us'd it: and as he is now, I thinke no *Man* can live without it. The best way to *avoyd* it, is to *avoyd* much *businesse* and *Vice*. For if *men defend* not in some sort, as others *offend*; while you maintaine one *breach*, you leave another unmann'd: and for *Vice*, she ever thinkes in this *darke*, to hide her abhorred *foulenesse*. If I must use it, it shall be onely so, as I will neither by it, *dishonour Religion*, nor bee a *cause* of *hurt* to my *neighbour*.

XLIII.

Of Censure.

'Tis the *easiest* part to *censure*, or to *contradict* a *truth*. For *truth* is but *one*, and seeming *truths* are *many*: and few *workes* are performed without *errours*. No man can *write* sixe lines, but there may be something, one may *carpe* at, if he be disposed to *cavill*. *Opinions* are as *various*, as *falſe*. *Iudgement* is from every *tongue*, a *severall*. *Men* thinke by *censuring* to be *accounted wise*; but in my *conceit*, there is nothing layes forth more of the *Foole*. For this you may ever observe; they that *know* least, *censure* most. And this I beleeve to be a *reason*, why men

men of *precise lives*, are often *rash* in this *extravagancie*. Their *retyrednesse* keepes them *ignorant*, in the *course of businesse*; if they weighed the *imperfections* of *humanity*, they would breathe lesse *condemnation*. *Ignorance* gives *disparagement*, a lowder *tongue* than *Knowledge* does. *Wise men* had rather *know* than *tell*. Frequent *dispraises* are at best, but the *faults* of *uncharitable* wit. Any *Clowne* may see the *Furrow* is but *crooked*, but where is the *Man* that can *plow* me a *streight* one? The best *workes* are but a kind of *Miscellany*; the cleanest *Corne* will not bee without some *soile*. No, not after often *winnowing*. There is a *tincture* of *corruption*, that dies even all *Mortalitie*. I would wish men in *workes* of others, to *examine* two things before they *judge*. Whether it bee more *good* than *ill*: And whether they themselves could at first have performed it *better*. If it bee most *good*, wee doe *amisse*, for some *errours* to condemne the *whole*. Who will cast away the whole *body* of the *Beast*, because it infeild both *guts* and *vrdure*? As man is not judged *good* or *bad*, for one *action*, or the fewest *number*, but as he is most in generall: So, in *workes*, wee should weigh the *generality*, and according to that, *censure*. If it bee rather good than ill, I thinke he deserves some *praise*, for raising *Nature* above her ordinary *flight*. Nothing in this *world* can bee framed so intirely *perfect*, but that it shall have in it, some *delinquencies*, to argue more were in the *compriſor*. If it were not so, it were not from *Nature*, but the immediate *Deity*. The next, if wee had never seene that *frame*, whether or no, wee thinke wee could have *mended* it.

it. To *espye* the *inconveniencies* of a house built, is *easie*; but to lay the *plot* at first, well, is matter of more *pate*, and speakes the *praise* of a good *Contriver*. The *crooked lines* helpe better to shew the *streight*. *Iudgement* is more certaine by the *eye*, than in the *fancy*, surer in things *done*, than in those that *are* but in *cogitation*. If we finde our selves able to correct a *Coppy*, and not to produce an *Originall*, yet dare to *deprave*; we shew more *Criticisme*, than *Ability*. Seeing we should rather magnifie him, that hath *gone* beyond us; than *condemne* his worth for a few *failes*. *Selfe examination* will make our *judgements* charitable. 'Tis from where there is no *judgement*, that the heavyest *judgement* comes. If we must needs *censure*, 'tis good to doe it as *Suetonius* writes of the twelve *Cæsars*; tell both their *vertues*, and their *vices* unpartially: and leave the upshot to *collection* of the private *minde*. So shal we learne by hearing of the *faults* to avoyd them: and by knowing the *vertues*, practize the like. Otherwise, wee should rather *praise* a man for a little *good*, than brand him for his more of *ill*. Wee are full of *faults* by *Nature*, we are *good*, not without out *care* and *industry*.

XLIV.

Of Wisdome and Science.

Science by much is short of *wisdome*. Nay, so farre, as I thinke, you shall scarce finde a more

Foole,

Foole, than sometimes a meere *Scholler*. Hee will speake *Greeke* to an *Ostler*, and *Latine* familiarly, to *women* that understand it not. *Knowledge* is the *treasure* of the *minde*; But *Discretion* is the *key*: without which it lyes *dead*, in the dulnesse of a *fruitlesse rest*. The *practicke* part of *wisdome*, is the best. A native *ingenuity*, is beyond the watchings of *industrious* study. *Wisdome* is no *inheritance*, no not to the greatest *Clearkes*. Men *write*, commonly more formally, than they practise: and they *conversing* onely among *bookes*, are put into *affectation*, and *pedantisme*. He that is built of the *Presse*, and the *Pen*, shall be sure to make himselfe *ridiculous*. *Company* and *Conversation* are the best *Instructors* for a *Noble behaviour*. And this is not found in a *melancholy* study alone. What is written, is most from *Imagination*, and *fancy*. And how *query* must they needs be, that are *congeriated* wholy, on the fumes, perhaps, of *distempered braines*? For if they have not *judgement*, by their *Learning*, to amend their *conversations*; they may well want *judgement* to chuse the worthiest *Authors*. I grant they *know much*: and I thinke any man may doe so, that hath but *memory*, and bestowes some time in a *Library*. There is a *flowing nobleness*, that some men bee graced with, which farre out-shines the *notions* of a *timed Student*. And without the vaine *purles* of *Rhetoricke*, some men speake more *excellently*, even from *Natures* owne *judiciousnesse*, than can the *Scholler* by his *quiddit* of *Art*. How fond and *untuneable* are a *Fresh mans brawles*, when wee meete them out of their *Colledge*? with many times a long *recited Sentence*,

tence, quite out of the *way*. *Arguments* about *nothing*, or at best, *nicities*. As one would bee of *Martins Religion*, another of *Luthers*, and so quarrell about their *Faith*. How *easie* an *invention* may put false matters into true *Syllogismes*? So, I see how *Seneca* laught at them. *O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilia subduximus? in hoc barbam demisimus? Disputationes istæ, utinam tantum non prodesſent, nocent. O* most *childish follies! is it for this we knit our browes, and stroke our beards? would God these Disputations only did not profit us; but they are hurtfull.* In *discourse*, give me a *Man* that speakes *reason*, rather than *Authors*: rather *Sense*, than a *Syllogisme*: rather his *owne*, than *anothers*. He that continually *quotes* others, *argues* a barrennesse in *himselfe*, which forces him, to be ever a *borrowing*. In the one, a man bewrayes *Iudgement*; in the other, *Reading*. And in my *opinion*, 'tis a greater *commendation* to say, he is *wise*, than well *read*. So farre I will honour *Knowledge*, as to thinke, this *art* of the *braine*, when it meetes with able *Nature* in the *minde*, then only makes a *man* compleat. Any *Man* shall speake the better, where he *knowes*, what others have said. And sometimes the *conscious sneſſe* of his inward *knowledge*, gives a *confidence* to his outward *behaviour*: which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his *carriage*.

That

XLV.

That misapplication makes passions ill.

I Reade it but of *one*, that 'tis said, He was a *Man after Gods owne heart*. And *Him*, among al others, I finde extremely *passionate*, and very *valiant*. Who ever read such bitter *Curses*, as hee *prayes* may light upon his *Enemies*? *Let death come hastily upon them: and let them goe quicke to Hell. Let them fall from one wickednesse to another. Let them be wiped out of the Booke of Life. Let their prayer bee turned into sinne.* Certainely, should such *imprecations* fall from a Moderne *tongue*, we should *censure* them for want of *charity*: and I thinke wee may doe it *justly*. For *God* hath not given us *Commission* to *curse* his *enemies*, as he did to *David*. The *Gospell* hath set *Religion* to a sweeter *Tune*. The *Law* was given with *Thunder*, striking *Terror* in the *Hearers*. The *Gospell* with *Musicke*, *Voyces*, and *Angellike apparitions*. The *Law* came in like *Warre*, threatning *ruine* to the *Land of Man*. The *Gospell* like *Peace*, in the soft *pleasures of uniting Weddings*. And this may satisfie for his *rigour*: But if we *looke* upon him, in another *trimme* of the *minde*: how smooth hee is, and *mollifying*? how does his *soule* melt it selfe into his *eyes*, and his *bowels* flow, with the *full streames of compassion*? How fixt hee was to *Ionathan*? how like a weake and tender *woman*, hee laments his *Rebell Absalom*, and *weepes* oftner, than I thinke we reade

reade of any through the whole *Story* of the *Bible*? His *valour*, we cannot doubt: it is ſo *eminent* in his *killing* of the *Beare* and *Lyon*: in his *Duell* with that huge *Polypheme* of the *Philiſtims*, and his many other *Martiall Acts* againſt them. So that there ſeemes to be in him, the higheſt pitch of *contrarying paſſions*: and yet the man from *Gods owne mouth*, hath a teſtimony of a true *approvement*. When *paſſions* are directed to their right *end*, they may faile in their *manner*, but not in their *meaſure*. When the *ſubject* of our *hatred* is *Sinne*, it cannot bee *too deepe*: When the *object* of our *Love* is *God*, it cannot be *too high*. *Moderation* may become a *fault*. To bee but *warme*, when *God* commands us to be *hot*, is *ſinfull*. We belye *Vertue* into the conſtant dulneſſe of a *Mediocrity*. I ſhall never condemne the *nature* of thoſe *men*, that are ſometimes *violent*: but thoſe that know not, when 'tis *fit* to be ſo. *Valour* is then beſt tempered, when it can turne out of a ſterne *Fortitude*, into the milde ſtraines of *Pitty*. 'Tis written to the honour of *Tamberlaine*, that conquering the *Muſcovites* with expreſſion of a *Princely valour*, hee fals from *joy* of the *victory*, to a *lamentation* of the *many caſuall Miſeries*, they endure, that are tyed to *follow* the *leading* of *Ambitious Generals*. And all this, from the ſight of the *field*, covered with the *ſoulleſſe man*. Some report of *Cæſar*, that hee *wept* when he heard how *Pompey* dy'd. Though *Pitty* be a downy *vertue*, yet ſhe never ſhines more *brightly* than when ſhe is clad in *ſteele*. A *Martiall man compaſſionate*, ſhall conquer both in *Peace* and *warre*: and by a two-fold *way*, get *Victory* with *honour*. *Temperate men* have their

their *paſſions* ſo ballanced within them, as they have none of either ſide in their *height* and *purity*. Therefore as they ſeldome fall into *foule acts*: ſo they very rarely caſt a luſtre, in the excelling *deeds of nobleneſſe*. I obſerve in the generall, the moſt *famed men of the world*, have had in them both *Courage* and *Compaſſion*: and oftentimes *wet eyes*, as wel as *wounding hands*. I would not robbe *Temperance* of her *royalty*. *Fabius* may conquer by *delaying*, as well as *Cæſar*, by *expedition*. As the *caſualties* of the *world* are, *Temperance* is a *vertue* of ſingular *worth*: But without doubt, *high Spirits* directed *right*, will beare away the *Bayes* for more *glorious actions*. Theſe are beſt to raiſe *Common wealths*: but the other are beſt to *rule them after*. This, beſt keepes in *order*, when the other hath ſtood the *ſhocke* of an *innovation*; of either, there is excellent *uſe*. As I will not *over-value* the *moderate*: ſo I will not too much *diſ-eſteeme* the *violent*. An arrow *aimed right*, is not the worſe for being *drawne home*. That *action* is beſt done, which being *good*, is done, with the *vigor* of the *ſpirits*. What makes *zeale* ſo *commendable*, but the *fervency* that it *carrieth* with *it*?

Of

XLVI.

Of the waſte and change of Time.

I Looke upon the laviſh *Expences* of former *Ages*, with *Pitty* and *Admiration*, That thoſe things men built for the *honour* of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten up by the *ſteely teeth of Time*: or elſe, reſt as *monuments*, but of their *Pride*, and *Luxurie*. Greate *workes* undertaken for *oſtentation*, miſſe of their *end*, and turne to the Authors *ſhame*: if not; the *tranſitions* of *Time*, weare out their ingraved *names*, and they laſt not much longer than *Caligulaes Bridge* over the *Baiæ*. What is become of the *Mauſoleum*, or the *Ship-beſtriding Coloſſus*? where is *Marcus Scaurus Theater*, the *Bituminated Walls of Babylon*? and how little *reſts* of the *Ægyptian Pyramides*? and of theſe how divers does report give in their *Builders*? ſome aſcribing them to one, ſome to another. Who would not pitty the *toiles* of *Vertue*, when hee ſhall find greater *honour* inſcribed to looſe *Phryne*, than to victorious *Alexander*? who when hee had razed the *Wales* of *Thebes*, ſhee offered to *re-edifie* them, with *condition* this *Sentence* might but on them bee *inlitttr'd: Alexander pull'd them downe; but Phryne did rebuild them.* From whence ſome have *jeſted* it into a *quarrell* for *fame*, betwixt a *Whore* and a *Thiefe*: Doubtleſſes no *Fortifications* can hold, againſt the cruell *devaſtationes* of *Time*.

I

I could never yet finde any *eſtate*, exempted from this *Mutability*. Nay, thoſe which we would have thought had beene held up with the ſtrongeſt *pillers of continuance*, have yet ſuffered the extreameſt *changes*. The houſes of the *dead*, and the *urned bones*, have ſometimes met with *rude hands*, that have ſcatte red them. Who would have thought when *Scanderbeg* was laid in his *tombe*, that the *Turkes* ſhould after *rifle* it, and weare his *bones* for *Iewels*? *Change* is the great Lord of the *World*; *Time* is his *Agent*, that brings in all things, to ſuffer his *unſtaid Dominion*.

——*Ille tot Regum parens,*
Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flamma indiget,
Ardente Troia——

——He that had a *Prince* each ſonne,
Now finds no *grave*, and *Troy* in flames,
He wants his Funerall one.

VVee are ſo farre from *leaving* any thing certaine to *poſterity*, that wee cannot be ſure to enjoy what wee *have*, while we *live*. We *live* ſometimes to ſee more *changes* in our ſelves, than we could *expect* could *happen* to our *laſting off-ſpring*: As if none were *ignorant* of the *Fate* the *Poet* askes.

Divitiis audita eſt cui non opulentia Cræſi?
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoſte tulit.
Ille, Syracuſia modo formidatus in urbe,
Vix humili duram repulit arte famem.

VVho has not heard of *Cræſus* heapes of Gold,
Yet knowes his Foe did him a priſoner hold?
He that once aw'd *Sycilia's* proud extent,
By a poore *Art*, could *Famine* ſcarce prevent.

VVe all put into the *world*, as men put *Money* into a *Lottery*. Some *loſe* all, and get *nothing*: Some with *nothing*, get infinite *prize*; which perhaps *ventring* againe, with *hope* of *increaſe*, they *loſe* with *griefe*, that they did not reſt contented. There is nothing that we can *confidently* call our owne: or that we can ſurely ſay, wee ſhall either *doe*, or *avoid*. VVee have no *power* over the *preſent*: Much leſſe *over* the *future*, when we ſhall be *abſent*, or *diſſolved*. And indeed, if wee conſider the *World* right, wee ſhall finde ſome *reaſon*, for theſe continuall *Mutations*. If every one had *power*, to tranſmit the certaine *poſſeſſion* of all his *acquiſitions*, to his owne *Succeeders*, there would bee *nothing* left, for the *noble deeds* of *new aſpirers to purchaſe*: VVhich would quickely betray the *world*, to an *incommunicable dulneſſe*: and utterly *diſcourage* the generous *deſignes* of the *ſtirring*, and more *elementary ſpirit*. As things now are, every man thinkes ſomething may *fall* to his *ſhare*: and ſince it muſt *crowne* ſome indeavours, he *imagines*, why not his? Thus by the *various* treads of *Men*, every *action* comes to bee *done*, which is requiſite for the *worlds maintaining*. But ſince nothing heere *below* is certaine, I will never *purchaſe* any thing, with too-great a *hazzard*. 'Tis *Ambition*, not *Wiſdome*, that makes *Princes* hazzard their whole *eſtates* for an *honour* meerely *titular*. If I finde that *loſt*, which I thought

thought to have *kept*; I will comfort my ſelfe with this, that I knew the *world* was changeable; and that as *God* can take away a *leſſe good*: ſo hee can, if hee pleaſe, conferre me a *greater*.

XLVII.

Of Death.

THere is no *Spectacle* more *profitable*, or more *terrible*, than the ſight of a *dying man*, when hee lies expiring his *ſoule* on his *death-bed*: to ſee how the ancient ſociety of the *body* and the *ſoule* is divelled; and yet to ſee, how they ſtruggle at the *parting*: being in ſome doubt what ſhall become of them after. The *ſpirits* ſhrink inward, and retyre to the anquiſht *heart*: as if, like *Sons* preſt from an *indulgent Father*, they would come for a ſad *Vale*, from that which was their *lifes maintainer*: while that in the meane time pants with *afrighting pangs*; and the *hands* and *feet*, being the moſt remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a *faſhioned clay*: as if *Death* crept in at the *nailes*, and by an *inſenſible ſurprize*, ſuffocated the *inviron'd heart*. To ſee how the *minde* would faine utter it ſelfe, when the *Organs of the voyce* are ſo debillitated, that it cannot. To ſee how the *eye* ſettles to a fixed *dimneſſe*, which a little before, was ſwift as the *ſhootes of lightning*, nimbler than the *thought*, and bright as the *poliſht Diamond*: and in which, this *Miracle* was more eminent than in any of the *other*

parts, That it, being a *materiall earthly body*, ſhould yet be conveyed with *quicker motion*, than the revolutions of an *indefinite ſoule*. So ſuddenly bringing the *object* to *conceits*, that one would thinke, the *apprehenſion of the heart* were ſeated in the *eye* it ſelfe. To ſee all his *friends*, like *Conduits* dropping *teares* about him; while hee neither knowes his *wants*, nor they his *cure*. Nay, even the *Phyſician*, whoſe whole *life* is nothing but a *ſtudy* and *practice* to continue the *lives of others*: and who is the *Anatomiſt* of generall *Nature*, is now as one that gazes at a *Comet*, which hee can reach with nothing, but his eye alone. To ſee the *Countenance*, (through which perhaps there ſhin'd a *lovely Majeſty*, even to the captiving of *admiring ſoules*) now altered to a frightfull *paleneſſe*, and the terrours of a *gaſtly looke*. To thinke, how that which commanded a *Family*, nay perhaps a *Kingdome*; and kept all in awe, with the mooving of a *ſpongie tongue*, is now become a thing ſo full of *horrour*, that *children* feare to ſee it: and muſt now therefore bee tranſmitted from all theſe *inchanting blandiſhments*, to the darke and hideous *grave*: Where, inſtead of ſhaking of the *golden Scepter*, it now lies impriſon'd but in five foot of *Leade*: and is become a *neſt of wormes*, a *lumpe of filth*, a *boxe of pallid putrefaction*. There is even the difference of two ſeverall VVorlds, betwixt a King enamel'd with his *Robes* and *Iewels*, ſitting in his *Chaire* of adored *State*, and his condition in his *bed of Earth*, which hath made him but a *Caſe of Crawlers*: and yet all this change, without the loſſe of any *viſible ſubſtantiall*:

Since

Since all the *limbes* remaine as they were, without the least signe, either of *dislocation*, or *diminution*. From hence 'tis, I thinke, *Scaliger* defines *Death* to bee the *Cessation of the Soules functions*: as if it were rather a *restraint*, then a *missive ill*. And if any thing at all bee wanting, 'tis only *colour*, *motion*, *heate*, and *empty ayer*. Though indeed, if wee consider this *dissolution*, *man* by *death* is absolutely divided and disman'd. That grosse object which is left to the spectators eyes, is now onely a composure but of the two *baser Elements*, *water*, and *Earth*: that now it is these two onely, that seeme to make the *body*, while the two purer, *Fire* and *Ayre*, are win'gd away, as being more fit for the compact of an *elementall* and *ascentive Soule*. When thou shalt see also these things happē to one whose *conversation* had indeared him to thee; when thou shalt see the *body* put on *Deaths* sad and ashy *countenance*, in the dead age of *night*, when *silent darkenesse* does incompasse the dimme light of thy *glimmering Taper*, and thou heareſt a *solemne Bell* tolled, to tell the *world* of it; which now, as it were, with this sound, is struck into a *dumbe attention*: Tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, devoting thee to *pleasure*, and the fugitive *toyes* of *life*? O what a *bubble*, what a *puffe*, what but a *winke of life is man*! And with what a generall swallow, *Death* still gapes upon the *generall world*! When *Hadrian* askt *Secundus*, What *Death* was: Hee answered in these severall truthes: *It is a sleepe eternall; the Bodies dissolution; the rich mans feare; the poore mans wish; an event inevitable; an uncertaine*

Iourney; a Thiefe that ſteales away man; Sleepes father; Lifes flight; the departure of the living; and the reſolution of all. Who may not from ſuch *ſights* and *thoughts* as theſe, learne, it hee will, both *humility* and *loftineſſe*? the one, to vilifie the *body*, which muſt once periſh in a *ſtenchfull naſtineſſe*; the other to advance the *Soule*, which lives heere but for a higher, and more heavenly *aſcenſion*? As I would not care for too much indulgiating of the *fleſh*, which I muſt one day yeeld to the *wormes*: So I would ever bee ſtudious for ſuch actions, as may appeare the iſſues of a *noble* and *diviner Soule*.

XLVIII.

Of Idleneſſe.

THe *Idle man* is the *barreneſt piece of Earth* in the *Orbe*. There is no *Creature* that hath *life*, but is buſied in ſome *action* for the benefit of the *reſtleſſe world*. Even the moſt *venemous* and moſt *ravenous* things that are, have their *commodities* as well as their *annoyances*: and they are ever ingaged in *ſome action*, which both profiteth the *world*, and continues them in their *Natures* courſes. Even the *Vegitables*, wherein *calme Nature* dwels, have their turnes and times in *fructifying*: they *leafe*, they *flowre*, they *ſeede*. Nay, *Creatures* quite in-animate, are (ſome) the moſt laborious in their *motion*. With what a cheereſull face the *Golden Sunne* chariots thorow the *rounding Skie*? How perpetuall

is

is the *Maiden Moone*, in her juſt and horn'd *mutations?* The *Fire*, how reſtleſſe in his quicke and catching *flames?* in the *Ayre*, what *tranſitions?* and how fluctuous are the *ſalted waves?* Nor is the *teeming Earth* wearie, after ſo many thouſand yeeres *productions?* All which may-tutor the *couch-ſtretched man*, and raiſe the *modeſt red* to ſhewing thorow his *un-waſht face. Idleneſſe* is the moſt *corrupting Fly*, that can blow in any *humane minde.* That *Ignorance* is the moſt miſerable, which knowes not *what to do.* The *Idle man* is like the *dumbe Iacke* in a *Virginall:* while all the other dance out a *winning Muſicke*, this, like a *member out of joynt*, ſullens the whole *Body*, with an ill diſturbing *lazineſſe.* I doe not wonder to ſee ſome of our *Gentrie growne* (well-neere) the *lewdeſt men* of our *Land:* ſince they are, moſt of them, ſo muffled in a *non-imployment.* 'Tis *action* that does keepe the *Soule* both *ſweet* and *ſound:* while *lying ſtill* does rot it to an *ordur'd nonſomeneſſe. Auguſtine* imputes *Eſau's* loſſe of the *bleſſing*, partly to his *ſlothfulneſſe*, that had rather receive *meate*, than ſeeke it. Surely, *exerciſe* is the fat'ning foode of the *Soule*, without which, ſhee growes lanke, and thinly-parted. That the Followers of *Great men* are ſo much debauched, I beleeve to be *want of imployment:* For the *Soule*, impatient of an *abſolute receſſe*, for want of the wholſome foode of *buſineſſe*, preyes upon the *lewder actions.* 'Tis true, *Men* learne to doe *ill*, by doing what is next it, *nothing.* I beleeve, *Salomon* meant the *Field of the ſluggard*, as well for the *Embleme of his minde*, as the certaine *Index of his outward ſtate.* As

the one is over-growne with *Thornes* and *Bryers*; ſo is the other with *vices* and *enormities*. If any wonder how *Egiſtus* grew adulterate; the *exit* of the Verſe will tell him, ——*Deſidioſus erat*. When one would bragge the *bleſsings* of the *Romane State*, that ſince *Carthage* was raz'd, and *Greece* ſubjected, they might now bee *happy*, as having nothing to feare: Sayes the beſt *Scipio*, *we now are moſt in danger: for while wee want buſineſſe, and have no Foe to awe us, wee are ready to drowne in the mud of Vice and ſlothfulneſſe.* How bright does the *Soule* grow with *uſe* and *negotiation*! With what proportioned *ſweetneſſe* does that *Familie* flouriſh, where but one *laborious Guide* ſteereth in an order'd *Courſe*! When *Cleanthes* had laboured, and gotten ſome *coine*, he ſhewes it his *Companions*, and tels them, that *hee now, if hee will, can nouriſh another Cleanthes*. Beleeve it, *Induſtry* is never wholly unfruitfull. If it bring not joy with the *incomming profit*, it will yet baniſh *miſchiefe* from thy *buſied gates*. There is a kinde of *good Angell* waiting upon *diligence*, that ever carries a *Laurell* in his hand, to crown her. *Fortune*, they ſaid of old, ſhould not bee pray'd unto, but with hands in *motion*. The *boſom'd fiſt* beckens the *approach of poverty*, and leaves beſides, the *noble head* ungarded: but the *lifted arme* does frighten *want*, and is ever a *ſhield* to that *noble director*. How unworthy was that *man of the world*, that ne'r did ought, but onely *liv'd*, and *dy'd*? Though *Epaminondas* was ſevere, hee was yet exemplary, when hee found a *Souldier* ſleepin in his *watch*, and ranne him thorow with his

ſword;

Sword; as if he would bring the two Brothers, *Death* and *Sleepe*, to a meeting: and when he was blam'd for that, as *cruelty*, hee sayes, hee did but leave him as hee found him, *dead*. It is none of the meanest happinesse, to have a *minde* that loves a *vertuous exercise*: 'Tis daily rising to *blessednesse* and *contentation*. They are *idle Divines*, that are not *heav'ned* in their *lives*, above the unstudious man. Every one shall smell of that hee is busied in: as those that stirre among *perfumes* & *spices*, shall, when they are gone, have still a gratefull *odour* with them: so, they that turne the *leaves* of the *worthy writer*, cannot but retaine a *smacke* of their *long-liv'd Author*. They converse with *Vertues Soule*, which hee that writ, did spread upon his *lasting Paper*. Every *good line* addes sinew to the *vertuous minde*: and withall, hells that *vice*, which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to doe any thing, I account it from the favouring *Heavens*. That I have a minde sometimes inclining to use that *libertie* well; I thinke, I may, without *ostentation*, be thankefull for it, as a *bounty of the Deitie*. Sure, I should bee *miserable*, if I did not love this *businesse* in my *vocation*. I am glad of that *leasure*, which gives mee leasure to *imploy my selfe*. If I should not grow better for it, yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue mee, I should both keepe my selfe from *worse*, and not have time to entertaine the *Devill* in.

That

XLIX.

That all things have a like progreſſion and fall.

THere is the ſame *method* thorow all the *world* in generall. All things come to their height by *degrees*; there they ſtay the leaſt of time; then they *decline* as they *roſe*: onely *miſchiefe* beeing more importunate, ruines at once, what *Nature* hath beene long a rearing. Thus the *Poet* ſung the *fall*:

Omnia ſunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
Et ſubito caſu, quæ voluere, ruunt.

All that *Man* holds, hangs but by ſlender twine,
By ſudden chance the ſtrongeſt things decline.

Man may bee *kil'd* in an inſtant; he cannot be made to *live*, but by ſpace of time in *conception*. Wee are curdled to the faſhion of a life, by *time*, and ſet *ſucceſſions*; when all againe is *loſt*, and in the moment of a minute, *gone*. *Plants*, *fiſhes*, *beaſts*, *birds*, *men*, all grow up by *leaſurely progreſſions*: ſo *Families*, *Provinces*, *States*, *Kingdomes*, *Empires*, have the ſame way of riſe by ſteps. About the *height* they muſt ſtay a while, becauſe there is a neereneſſe to the middle on both ſides, as they *riſe*, and as they fall: otherwiſe, their continuance in that *top*, is but the very *point* of *time*, the preſent *now*, which *now* again

is

is *gone*. Then they at beſt *deſcend*, but for the moſt part *tumble*. And that which is true in the *ſmalleſt particulars*, is, by taking a *larger view*, the ſame in the *diſtended Bulke*. There were firſt, *Men*, then *Families*, then *Tribes*, then *Commonwealths*, then *Kingdomes*, *Monarchies*, *Empires*: which wee finde have beene the height of all *worldly dignities*: And as wee finde thoſe *Monarchies* did *riſe* by degrees; ſo wee finde they have ſlid againe to *decay*. There was the *Aſſyrian*, the *Perſian*, the *Grecian*, the *Romane*. And ſure, the height of the *worlds glory*, was in the dayes of the *Romane Empire*, and the height of that *Empire*, in the dayes of *Auguſtus*. *Peace* then gently breathed thorow the *Univerſall*: *learning* was then in her *fulleſt flouriſh*: no *Age*, either before or ſince, could preſent us with ſo many *towring Ingenuities*. And then, when the *whole world* was moſt like unto *God*, in the *ſway* of one *Monarch*: when they ſaluted him by the *Title* of *Auguſtus*; and they then, like *God*, began in rule to bee called *Imperatores*: This, I take it, was the *fulneſſe of time*, wherein *GOD*, the *Saviour of the world*, vouchſafed by taking *Humane nature* upon him, to deſcend in the *world*. And ſurely, the conſideration of ſuch things as theſe, are not unworthy our *thoughts*: Though our *faith* bee not *bred*, yet is it much *confirmed*, by obſerving ſuch *like circumſtances*. But then may wee thinke, how ſmall a time this *Empire* continued in this *flouriſh*. Even the next *Emperour*, *Tiberius*, beganne to degenerate; *Caligula* more: *Nero* yet more than he: till it grew to bee embroyled and diſmembred, to

an

an *absolute division*. Since, how has the *Turkes* seized one in the *East*, and the other in the *west*? how much is it subdivided, by the deduction of *France*, *Britaine*, *Spaine*? Some have also observed the *Site* of these *Empires*, how the first was neerest the *East*, the next, a *Degree* further off; and so on in distant *removals*, following the course of the *Sunne*: as if beginning in the *Morning* of the *world*, they would make a larger *day*, by declining toward the *west*, where the *Sunne* goes downe, after his rising in the *East*. This may stand to the *Southerne* and *western Inhabitants* of the *world*; but I know not how to the *Northen*: for else how can that bee said to *rise any where*, which *resteth no where*, but is perpetuall in the speede of a *circular motion*? For the *time*, it was when the *world* was within a very little, aged 4000. *yeeres*; which I beleeve, was much about the *middle Age* of the *world*: though seeing there are *promises* that the *later dayes* shall bee *shortned*, wee cannot expect the like *extent of time* after it, which wee finde did goe before it. Nor can we thinke, but that *Decay*, which hastens in the *ruine* of all lesser things, will likewise bee more speedy in this. If all things in the *world decline* faster by farre than they do *ascend*; why should we not beleeve th the *world* to doe so too? I know not what certaine *grounds* they have, that dare assume to foretell the *particular time* of the *worlds conflagration*. But surely in *reason*, and *Nature*, the *end* cannot bee mightily distant. We have seene the *Infancie*, the *Youth*, the *Virility*, all past: Nay wee have seene it well stept in-

to

to *yeeres*, and *declination*, the moſt infallible *promonitors* of a *diſſolution*. Some could beleeve it within leſſe than this nine and twenty *yeeres*, becauſe as the *Flood* deſtroyed the *former world*, one thouſand ſixe hundred fifty and ſixe yeeres after the *firſt deſtroying Adam*; ſo the latter *World* ſhall bee conſumed by *fire*, one thouſand ſixe hundred fifty and ſixe yeeres after the *ſecond ſaving Adam*, which is *Chriſt*. But I dare not fixe a certainety, where *God* hath left the *world* in *ignorance*. The exact *knowledge* of all things is in *God* only. But ſurely, by *collections* from *Nature* and *Reaſon*, *Man* may much helpe himſelfe, in *likelihood* and *probabilities*. VVhy hath *Man* an *arguing* and *premeditating Soule*, if not to thinke on the *courſe* and *cauſes* of *things*, thereby to magnifie his *Creator* in them? I will oft muſe in ſuch like *Theames*: for, beſides the *pleaſure* I ſhall meete, in *knowing further*; I ſhall finde my *Soule*, by *admiration* of theſe *wonders*, to love both *Reaſon*, and the *Deity* better. As our *admiring of things evill*, guides us to a *ſecret hate* and *deceſſion*: ſo, whatſoever we *applaud* for *goodneſſe*, cannot but cauſe ſome *raiſe* in our *affections*.

L.

Of Detraction.

IN ſome *unluckie diſpoſitions*, there is ſuch an envious kinde of *Pride*, that they cannot endure that any but themſelves ſhould bee ſet forth for *excellent*:

excellent: ſo when they heare one *juſtly praiſed*, they will either ſeeke to diſmount his *Vertues*; or if they be like a *cleere light*, eminent; they will *ſtab* him with a *But* of *detraction*: as if there were ſomething yet ſo *foule*, as did *obnubilate* even his *brighteſt glory*. Thus when their *tongue* cannot juſtly *condemne* him, they will leave him in ſuſpected *ill*, by *ſilence*. Surely if we conſidered *detraction*, to bee bred of *envy*, *neſted* only in *deficient minds*; we ſhould, finde that the applauding of *vertue*, would winne us farre more *honour*, than the *ſeeking* ſlily to *diſparage* it. That would ſhew we *low'd* what we *commended*, while this tells the *World* we grudge at what we want in our ſelves. Why may wee not thinke the *Poet* meant them for *Detractors*, which ſprung of the *teeth of Cadmus poyſoned Serpent*? I am ſure there *ends* may paralell; for they uſually murther one another in their *fame*: and where they finde not *ſpots*, they deviſe them. It is the *baſeſt office* Man can fall into, to make his *tongue* the *Whipper* of the *worthy man*. If we doe know *vices* in men, I thinke wee can ſcarce ſhew our ſelves in a *nobler vertue*, than in the *charity* of concealing them: ſo it be not a *flatterie*, perſwading to *continuance*. And if it bee in *abſcence*, even ſometime that which is true, is moſt unbeſeeming the repore of a *Man*. Who will not condemne him as a *Traitor* to *reputation* and *ſociety*, that tells the *private fault* of his *friend*, to the *publike* and *depraving world*? When *two friends* part, they ſhould locke up one anothers *ſecrets*, and enterchange their *keyes*. The *honeſt man* will rather be a *grave* to his *neighbours failes*, than any way *uncurtaine* them. I care not for his *humour*, that

that loves to clippe the wings of a *lofty fame*. The Counsell in the *Satyre* I doe well approve of.

——Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamq; dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.

——VVho bites his absent Friend,
Or not defends him blam'd, but holds along
VVith mens looſe laughter, and each *praters* tongue
That feines what was not, and diſcloaks a *ſoule*;
Beware him, *Noble Romane*, he is foule.

And for the moſt part, hee is as *dangerous*, in another *vice* as this. Hee that can *detract unworthily*, when thou canſt not anſwer him, can *flatter* thee as *unworthily*, when thou canſt not chuſe but heare him. 'Tis uſuall with him to *ſmooth* it in the *Chamber*, that keepes a *railing tongue* for the *Hall*. And beſides all this, it imployes a kinde of *cowardice*: for who will judge him otherwiſe, that but then unbuttons his tumour'd *breſt*, when hee findes none to oppoſe the bigneſſe of his *lookes* and *tongue*? The *valiant mans tongue*, though it never boaſteth vainely, yet is ever the greateſt *Coward* in *abſcence*: but the *Coward* is nevers *valiant* but then: and then too, tis without his *heart*, or *ſpirit*. There is nothing argues *Nature* more *degenerate*, than her ſecret

cret repining at anothers *transcendency*. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this *folly*, that by this *act*, she is able lesse to *discerne*. He that *pretending vertue*, is busie in the *staines* of men, is like to him that seekes *lost gold*, in *ashes*, and blowing them about, hides that more, which he better might have found with *stilnesse*. To *over-commend* a man, I know is not good: but the *Detractor* wounds *three*, with the *one Arrow* of his *viperous tongue*. Indeed tis hard to speak a man true, as he is: but howsoever, I would not deprave the fame of the *absent*: Tis then a time for *prayses*, rather than for *reprehension*. Let *praise* be voyced to the *spreading Ayre*; but *chidings* whisper'd in the *kissed eare*: Which action teaches us, even while we *chide*, to *love*. If there be *Vertues*, and I am call'd to speake of him that owns them, I will tell them forth *unpartially*. If there bee *vices* mixt with those, I will bee content the *world* shall know them by some *other tongue* than *mine*.

LI.

Against Compulsion.

AS nothing prevailes more than *Courtesie*: so *compulsion* often is the way to *lose*. Too much *importunity*, does but teach men how to *deny*. The more we desire to *gaine*, the more doe others desire that they may not *lose*. *Nature* is ever jealous of her owne *supremacie*: and when shee sees that others

thers would *under-tread* it, ſhe cals in all her *powers* for *reſiſtance*. Certainly, they worke by a wrong *Engine*, that ſeeke to gaine their *ends* by *conſtraint*. Croſſe *two Lovers*, and you knit but their *affection* ſtronger. You may *ſtroake* the *Lion* into a *bondage*: but you ſhall ſooner *hew him to pieces*, than *beate* him into a *Chaine*. The *Foxe* may *prayſe* the *Crowes* meate from her *Bill*: but cannot with his *ſwiftneſſe* overtake her *wing*. *Eaſie Nature*, and *free liberty*, will ſteale a man into a *miny exceſſe*: when *urged healths* doe but ſhew him the way to *refuſe*. The *nobleſt Weapon* wherewith *Man* can conquer, is *love*, and *gentleſt courteſie*. How many have loſt their *hopes*, while they have ſought to *raviſh* with too rude a hand? *Nature* is more apt to bee led by the ſoft motions of the *muſicall tongue*, than the ruſticke threſhings of a *ſtriking arme*. *Love of life*, and *jollities*, will draw a man to more, than the feare of *death*, and *torments*. No doubt, *Nature* meant *Cæſar* for a *Conquerour*, when ſhee gave him both ſuch *courage*, and ſuch *courteſie*; both which put *Marius* into a *muze*. They which durſt ſpeake to him, (hee ſaid) were *ignorant of his greatneſſe*; and they which durſt not, were ſo of his *goodneſſe*. They are men the *beſt compoſed*, that can bee *reſolute*, and *remiſſe*. For, as *fearefull Natures* are wrought upon, by the ſternneſſe of a *rough comportment*: ſo the *valiant* are not gain'd on, but by *gentle affability*, and a ſhew of *pleaſing liberty*. *Little Fiſhes* are twiched up with the violence of a *ſudden pull*; when the like action crackes the *line*, whereon a *great one* hangs.

I have knowne *denials*, that had never beene given, but for the *earneſtneſſe* of the *requeſter*. They teach the *petitioned* to be *ſuſpicious*; and *ſuſpicion* teaches him to *hold* and *fortifie*. He that comes with *You muſt have me*, is like to prove but a *fruitleſſe Wooer*. Vrge a *grant* to ſome men, and they are *inexorable*; *ſeeme careleſſe*, and they will force the thing upon you. *Auguſtus* got a friend of *Cinna*, by giving him a *ſecond life*, whereas his *death* could at beſt but have remov'd an *Enemy*. Heare but his *exiled* Poet:

Flectitur obſequio curvatus ab arbore ramus:
Franges, ſi vires experiere tuas.
Obſequio tranantur aquæ, nec vincere poſſis
Flumina, ſi contra quam rapit unda nates.
Obſequium Tygres domat, tumidoſque Leones:
Ruſtica paulatim taurus aratra ſubit.

(right,
The *Trees* crookt branches, gently bent, grow
When as the hands full vigor breaks them quite.
He ſafely ſwimmes, that waves along the Flood,
While croſſing ſtreames is neither ſafe nor good.
Tygers and *Lyons*, *mildneſſe* keepes in awe:
And, gently us'd, *Buls* yoakt, in *Ploughs* will draw.

Certainely, the *faire way* is the beſt, though it bee ſomething the further *about*. 'Tis leſſe ill for a *Iourney* to be *long*, than *dangerous*. To vexe other men, I will thinke, is but to tutor them, how they ſhould again *vex* me. I wil never wiſh to purchaſe ought unequally: What is got againſt *reaſon*, is for the

the moſt part wonne, by the meeting of a *Foole* and *Knave*. If ought bee ſought with *reaſon*, that may come with *kindneſſe*; for then *Reaſon* in their owne *boſomes*, will become a *pleader* for mee: but I will bee content to loſe a little, rather than bee drawne to obtaine by *violence*. The *trouble* and the *hazzard* wee avoyd, may very well ſweeten, or out-weigh a *ſlender loſſe*. *Conſtraint* is for *extremities*, when all wayes elſe ſhall faile. But in the *generall*, *Faireneſſe* ha's preferment. If you grant, the other may ſupply the *deſire*; yet this does the like, and purchaſeth *love*, when that, only leaves a *loathſome hate* behind it.

LII.

Of Dreames.

Dreames are notable *meanes* of diſcovering our owne *inclinations*. The *wiſe man* learnes to know himſelfe as well by the *nights blacke mantle*, as the *ſearching beames* of *day*. In *ſleepe*, wee have the naked and naturall thoughts of our *ſoules*: *outward objects* interpoſe not, either to ſhuffle in *occaſionall cogitations*, or hale out the *included fancy*. The *minde* is then ſhut up in the *Burrough* of the *body*, none of the *Cinqueports* of the *Iſle of Man*, are then open to in-let any ſtrange *diſturbers*. Surely, how we fall to *vice*, or riſe to *Vertue*, wee may by obſervation find in our *dreams*. It was the wiſe *Zeno*, that ſaid, he could collect a man by his *dreams*.

For then, the *ſoule* ſtated in a deepe *repoſe*, bewrayed her true *affections*: which in the buſie *day*, ſhee would eyther *not ſhew*, or *not note*. It was a cuſtome among the *Indians*, when their *Kings* went to their *ſleepe*, to pray with *piping acclamations*, that they might have *happy dreames*; and withall conſult well for their *Subjects* benefit: as if the *night* had beene a time, wherein they might grow *good*, and *wiſe*. And certainely, the *wiſe man* is the wiſer for his *ſleeping*, if hee can *order well* in the *day*, what the *eye-leſſe night* preſenteth him. Every *dreame* is not to bee counted of: nor yet are *all* to bee caſt away with *contempt*. I would neither bee a *Stoicke*, *ſuperſtitious* in all; nor yet an *Epicure*, *conſiderate* of none. If the *Phyſician* may by them judge of the *diſeaſe* of the *body*, I ſee not, but the *Divine* may doe ſo, concerning the *ſoule*. I doubt not but the *Genius* of the *ſoule* is *waking*, and *motive* even in the faſteſt *cloſures*, of the *impriſoning eye-lids*. But to *preſage* from theſe thoughts of *ſleepe*, is a *wiſedome* that I would not reach to. The beſt *uſe* wee can make of *dreames*, is *obſervation*: and by that, our owne *correction*, or *incouragment*. For'tis not *doubtable*, but that the *mind* is working, in the *dulleſt depth of ſleepe*. I am confirmed by *Claudian*:

Omnia quæ ſenſu volvuntur vota diurno,
Tempore nocturno, reddit amica quies.
Venator, defeſſa toro cùm membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad ſilvas, & ſua luſtra redit.

Iudicibus

Iudicibus lites, aurigæ ſomnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Furto gaudet amans; permutat navita Merces:
Et vigil elapſus quærit avarus opes.
Blandaque largitur fruſtra ſitientibus ægris,
Irriguus gelido pocula fonte ſopor.
Me quoque Muſarum ſtudium, ſub nocte ſilenti,
Artibus aſſiduis, ſollicitare ſolet.

Day thoughts, tranſwinged from th'induſtrious breſt,
All ſeeme re-acted in the nights dumbe reſt.
When the tyr'd Huntſ-man, his repoſe begins,
Then flyes his mind to woods, & wild beaſt dens.
Iudges dreame caſes: Champions ſeeme to run,
with their night courſers, the vain bounds to ſhun
Love hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffike minds:
The Miſer thinkes he ſome loſt treaſure finds.
And to the thirſty ſicke, ſome potion cold,
Stiffe flattering ſleepe, inanely ſeemes to hold,
Yea, and in th'age of ſilent reſt, even I
Troubled with *Arts* deepe muſings, nightly lye.

Dreames doe ſometimes call us to a recognition of our *inclinations*, which print the deeper in ſo *undiſturbed times*. I could *wiſh* men to *give* them their *conſideration*, but not to *allow* them their *truſt*, though ſometimes 'tis eaſie to picke out a *profitable Morall*. *Antiquity* had them in much more *reverence*, and did oft account them *propheties*, as is eaſily found in the *ſacred volume*: and among the *Heathen*, nothing was more *frequent*. *Aſtyages* had two, of his *daughter Nandana*, the *Vine*, and her

urine. *Calphurnia* of her *Cæsar*; *Hecuba* of *Paris*; and almost every *Prince* among them, had his *Fate* shewed in *interpreted dreames*. *Galen* tells of one, that *dream'd* his *thigh* was turn'd to *stone*, when soone after it was strooke with a *dead Palsie*. The aptnesse of the *humours* to the like *effects*, might suggest something to the *minde*, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to *preserve health*, or amend the *life*, *dreames* may, to a *wise observer*, be of *speciall benefit*. I would neither depend upon any, to incurre a *prejudice*, nor yet cast them all away, in a *prodigall neglect* and *scorne*. I finde it of one that having long beene *troubled* with the *paining spleene*: that he dream't, if he opened a certaine *veine*, betweene two of his *fingers*, he should be *cured*: which he *awaked*, did, and *mended*. But, indeed I would rather *beleeve* this, than be drawne to *practize* after it. These *plaine predictions* are more rare *Foretellings*, used to be lapp'd in more *obscure folds*: and now that *Art* lost, *Christianity* hath settled us to lesse *inquisition*; 'tis for a *Romane Soothsayer* to reade those *darker spirits* of the night, and tell that still *Dictator*, his *dreame* of *copulation* with his *mother*, signified his *subjecting* of the *world* to *himselfe*. 'Tis now so out of use, that I thinke it not to bee *recovered*. And were it not for the *power* of the *Gospell*, in *crying* downe the *vaines* of men, it would appeare a wonder, how a *Science* so pleasing to *humanity*, should fall so quite to *ruine*.

LIII.

Of Bounty.

THere is such a *Royalty* in the *minde*, as betrayes a man to *baseneſſe*, and to *poverty*. Exceſſes, for the moſt part, have but ill *concluſions*. There is a *dunghill miſchiefe*, that awaites even the *man of the bounteous ſoule*: and they that had ſtore of a *native goodneſſe*, grow at laſt to the *practice* of the *fouleſt villanies*. They are free as the *deſcending raine*, and *powre a plenty* on the *generall World*. This *Munificence* conſumes them, and brings them to the *miſeries* of an *emptied Mind*. Yet in this *fall* of their *melted demeanes*, they grow *aſhamed* to be publikely ſeene come ſhort of their wonted *revelling*. So, rather than the *world* ſhall ſee an *alteration*, they leave no *lewdneſſe* privately *unpractized*. 'Tis a noted *truth* of *Tacitus*, *Treaſure ſpent ambitiouſly, will be ſupply'd by wickedneſſe*. *Ærarium ambitione exhauſtum, per ſcelera ſupplendum erit*. 'Tis pitty, that which beares the name of *Noble*, ſhould bee *parent* of ſuch hated *vileneſſe*. What is it *Ambition* will not *practiſe*, rather than let her *port* decline? *Vaine glory* ends in *lewdneſſe*, and *contempt*. The *laviſh minde* loves any *indirection* better than to *flag* in *ſtate*. A fond *popularity* bewitches the *ſoule*, to *ſtrow* about the *wealth*, and *meanes*: and to *feede* that *diſpenſive humour*, all wayes ſhall bee trodden, though they never ſo much *unworthy* the man.

Surely, wee nick-name this ſame *ſloudding man*, when wee call *him* by the name of *Brave*. His ſtriving to be like a *God in bounty*, throwes him to the *loweſt eſtate of Man*. 'Tis for none but him that has *all*, to give to all *abundantly*. Where the carrying *ſtreame* is greater, than the bringing *one*, the *bottome* will be quickly *waterleſſe*; and then what *commendation* is it, to ſay there is a *plenty* waſted? Hee has the beſt *Fame*, that keepes his *eſtate* unnigardly: The others *fluxe*, is meerely out of *weakeneſſe*. He overvalues the *drunken* and *reeling* love of the *vulgar*, that buyes it with the *ruine* of *himſelfe*, and his *family*. Hee feares he is not *lov'd*, unleſſe that hee be looſe and *ſcattering*. They are *fooles* that thinke their *minds* ill woven, unleſſe they have *allowance* from the *popular ſtampe*. The *wiſe man* is his owne both *world* and *Iudge*; hee gives what hee knowes is fit for his *eſtate* and him, without ever caring how the *raving Tumult* takes it. To *weake mindes*, the *People* are the greateſt *Paraſites*: they *worſhip* and *knee* them to the ſpending of a faire *inheritance*: and then they cruſh them with the *heavy loade of Pitty*. 'Tis the *inconſiderate Man*, that *ravels* out a *ſpacious Fortune*. Hee never thinketh how the *heape* will *leſſen*, becauſe hee looſes, but by *graines*, and *parcels*. They are ill *Stewards*, that ſo *ſhowre* away a *large Eſtate*. Saves *Democritus*, when hee ſaw one *giving* to all, and that would want *Nothing* which his *Minde* did *crave*; Mayeſt thou *periſh unpitied*, for making of the *Virgin Graces*, *Harlots*. Hee made his *liberality*, like a *Whore*, to *court* the *Publicke*;

when

when indeed shee ought to *vaine* by *modestie*. For, as the *Harlots* offers, doe but procure the *good-mans hate*: So when *bounty* proves a *Curtezan*, and offers too undecently, it failes of gaining *love*, and gets but the *dislike* of the *wise*. Hee does *bounty* injury, that shewes her so much, as he makes her but bee *laugh'd* at. Who gives or spends too much, must *fall*, or else desist, with *shame*. To live well of a *little*, is a great deale more *honour*, than to spend a great deale *vainely*. To know both when, and what to part withall, is a *knowledge* that befits a *Prince*. The best *object of bounty*, is either *necessity*, or *desert*. The best *motive*, thy owne *goodnesse*: And the limit, is the safety of thy *state*. For this I will constantly thinke; The best *bounty* of man, is not to be too *bountifull*. It is not good to make our *kindnesse* to others, to bee *cruelty* to our *selves* and *ours*.

LIIII.

Of Man's inconstancy.

NO *weathercocke* under *Heaven*, is so *variable* as *inconstant Man*. Every breath of *wind*, fannes him to a *various shape*: As if his *minde* were so neere a kinne to *Ayre*, as it must with every *motion*, be in a *perpetuall change*. Like an *instrument* cunningly *plaid on*, it does *rise*, and *fall*, and *alter*, and all on a *sudden*. Wee are *Feathers* blowne in the *bluster* of our owne loose *passions*, and are meerely the

the *dalliance* of the flying *winds*. How many in an instant have *murthered* the *men* they have *lov'd*? as if *accident* were the *Fate* of things, and the *Epicure* had barked *truth*. How ardently can wee *affect* some, even beyond the desire of *dying* for them, when immediately one sudden *Ebullition* of *Choller*, shall render them extremely *offensive*? nay, *steepe* them in our *hat*, and *curse*s? Behold the *hold* which *Man* doth take of *Man*! tis lost in a *moment*, with but the *clacking* of the *tongue*, a *nod*, or *frowne*, or any such like *nothing*. We cancell *leagues* with *friends*, make new ones with our *enemies*, and breake them ere *concluded*. Our *Favorites* with the places alter. And our *hate* hath wings to *alight*, and *depart*. In our *diet*, how infinitely does the *variation* of *humors* dis-relish the *ill tasting pallate*? what to *day* we *raven* on, is the *rise* of the next *daies stomacke*. In our *recreations* how inconstantly *loving*: sometimes *affecting* the *noisefull hound*; sometimes the stiller *sport* of the *wing*; though ever ingaged to a *giddy variety*. In our apparell how *mutable*? as if *fashion* were a *god*, that needs would bee ador'd in *changes*. Our whole *life* is but a greater, and longer *child hood*. What *man living* would not dye with *anguish*, were he bound to follow another, in all his *unsteadfast motions*, which though they bee ever *turning*, yet are never *pleasing*, but when they proceed from the *native freedome* of the *soule*? which argues her *change* not more out of *object*, than her *selfe*. and the *humors* wherewith she is *compassed*. They first *flowing* to incite *Desire*, then *powred* out upon an *object*, dye in their

their *birth*, while more ſucceed them. Like *Souldiers* in a running *skirmiſh*, *come up*, *diſcharge*, *fall off*, *flye*, and *re-inforce* themſelves. Onely *order* is in their *proceedings*, while *confuſion* doth diſtract the *man*. Surely, there is nothing argues his *imperfection* more. For though the Nobler *Elements* be moſt *Motive*, and the *Earth* leaſt of all, which is yet *baſeſt*: yet are they never mutable, but as the *object* that they fix on makes them, nor doe they ever wander from that *quality*, wherewith *Nature* did at firſt *inveſt* them. But *man*, had hee no *object*, he would *change* alone; and even to ſuch things, as *Nature* did not once intend him. *Mindes* thus temper'd, wee uſe to call *too light*, as if they were *unequally* mixt, and the two nimble *Elements* had gotten the *predominance*. Certainely, the beſt is a noble *conſtancy*. For, *perfection* is immutable. But for things *imperfect*, *change* is the way to *perfect them*. It gets the name of *wilfulneſſe*, when it will not admit of a lawfull *change*, to the better. Therefore *Conſtancy* without *Knowledge*, cannot bee alwayes good. In things ill, 'tis not *vertue*, but an abſolute *Vice*. In all *changes*, I will have regard to theſe three things: *Gods approbation*, my *owne benefit*, and the *not-harming of my Neighbour*. Where the *change* is not a *fault*, I will never thinke it a *diſgrace*; though the great *Exchange*, the *world*, ſhould judge it ſo. Where it is a *fault*, I would be *conſtant*, though outward things ſhould wiſh my *turning*. He hath but a weake *warrant* for what he does, that hath onely the *fortune* to finde his bad *actions* plauſible.

Of

LV.

Of Logicke.

NOthing hath ſpoyl'd *Truth* more than the *Invention of Logicke*. It hath found out ſo many *diſtinctions*, that it inwraps *Reaſon* in a *miſt of doubts*. 'Tis *Reaſon* drawne into too fine a *thread*; tying up *Truth* in a twiſt of *words*, which being hard to *unlooſe*, carry her away as a *priſoner*. 'Tis a *net* to *intangle* her, or an *art inſtructing* you, how to tell a reaſonable *lye*. When *Diogenes* heard *Zeno* with ſubtile *Arguments*, proving that there was no *Motion*: he ſuddenly *ſtarts up*, and *walkes*. *Zeno* askes the *cauſe*? Saies he againe, *I but confute your reaſons*. Like an overcurious *workeman*, it hath ſought to make *Truth* ſo *excellent*, that it hath mar'd it. *Vives* ſayes, He doubts not but the *Devill* did invent it; it teaches to *oppoſe* the *truth*, and to be falſely *obſtinate*, ſo cunningly *delighting*, to put her to the *worſe*, by *deceit*. As a *Conceitiſt*, it hath laid on ſo many *colours*, that the *counterfeit* is more *various* than the *patterne*. It gives us ſo many *likes*, that we know not which is the *ſame*. *Truth in Logicall argu-ments*, is like a *Prince* in a *Maſque*, where are ſo many other *preſented* in the ſame *attire*, that we know not which is *hee*. And as wee know there is but one *Prince*, ſo wee know there is but one *Truth*; yet by *reaſon* of the *Maſque*, *Iudgement is diſtracted*, and *deceived*. There might be a double *reaſon*, why the

the *Areopagitæ* baniſh't *Stilpo*, for proving by his *Sophiſtry*, *Minerva* was no *Goddeſſe*. One, to ſhew their *diſlike* to the *Art*: another, that it was not fit, to ſuffer one to *wanton* with the *Gods*. Sure, howſoever men might firſt *invent* it, for the helpe of *truth*, it hath *prov'd* but a helpe to *wrangle*: and a thing to ſet the *minde* at *jarre* in it ſelfe: and doing nothing but confound *conceit*, it growes a *toy* to *laugh* at. Let me give you but one of our *owne*.

Naſcitur in tenebras animal, puer, inſcius, infans,
Conferat Oxonium ſe, citò fiet homo.

A thing borne blind, a child, and fooliſh too,
Shall be made man, if it to *Oxford* goe.

Ariſtarchus his *Quip*, may fall upon our *Times*: Heretofore (ſaies he) there were but *ſeven wiſe men*; and now it is hard to find the number of *fooles*. For every *man* will be a *Sophiſter*, and then hee thinkes hee's *wiſe*; though, I doubt, ſome will never be ſo, but by the help of *Logicke*. *Nature* her ſelfe makes every man a *Logician*: they that brought in the *Art*, have *preſented* us with one that hath *over-acted* her: and ſomething *ſtrain'd* her beyond her *genuine plaineneſſe*. But I ſpeake this of *Logicke* at large, for the pure *Art* is an *excellency*. Since all is in *uſe*, tis good to retaine it, that we may make *it* defend *us* againſt it *ſelfe*. There is no way to ſecure a *Mine*, but to *countermine*. Otherwiſe, like the *Art of Memory*, I thinke it ſpoyles the *Naturall*. How can it bee otherwiſe, when the *Invention of Man*, ſhall ſtrive

ſtrive with the *inveſtigation of ſupreme Nature?* In matters of *Religion*, I will make *Faith* my meanes to *aſcertaine*, though not *comprehend* them: For other *matters*, I will thinke ſimple *Nature* the beſt *Reaſon*, and naked *reaſon* the beſt *Logicke*. It may helpe me to *ſtrip off doubts*, but I would not have it helpe to *make* them.

LVI.

Of thoughtfulneſſe in miſery.

THe *unfortunate mans wiſdome*, is one of his greateſt *miſeries*. Vnleſſe it be as well able to *conquer* as *diſcerne*, it only ſhewes him but the *blacker face of mourning*. 'Tis no *commendation*, to have an *inſight* deepe in *Calamity*. It can ſhew him *miſchiefe* which a *Foole* ſees not; ſo helpe him to *vexation*, which hee cannot tell how to *cure*. In *Temporall* things, 'tis one great *happineſſe* to be free from *miſeries*: A next to *that*, is not to be *ſenſible* of *them*. There is a *comfort*, in ſeeing but the *ſhell of ſorrow*. And in my *opinion*, he does *wiſely*, that when griefe *preſents her ſelfe*, lets her weare a *vizor*, fairer, than her *naked skinne*. Certainly, 'tis a *felicity* to bee an *honeſt foole*, when the piercing *eye* of his *ſpirit*, ſhall not ſee into the *bowels* of his *attendant trouble*. I beleeve, our *eyes* would bee ever *winterly*, if wee gave them the *flow* but for every juſt *occaſion*. I like of *Solons courſe*, in *comforting* his conſtant *friend*: when taking him up to the top of a *Turret*, over-looking all

all the *piled buildings*, he bids him thinke, how many *Diſcontents* there had been in thoſe *houſes* ſince their *framing*, how many *are*, and how many *will be*. Then, if he can, to leave the *worlds calamities*, and *mourne* but for his *owne*. To *mourne* for none elſe, were *hardneſſe*, and *injuſtice*. To *mourne* for *all*, were *endleſſe*. The beſt way is, to *uncontract* the *brow*, and let the *worlds* mad *ſpleene* fret, for that wee ſmile in *woes*. *Sorrowes* are like *putri'd graves*, the *deeper* you digge, the *fuller* both of *ſtench*, and *horrour*. Though *conſideration* and a *foole* bee *contraries*, yet nothing increaſeth *miſery* like it. Who ever knew a *Foole* dye of a diſcontenting *melancholy*? So poore a *condition* is *Man ſalne to*, that even his *glory* is become his *puniſhment*: and the *rayes* of his *wiſedome*, light him but to feed thoſe *anguiſhes*, which the darkneſſe of his *mind* would cover. *Sorrowes* are not to bee entertain'd with hugges, and lengthned *complements*; but the caſt of the *eye*, and the put-by of the turning *hand*. Search not a *wound* too deep, leſt you make a *new one*. It was not ſpoke̅ without ſome *reaſon*, That *fortunate*, is better than *wiſe*; ſince whoſoever is *that*, ſhall bee thought to be *this*. For *vulgar eyes* judge rather, by the *event*, than the *intentiō*. And he that is *unfortunate*, though he be *wiſe*, ſhall find many, that will dew him, with at leſt ſuppoſed *folly*. This only is the *wiſe mans benefit*, as he ſees more *miſchiefes*: So he can curb more *paſſions*: and by this *meanes* hath *wit* enough, to endure his *paines* in *ſecrecy*. I would *looke* ſo farre into *croſſes*, as to cure the *preſent*, and prevent the *future*: But will never care for *ſearching* further,

ther, or indearing cares by thoughtfulneſſe. They are like *Charons Cave* in *Italy*, where you may enter a little *way*, without danger, and further perhaps with *benefit*, but going to the *end*, it ſtifles you. No *ſhip* but may be caſt away, by putting too far into *tempeſtuous Seas*.

LVII.

Of ill Company.

WE have no *enemy* like *baſe Company*: it kills both our *fame*, and our *ſoules*. It gives us *wounds*, which never will admit of *healing*: and is not onely *diſgracefull*, but *miſchievous*. Wer't thou a *King*, it would rob thee of thy *Royall Majeſty*; who would reverence thy *ſway*, when like *Nero*, thou ſhould'ſt *Taverne* out thy time with *Wantons*, triumph with *Minſtrels* in thy *Chariot*, and *preſent* thy ſelfe upon a *common Stage*, with the buskin'd *Tragœdian*, and the *Pantomime*? 'Tis like a *ſhip* new *trimmed*, whereſoever you but *touch*, it *ſoyles* you: and though you be *cleane*, when you enter, even a little *motion* will fill you with *defiled badges*. And then the *whiter* the *Swan* is, the more is the *black apparent*. How many have died *ignominiouſly*, and have uſed their laſt *breath*, onely to *complaine* of this; as the *Witch* that had *inchanted* them, to the *evils* that they now muſt *ſmart* for? 'tis an *Engine* wherewith the *Devill* is ever *practizing*, to lift *Man* out of *Vertues ſeat*, 'tis the *ſpirituall Whore*, which *toyes* the

the good *man* to his *soules undoing*. Certainely, if there be any *Dalilah* under *Heaven*, it is in bad *Society*. This will *binde us*, *betray us*, *blinde us*, *undoe us*. Many a man had beene *good* that is not, if hee had but kept *good company*. When the *Achates* of thy *life* shall be *ill*, who will not *imagine* thy *life* to bee so too? even *waters* change their *vertues*, by running thorow a *changed veyne*. No *man* but hath both *good* and *bad* in his *nature*, either of which, *fortifie*, as they meete with their *like*; or *decline*, as they find a *contrary*. When *Vice* runnes in a single *streame*, 'tis then a *passable shallow*: but when many of these shall fall into *one*, they swel a deeper *channell* to be *drown'd* in. *Good* and *wise associats*, are like *Princes* in defensive *Leagues*; one defends the other against *devices* of the common *Foe*. Lewd ones are like the *mistaken Lanthorne* in 88. which under *pretence* of guiding, will draw us unto *hazzard*, and losse among our *Enemies*. Nor was the *fiction* of the *Syrens* any other in the *Morall*, than pleasant wits, vitiated in *accustom'd lewdnesse*, who for that, were feigned to be *Monsters* of a parted *nature*, and with sweet tunes, intice men to *destruction*. Could my name bee *safe*, yet my *soule* were in danger; could my *soule* be *free*, yet my *fame* would suffer; were my *body* and *estate* secure, yet those other two (which are the purest *excellencies* of *Man*) are ever laid at the *stake*. I know, *Physicians* may converse with *sicke ones*, *uninfected*: but then, they must have *stronger Antidotes*, than their *Nature* gives them: else they themselves shall soone *stand in need*, of what themselves *once were*, *Physicians*.

One *rotted Apple*, will *infect* the *floore*. The *putri'd Grape*, corrupts the whole ſound *cluſter*. Though I be no *Hermite*, to ſit away my daies in a *dull Cell*, yet will I *chuſe* rather to have no *Companion*, than a *bad one*. If I have found any *good*, I will *cherriſh* them, as the *choyſe of men*: or as *Angels*, that are ſent for *Guardians*. If I have any *bad ones*, I will *ſtudy* to loſe them: leſt by keeping them, I loſe my *ſelfe* in the *end*.

LVIII.

That no man alwayes ſinnes unpuniſht.

WHen *David* ſaw the *delights* of the *wicked*, he is forced to flye to the *ſtop*, with a, *Fret not thy ſelfe, O my ſoule!* The *jollities* of the *villanous man*, *ſtagger the religious minde*: They *live*, as if they were *paſſing* thorow the *world* in *ſtate*: and the ſtreame of *proſperity* turning it ſelfe, to *rowle* with their applauded *waies*: when if we doe but looke to deſpiſed *vertue*, how *miſerable*, and how *ſtormy* is her *Sea*? Certainely, for the *preſent*, the *good man* ſeemes to be in the diſgrace of *Heaven*; He *ſmarts* and *pines*, and *ſadneth* his incombred *ſoule*, and *lives* as it were, in the *frowne*, and the *nod* of the *traducing world*. When the *Epicure* conſidered this, it made him to exclude the *Providence*. And ſurely to view the *vertuous*, with but *Natures* eyes, a man would think, they were things that *Nature envied*, or that the whole *world* were *deluded*, with a *poyſonous* lye,

in

in making onely the *vertuous happy*. 'Tis onely the *daring ſoule*, that *digeſting vice* in groſſe, climbes to the ſeat of *Honour*. *Innocence* is become a *ſtaire* to let others riſe to our *abuſe*, and not to raiſe our *ſelves* to *greatneſſe*. How rare is it to find one raiſed for his *ſober worth* and *vertue*? What was it but *Ioſephs* goodneſſe, that brought him to the *ſtockes* and *Irons*? Whereas if he had coap'd with his *Inticer*, 'tis like he might have *ſwamme* in *Gold*, and liv'd a lapling to the *ſilke*, and *dainties*. The *world* is ſo much *Knave*, that 'tis growne a *vice* to be *honeſt*. Men have removed the *Temple of Honour*, and have now ſet it, like an *arbour* in a *wilderneſſe*, where unleſſe we trace thoſe *devious waies*, there is no *hope* of finding it. Into what a *ſad complaint*, did theſe thoughts drive the weighty *Tragedian*?

Res humanas ordine nullo
Fortuna regit, ſpargitque manu
Munera cæca, pejora fovens.
Vincit ſanctos dira libido;
Fraus ſublimi regnat in aula;
Tradere turpi faſces populus
Gaudet: eoſdem colit, atque odit.
Triſtis virtus perverſa tulit
Præmia recti: Caſtos ſequitur
Mala paupertas, vitioque potens,
Regnat Adulter.

Bent to worſe, all humane waies
Quite at randome, *Fortune* ſwaies,
Her looſe *favours* blindly throwing.

Cruell *luſt* the *good man* kils;
Fraud the *Court* triumphant fils;
People *honours* ill beſtowing.
Then they hate, even thoſe they kiſſe.
Sad *worth* ill rewarded is;
And the *chaſte* are poore, while *Vice*
Lords it by *Adulteries*.

Were theſe *Ages* chain'd to *ours*? Or why complaine we that the *World* is *worſe*, when fifteene hundred yeeres ſpace cannot (for ought I ſee) alter the *condition*? But, what is paſt, we *forget*; what is to come, we *know not*: ſo we only take a ſpleene at the *preſent*. 'Tis true, *Vice* braves with a *boldned face*, and would make one thinke, it were only ſhe that the *doting World* had choſe, to make a *Favorite* on. But, if we have time for *obſervation*, wee ſhall ſee her *halting* with a *Crutch*, and *ſhame*. Have wee not ſeene the *vices* of the *aged Father*, puniſht in the *Sonne* when he hath been aged too? I am perſwaded there be few *notorious vices*, but even in this *world* have a certaine *puniſhment*, although we cannot know it. *God* (for the moſt part) doth neither *puniſh*, nor *bleſſe* at once, but by *degrees*, & *warnings*. The *world* is ſo full of *changings*, that 'tis *rare* for one *man*, to ſee the *compleated race* of another. We live not long enough to obſerve how the *Iudgements* of the *Iuſteſt God*, doe walke their rounds in *ſtroking*. Neither alwaies are we able. Some of *Gods corrections* are in the *night*, and *cloſetted*. Every *offence* meets not with a *market-laſh*. Private *puniſhments* ſometimes gripe a *man* within, while men

men looking on the outer *face* of *things*, see not how they smart in *secret*. And sometimes those are deepe wounds to one *man*, that would bee *balme* and *Physicke* to another. There are no *Temporall blessings*, but are sometimes had in the *nature* of *perverted curses*. And surely al those *creatures* that *God* hath put *subordinate* to Man, as they (like inferior servants) obey him while he is a *true steward*: so when hee growes to injure his great *Master*, they send up *complaints* against him, and forsake him; chusing rather to be true to their *maker*, *God*, than assisting to the *vilenesse* of his *falsest steward*, *Man*. So that though men by *lewd waies*, may start into a short *preferment*, yet sure there is a secret *chaine* in *Nature*, which drawes the *Universall* to revenge a *vice*. Examples might be infinite; every *Story* is a *Chronicle* of this *Truth*, and the whole *World* but the *practice*. How many *families* doe we daily see, wherein a *whipping hand* scourgeth the streame of all their *lineal bloods*? As if there were *curses hereditary* with the *Lands* their *Fathers* left them. I confesse, they have a *valour* beyond mine, that dare forrage in the wildes of *vice*. Howsoever I might for a while, in my selfe, *sleepe* with a *dumbe conscience*; yet I cannot thinke, the *All of Creatures* would so much crosse the *current* of their *natures*, as to let me go unpunished. And, which is more than this, I find a *soule* within my *soule*, which tels me, that I doe *unnobly*, while I love *sinne* more for the *pleasure* of it, than I doe *Vertue*, for the *animall sweetnesse* that she yeelds in her selfe.

LIX.

Of Opinion.

NOt any *Earthly pleasure* is so essentially *full* in it selfe but that even *bare conceit* may returne it much *distastefull*. The *World* is wholly set upon the *Gad* and *waving*: meere *Opinion* is the *Genius*, and as it were, the *foundation* of all *temporall happinesse*. How often doe wee see men pleased with *Contraries*? As if they parted the *fights* and *frayes* of *Nature*; every one maintaining the *Faction* which he liketh. One delighteth in *Mirth*, and the *friskings* of an *Airy soule*: another findeth *something amiable* in the saddest looke of *Melancholy*. This man loves the *free* and *open-handed*; that the *grasped fist*, and *frugal sparing*. I go to the *market*, & see one *buying*, another *selling*, both are exercised in things *different*, yet either pleas'd with his *own*; when I standing by, thinke it my *happinesse*, that I doe not either of these. And in all these, nothing frames *content* so much as *imagination*. *Opinion* is the *shop* of *pleasures*, where all *humane felicities* are forged, and receive their *birth*. Nor is their *end* unlike their *begining*: for, as they are begot out of an *airy phantasme*; so they dye in a *fume*, and disperse into *nothing*. Even those things which in them carry a shew of *reason*, and wherein (if *truth* bee Iudge) wee may discerne *solidity*, are made *placide* or *di gustfull*, as *fond Opinion* catches them. *Opinion* guides all our *passions* and *affections*, or at

least,

leaſt, begets them. It makes us *love*, and *hate*, and *hope*, and *feare*, and *vary*: for, every thing wee light upon, is as we apprehend it. And though wee know it bee nothing, but *An uncertaine prejudgement of the mind*, miſ-informed by the *outward ſenſes*; yet we ſee it can worke wonders. It hath *untongued* ſome on the ſudden: and from ſome hath ſnatcht their *naturall abilities*. Like *Lightning*, it can ſtrike the *Childe* in the *wombe*, and kill it ere 'tis worlded: when the *mother* ſhall remaine unhurt. It can caſt a man into *ſpeedy diſeaſes*, and can as ſoone *recure* him. I have knowne ſome, but *conceiting* they have taken a *Potion*, have *found* the *operation*, as if they had taken it *indeed*. If wee beleeve *Pliny*, it can change the *Sex*: who reports himſelfe to have ſeene it; and the *running Montaigne* ſpeakes of ſuch another. Nor is it onely thus powerfull, when the *object* of the *minde* is at *home* in our *ſelves*; but alſo when it lights on things *abroad*, and *apart*. *Opinion* makes *Women faire*, and *Men lovely*: *Opinion* makes *men wiſe*, *valiant*, *rich*, nay, *any thing*. And whatſoever it can doe on one ſide to *pleaſe*, and *flatter* us; it can doe the ſame on the other ſide, to *moleſt* and *grieve* us. As if every man had a *ſeverall ſeeming truth* in his *ſoule*, which if he followes, can for a time render him, either *happy*, or *miſerable*. Here lies all the *difference*; If we light on things but *ſeeming*, our *felicity* fades, if on things *certaine* and *eternall*, it *continnes*. 'Tis ſure, we ſhould bring all *opinions* to *Reaſon*, and *true Iudgement*, there to receive their *doome* of *admittance* or *ejection*: but even that, by

the former is often *seduced*, and the grounds that wee follow, are *erronious*, and *false*. I will never therefore wonder much at any man, that I see swayed with *particular affections*, to things *sublunary*. There are not more *objects* of the *minde*, than *dispositions*. Many things I may *love*, that I can yeeld no *reason* for: or if I doe, perhaps *Opinion* makes me coine that for a *reason*, which another will not assent unto. How vaine then are those, that assuming a *liberty* to themselves, would yet tie al men to their *Tenents*? Conjuring al men to the trace of their *steps*; when it may be, what is *Truth* to them, is *error* to another as wise. I like not men that will be *Gods*, and have their *Iudgements* absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my *mind* informes mee, let me never desire to take away the like from *another*. If *faire arguments* may perswade, I shall with quiet shew what *grounds* doe leade mee. If those cannot satisfie, I thinke I may wish any man to satisfie his *owne conscience*. For that, I suppose, will beare him out, in the things that it justly approves. Why should any man be *violent* for *that*, which is more diverse, than the *wandring Iudgements* of the *hurrying vulgar*, more changing than the *love of inconstant women*: more *multivarious* than the *sports* and *playes* of *Nature*, which are every minute *fluctuous*, and returning in their *new varieties*? The best *guide* that I would chuse, is the *reason of an honest man*: which I take to be a *right-informed conscience*: and as for *Bookes*, which many rely on, they shall be to mee, as *discourses* but of *private men*, that must bee judged

ged by *Religion*, and *Reason*; so not to tye me, unlesse *these* and my *conscience* joyne, in the *consent* with them.

LX.

That we are govern'd by a power above us.

THat which we either *desire* or *feare*, I observe, doth *seldome happen*: but something that wee think not on, doth for the most part *intervene*, and *conclude*: or if it doe fall out as we expect; it is not till we have given over the *search*, and are almost out of thought of *finding* it. *Fortunes* befall us *unawares*, and *mischiefes* when we thinke them *scaped*. Thus *Cambyses*, when *Cyrus* had been *King of the Boyes*, hee thought the *predictions* of his *rule* fulfilled, and that he now might sit and *sleep* in his *Throne*; when suddenly he was awaked to *ruine*. So, *Sarah* was *fruitfull*, when she could not *beleeve* it: and *Zachary* had a *Sonne*, when he was stooped into *yeeres*, and had left *hoping* it. When *Diocletian* thought himselfe *diluded* by the *Prophecy*, having kil'd many *wild Bores*, at last he lights on the right *Aper*, after whose *death* hee obtained the *Empire*. As if *God*, in the *generall* would teach, that we are not wise enough to chuse for our *selves*, and therefore would leade us to a *dependancy* on him. Wherein he does like *wise Princes*, who feed not the *expectations* of *favorites* that are apt to *presume*; but often *crosse* them in their *hopes* and *feares*: ther-

by

by, to tye them faſter in their *duty* and *reverence*, to the *hand* that giveth. And certainely, wee ſhall finde this *infallible*: Though *God* gives not our *deſires*, yet hee alwaies imparts to our *profits*. How infinitely ſhould wee intangle our ſelves, if wee could *ſit downe*, and obtaine our *wiſhes*? Doe wee not often wiſh that, which we after ſee would be our *confuſion*? and is not this, becauſe wee ignorantly follow the *fleſh*, the *body*, and the *blinded appetite*, which looke to nothing, but the *ſhell* and *out-ſide*? Whereas *God* reſpecteth the *Soule*, and diſtributeth his *favor*, for the good of *that*, and his *glory*. *God ſees* and *knowes* our *hearts*, and things to come in *certainty*: *Wee*, but onely by our *weake collections*, which doe often *faile* of finding *truth*, in the *Cloud* of the *Worlds occaſions*. No man would be more *miſerable*, than he that ſhould cut out his *owne wayes*. What a *ſpecious ſhew* carried *Mydas* his *wiſh* with it, and how it paid him with *ruine* at laſt! Surely, *God* will worke alone, and *Man* muſt not be of his *counſell*. Nothing puls *deſtruction* on him ſooner, than when he preſumes to part the *Empire* with *God*. If wee can be *patient*, *God* will bee *profitable*: but the *time* and *meanes* wee muſt leave to him, not challenge to our ſelves. Neither muſt our owne *indevours* wholly bee laid in the *couch* to *laze*. The *Morall* of the *Tale* is a kind of an *inſtructive Satyre*, when the *Carter* praied in vaine to *Iupiter*, becauſe hee did not put his *ſhoulder* to the *wheele*. Doe thy part with thy *induſtry*, and let *God* point the *event*. I have ſeene *matters* fall out ſo *unexpectedly*, that they have tutor'd mee in all

affaires,

affaires, neither to *despaire* nor *presume*: Not to *despaire*, for *God* can *helpe me*: Not to *presume*: for *God* can *crosse* me. It is said of *Marius*, that *one day* made him *Emperour*; the next saw him *rule*, and the third he was *slaine* of the *Souldiers*. I will never *despaire*, 'cause I have a *God*; I will never *presume*, 'cause I am but a *Man*. *Seneca* ha's *counsell*, which I hold is worth the *following*.

Nemo confidat nimium secundis,
Nemo desperet meliora lapsus;
Miscet haec illis, prohibetq; Clotho
stare fortunam.

Let none false, despaire to rise,
Nor trust too much prosperities;
Clotho mingling both, commands
that neither stands.

Ipsa dis quando, parcis quando, horrea.

LXI.

Of misery after joy.

AS it is in *Spirituall proceedings*, better never to have beene *righteous*, than after *righteousnesse*, to become *Apostate*: So in *temporal*, it is better never to have beene *happy*, than after *happinesse*, to be drown'd in *calamities*. Of all *objects* of *sorrow*, a *distressed King* is the most *pittifull*, because it presents us most the *frailty* of *Humanity*; and cannot but most midnight the *soule* of him that is false.

The

The *ſorrowes* of a *depoſed King*, are like the *diſtorquements* of a *darted conſcience*; which none can know, but hee that hath loſt a *Crowne*. Who would not have *wept*, with our *Second Edward*, when his *Princely teares* were all the *warme water*, his *Butchers* would allow to *ſhave* him with? when the *hedge* was his *cloth of State*; and his *Throne*, the *humble*, though the *honour'd ground*. *Miſery* after *Ioy*, is killing as a *ſudden Dampe*; terrible, as *fire* in the *night*, that ſtartles us from a *pleaſing repoſe*. *Sudden Changes*, though to *good*, are *troubleſome*, eſpecially if they be *extreme*: but when they plunge us into *worſe*, they are then the *Strapadoes* of a *humane ſoule*. A *palpable darkeneſſe* in a *Summers day*, would bee a diſmall thing. *Diſeaſes*, when they doe happen, are moſt violent in the *ſtrongeſt conſtitutions*. Hee that meets with *plagues* after a *long proſperity*, hath beene but *ſtarted*, like a *beaſt*, for *ſlaughter*: he is more *molliſied*, onely to make the paines and pangs of *Death* more *ſenſible*: as if we ſhould firſt *ſupple* a *limme* with *oyles* and *unguents*; and then dab it with *aqua fortis*, *toothed waters*, and *corroding Minerals*. It is better never to have beene *faire*, than after a *rare beauty*, to grow into *uglineſſe*. The *memory* of thy *bleſſednеſſe*, makes thy miſery more deplorable; which like *dead Beere*, is never more diſtaſtefull, than after a *Banquet* of *ſweet meates*. Nor is their *miſery* medely *opinionate*, but truly argued from the meaſure of *pitty*, that it meets with from *others*. For you may *period upon this*; That where there is the *moſt pitty* from *others*, there is the *greateſt miſery* in the *party pitied*. Toward

thoſe

those that have beene *alwaies poore*, *pitty* is not so *passionate*: for they have had no *elevation* to make their *depression* seeme the *greater wonder*. The *tann'd Slave*, that hath ever tug'd at the *Oare*, by a long use, hath mingled *misery* with *Nature*; that he can now endure it uncomplaining. But when a *soft Wanton* comes to the *Galley*, every *stroake* is a *wounding Speare* in the *side*. I wonder not to heare *deposed Dionysius* say, *They are happy, that have beene unblest from their youth*. It was the opinion of *Diogenes*, that the most lamentable *spectacle* that the *world* had, was an *old man* in misery: whereunto, not onely a *present impotency*, but also a remembrance of a *passed youth*, gave addition. Even the absence alone of foregone *joy*, is troublesome: how much more, when they winde downeward, into *smartfull extremities*? *Death* and *Darkenesse* both are but *Privations*; yet wee see how deepe they terrifie. *Waxe*, when it takes a *second impression*, receives it not without a *new passion*, and more *violence*: so the *mind*, reteining the *prints* of *Joy*, suffereth a new *Creation*, in admitting a *contrary stampe*. For *Bajazet* to change his *Seraglio* for a *Cage*; for *Valerian* to become a *Foot-stoole* to his *proud foe*; are *calamities* that challenge the *tributes* of a *bleeding eye*. I shall pitty any man that meets with *misery*; but they that find it after continuall *blessednesse*, are so much the more to be bewailed, by how much they are unacquainted with the gloominesse of *downfalls*. That which *Sophonisba* return'd, when her *Husband* sent her *poyson*, the day after her *Wedding*, as it shew'd *resolution* in her, so

it

it incites *compaſſion* in others: *Hoc nuntia, melius me moriturum fuiſſe, ſi non in funere meo nupſiſſem. Tell him, I had dyde more willingly, if I had not met my Grave in Marriage.*

LXII.

Of the temper of Affections.

EVery *Man* is a vaſt and *ſpacious Sea*: his *paſſions* are the *winds*, that ſwell him in *diſturbant waves*: How he *tumbles*, and *roares*, and *fomes*, when they in their fury trouble him! Sometimes the *weſt* of *pleaſure*, fanning in *luxurious gales*: ſometimes the *madded South*, *ſorrowfull*, and full of *Teares*: ſometimes the *ſharpe East*, piercing with a *teſty ſpleene*: ſometimes the violent and *bluſtering North*, ſwelling the *cheeke*, with the *Anger's boyling blood*. Any of theſe, in *extremes*, make it become *unnavigable*, and full of *danger* to the *Veſſell* that ſhall coaſt upon it. When theſe are too lowd, 'tis *perillous*: but when againe they are all laid in the ſtilneſſe of an immotive *Calme*, 'tis *uſeleſſe*: and though it be not ſo ready to hurt, yet it is far from *availing*, to the *profit* of a *Voyage*: and the *paſſengers* may ſooner *famiſh*, by being *becalmed*, then *coaſt* it over for the *advantage* of their *Mart*. Surely, the man that is alwaies *ſtill* and *repoſed* in his *owne thoughts*, though they be *good*, is but a peece of *deadned charity*. I care not for the *planed Stoicke*, there is a *Sect* betweene him and the *Epicure*. An *unmoved man*,

is

is but a *motive statue*; harmlesse and unprofitable. Indeed *fury* is farre the *worser extreme*; for, besides the trouble it puts on the *company*, it alwaies delivers the *author* into *successive mischiefs*. He that is *raging* in one thing, seeds his businesse with many *inconveniencies*. *Fury* is like *false position* in a *verse*, at least nine *faults* together.

Sayes *Claudian*,

——*Caret eventu nimius furor:*——

——*Rage* knowes not when, nor how to end.

I like neither a *devouring Stork*, nor a *Iupiters Log*. *Man* is not fit for *conversatiõ*, neither when his *passions* hurry him in a *hideous distemper*; nor when they are all laid in a *silent* and *unstirring calme*. The *Sea* is best in a pretty *pleasant Gale*: and so is *Man*, when his *passions* are alive, without *raging*. GOD implanted *passions* in the *Soule*, as he gave his *Talents* in the *Gospell*, neither to be *lavisht* out impetuously, nor to be *buried* in *Napkins*. Wee may warme us at these *fires*, though we burne not. *Man* without any, is no better than a *speaking Stone*. *Cato's* best *Emperor* was, *qui potuit imperare affectus*; he does not say, *deponere*. *Moderate passions*, are the most *affable expressions* of *humanity*: without which the *Soule* findes nothing like it selfe to *love*. A *Horse* too hot and fiery, is the danger of his *Rider*: one too *dull*, is his trouble: And as the *first* will not *endure* any *man*: so the last wil be *indur'd* by no man.

man. One will ſuffer none to *hacke him*; the other admits each childe to *abuſe him*. A *good temper* is a ſure *expreſſion* of a *well-compos'd Soule*. Our *wilde paſſions* are like ſo many *Lawyers*, wrangling and bauling at a *Barre*; *Diſcretion* is the *Lord-Keeper of Man*, that ſits as *Iudge*, and moderates their *conteſtations*. Too great a *ſpirit* in a man borne to *poore meanes*, is like a *high-heeld ſhooe*, to one of meane *ſtature*: It advanceth his *proportion*, but is ready to fit him with *falls*. The *flat ſole* walkes more ſure, though it abates his *gracefulneſſe*: yet, being too *low*, it is ſubject to bemyre the *foote*. A little *elevation*, is the beſt *mediocrity*: 'tis both raiſed from the *Earth*, and ſure: and for his *tallneſſe*, it diſpoſeth it to an equall *competency*. I will neither walke ſo *lifted*, as to occaſion *falling*; nor ſo *dejected*, as at every ſtep to take *ſoyle*. As I care not for being *powder*, or the *cap of the Company*; ſo I would not bee *Earth*, or the *Fooles Foot-ball*.

LXIII.

That Religion is the beſt guide.

NO man lives *cõveniently*, unleſſe he propounds ſomething, that may bound the whole way of his *actions*. There muſt be ſomething for him to flye to, beyond the reach of his *cavelling ſenſes*, and *corrupted Reaſon*: otherwiſe, hee ſhall waver in his wayes, and over bee in a *doubtfull unſetledneſſe*.

If

If hee takes *policy*, that is both *endleſſe* and *vncertaine*: and many times depends more upon the *circumſtance*, than the *maine Act*. What to day is *good*, is to morrow *unſaving*: when *benefits one*, may be the *vndoing of another*; though to an *eye* that is not *curious*, the matter may appeare the *ſame*. How like the *Aſſe* it ſhow'd, when hee thought by leaping in his *Maſters lap*, to be made much on, becauſe hee had ſeene the *Dogge* doe the like, before him? Beſides, *Policy* is not a *Flower* growing in every mans *Garden*. All the *World* is not *wit* and *Stratagem*. If it were, *Policy* is but a *ſight of wit*, a *braine Warre*: and in all *Warres*, how doubtfull, how inconſtant is *Victory*? *Oedipus* his cunning in reſolving the *Sphinxes Riddle*, did but betray him to the fatal *marriage* of his *mother*. *Palamedes* found out *Vlyſſes* fained *madneſſe*; and *Vlyſſes* after, by *hidden gold*, and *forged Letters*, found *meanes* to have him *ſtoned*, even while hee made ſhew of *defending* him. No man has a *Monopoly* of *craft* alone. Again, in *private men* it is infinitely *ſhortned*; both in reſpect of *meanes* and *lawfulnes*. Even thoſe that have allowed *deceit* lawfull in *Princes*, have yet condemn'd it as *vicious* in *private perſons*. And beleeve it, *Policy* runnes ſmootheſt, when it turnes upon a *golden hinge*: without the ſupply of *meanes*, 'tis but like a *Clocke* without a *weight* to ſet it going: *Curious workmanſhip*, but it wants a *mover*. If a man takes *Nature*, ſhe is both *obſcure* and *inſufficient*: and will with a *pleaſing breath*, waft us into *Mare mortuum*. Nay, *ſhe* that before *man* fell, was his ſufficient *Genius*, is ſince become his *Paraſite*, that

ſmoothing his *ſenſes*, ſerves them, as the *tyrannous Emperour* did his *ſervants*, let them fall into a *chamber* fill'd with *Roſes*; that being *ſmother'd* in them, they might meet the *bitterneſſe* of *Death*, in *ſweetneſſe*. Nor is *Nature* for the moſt part, without the overbearing of *predominant humours*. *Cicero* is in one place doubtfull, whether ſhee be a *mother*, or a *ſtep-dame*; ſhee is ſometimes ſo weighing a man to *extremities*. Nor, if ſhee were able, could wee have her *pure* alone. *Cuſtome* hath ſo mingled her with *Art*, that wee can hardly ſever her: if wee doe, wee ſhall ſo differ from the *World*, as wee ſhall but by it, make our ſelves a *prey* to the *nature* that is *arted* with the ſubtilties of *time* & *practice*. Eyther of theſe are but *ſinking floores*, that will faile us, when our weight is on them. *Reaſon* is contradicting, and ſo is *Nature*, and ſo is *Religion*, if we meaſure it by either of theſe. But *Faith* being the *rule* of that, placeth it above the *cavils* of *Imagination*, and ſo ſubjecteth both the other to *it*. This being above *all*, is that onely, which giving *limits* to all our *actions*, can confine us to a *ſettled reſt*. *Policy* governes the *World*; *Nature*, *Policy*: but *Religion*, *All*. And as we ſeldome ſee thoſe *Kingdomes* govern'd by *Vice-Roy's*, flouriſh like thoſe where the *Prince* is preſent in *perſon*: So, we never finde *Policy* or *Nature*, to keepe a man in that quiet, which *Religion* can. The two firſt I may uſe as *Counſellors*: heare what they ſay, and weigh it: but the *laſt* muſt bee my *Soveraigne*. They are to *Religion*, as *Apochrypha* to the *Bible*: They are *good things*, may bee *bound up*, and *read*

with

with it: but must bee rejected, when they crosse the *Text Canonicall*. *GOD* is the *Summit* of *mans happinesse*: *Religion* is the *way*. Till wee arrive at *him*, wee are but *vapours*, transported by *unconstant VVinds*.

LXIIII.

Of the Soule.

HOw infinitely is *Man* distracted about *himselfe*? Nay, even about that which makes him capable of that *distraction*; his *Soule*? Some have thought it of the nature of *fire*, a hot subtill *body*, dispersing it selfe into *rayes*, and *fiery Atomes*; as *Democritus*, and some of the *Stoickes*. Others have thought it *ayre*; as *Diogenes*, and *Varro*, and others. *Epicurus* makes it a *Spirit*, mixt of *fire* and *ayre*. Some would have every *Element* a *parent* of a *Soule* separately: so every *Man* should have many distinct *Soules*, according to the *principles* of his *composition*. Some have call'd it *an undermined vertue*; some, *a selfe-moving number*; some, *a Quint-essence*. Others have defin'd it to be nothing but a *Harmony*, conflated by the most even composure of the *foure Elements* in *man*. And for this, one might thus argue: The *Body* is before the *Soule*; and till the *Body* bee perfect, the *Soule* appeares not: as if the perfection of the *body*, in his even *contemperation*, were the *generation* of the *soule* within it. The *soule* also changeth with the *body*: It is not childish

in *Infancy*, luxurious and unbounded in *Youth*, vigorous and discerning in the *strength of Man*, froward and doting in the *declining age* of his *life*? For, that which in *old men* we call *transcending wisdome*, is *more correction* by *long observation*, and *experience* of things without them, than the genuine vigour of *Iudgement* in themselves. Hence some wise *Princes* have beene carefull, neither to chuse a *greene head*, nor one that is worne with *age*, for *Councell*. Next, wee see the *soule* following the temperature of the *body*; nay, even the *desires* of it, generated by the *present* constitution of the *body*: as in *longing* after things that please our *humours*, and are agreeable to their *defect* or *excesse*: Doth not the distemper of the *body* insaniate the *soule*? What is *madnesse*, but *Mania*, and the exuberancie and pride of the *blood*? And when againe they meane to cure the *soule*, doe they not begin with *Doses*, and *Potions*, and *Prescriptions* to the *body*? *Iohannes de Combis* cites *Augustine*, saying, *Anima est omnium similitudo*: because it can fancy to it selfe, the shape of whatsoever appeares. But for all these, I could never meet with any, that could give it so in an *absolute Definition*, that another or himselfe could conceive it: which argues, that to all these, there is something sure *immortall* and *transcending*, infus'd from a supernall *Power*. *Cicero* is their *divine*, where he sayes, *Credo Deum immortalem, sparsisse animos in humana corpora*: and where hee sayes againe, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere: cum exissent ex iis, emori*: *I could never thinke*

soules

ſoules to live in mortall bodies, to dye when they depart them. Seneca does raiſe it higher, and askes, *Quid aliud voces hunc, quam Deum, in corpore humano hoſpitantem? What other canſt thou thinke it, but a God, inning in the fleſh of man?* The *Conſcience*, the *Character* of a *God* ſtampt in it, and the apprehenſion of *Eternity*, doe all prove it a *ſhoot of everlaſtingneſſe*. For though I doubt whether I may bee of their opinion, who utterly take away all *reaſon* from *Beaſts*: yet I verely beleeve, theſe are things, that were never *inſtincted* in them. *Man* hath theſe things in *grant* onely: whereby the *Soule* doth ſeeme *immortall*; and by this ſeeming, is proved to bee ſo indeed: Elſe *ſeeming* ſhould bee better than *certainty*; and *falſhood* better than *Truth*; which cannot bee. Therefore they which ſay the *Soule* is not immortall; yet that 'tis, good men ſhould thinke it ſo, thereby to be awed from *vice*, and incited to *vertue*; even by that *Argument*, argue againſt themſelves. They that beleeve it not, let them doe as *Philoſophers* wiſh *them* to doe, that deny the *fire* to bee hot, becauſe they ſee not the meanes that make it ſo: let them be *caſt into it*, and then heare if they will *deny*: ſo let them that *deny* the *immortality of the Soule*, bee immerged in the horrours of a *vulned conſcience*, then let them tell mee what they *beleeve*. 'Tis certaine, *Man* hath a *Soule*; and as certaine, that it is *immortall*. But *what*, and *how* it is, in the *perfect nature* and *ſubſtance* of it; I confeſſe, my *humane reaſon* could never ſo informe me, as I could fully explaine it to my owne *apprehenſion*. O my *GOD*! what a *clod*

of *moving ignorance* is *Man*! when all his *industry* cannot instruct him, what himselfe is; when hee knowes not *that*, whereby he knowes that he does not know it. Let him study, and think, and invent, and search the very *inwards* of obscured *nature*, he is yet to seeke, how to define this *inexplicable*, *immortall*, *incorporeall wonder*: This *Ray* of *Thee*; this *emanation* of thy *Deity*. Let it then be sufficient, that *GOD* hath given me a *Soule*, and that my *eternall welfare* depends upon it: though hee bee not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I think both *Seneca* and *Cicero* say trueſt, when they are of opinion, that *Man* cannot know what the *Soule* is. Nor indeed need any man wonder at it: Since hee may know, whatsoever is created by a *Superiour power*, suffers a *Compoſure*, but cannot know it: becauſe it was done, before it selfe was. *man*, though he hath *Materials*, cannot make any thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made: yet it is without *defect*, in respect of the *end* 'tis intended for. How then can *man* thinke to know *himselfe*, when both his *Materials* and *Compoſure*, are both created and formed by a *ſupreme power*, that did it without his *coöperation*? Why should I strive to *know that*, which I *know* I cannot *know*? Can a man dissect an *Atome*? can hee graspe a *flame*? or hold and seize on *Lightenings*? I am sure I have *Soule*: and am commanded to keepe it from *ſinne*. O Thou, the *GOD* of that *little God* with mee, my *Soule*! let mee doe *that*, and I know, thou art not such an *Enemy* to *ignorance* in *Man*, but that thou art better pleaſed with

with his *admiration* of the *Secrets*, than his *search* of them.

LXV.

Of Courteſies.

NOthing inſlaveth a *gratefull Nature*, like a *free benefit*. Hee that conferres it on mee, ſteales mee from my *ſelfe*: and in one and the ſame *Act*, makes me his *Vaſſaile*, and himſelfe my *King*. To a *diſpoſition* that hath *worth* in it, 'tis the moſt tirannicall Warre in the *World*: for, it takes the *mind* a *priſoner*: and till the *Ranſome* be paid by a like *returne*, 'tis kept in *fetters*, and conſtrained to *love*, to *ſerve*, and to be *ready*, as the *Conquerer* deſires it. Hee that hath requited a *Benefit*, hath redeemed himſelfe out of *priſon*: and, like a man out of debt, is *free*. For, *Courteſies* to *Noble minds*, are the moſt extreme *extortions* that can bee. *Favours* thus imparted, are not *Gifts*, but *Purchaſes*, that buy men out of their *owne liberty*. *Violence* and *compulſion*, are not halfe ſo dangerous. Theſe beſiege us openly, give us leave to looke to our ſelves, to collect our *forces*, and re-fortifie, where we are ſenſible of our own *weakeneſſes*: nay they ſometimes befriend us, and raiſe our *fortitude* higher, than their higheſt *braves*. But the other, undermine us, by a fawning *Stratagem*: and if we be *Enemies*, they make us lay downe our *Weapons*, and take up *Love*. Thus the *Macedonian* proved himſelfe a better *Phyſician*

for *calumny*, by his *bounties*; than his *Philosophers*, by their *grave advisements*. They make of an *Enemy*, a *Subject*; of a *Subject*, a *Sonne*. A *Crowne* is safer kept by *benefits*, than *Armes*. *Melius beneficiis Imperium custoditur quam Armis*. The *golden Sword* can conquer more than *steel* ones: and when *these* shall cause a *lowder cry*, *that* shall silence the *barking tongue*. There is nothing addes so much to the *greatnesse* of a *King*, as that hee hath wherewith to make *friends* at his pleasure. Yet even in this, he playes but the *Royall Merchant*, that putting no condition in his *Bargain*, is dealt with in the same way: so for a *petty benefit*, hee often gets an *inestimable friend*. For, *Benefits* binding up our *bodies*, take away our *soules* for the *giver*. I know not that I am ever sadder, than when I am forced to accept *courtesies*, that I cannot requite. If ever I should affect *in-justice*, it should be in this, that I might doe *courtesies*, and receive none. What a brave height doe they flye in, that like *Gods*, can binde *all* to them, and they be tyed to *none*! But indeed, it is for a *God* alone. How *heroicall* was it in *Alexander Severus*, who used to chide those hee had done nothing for, for not asking? demanding of them, if they thought it fit, hee should be still in their *debt*: or that they should have cause to *complaine* of him when hee was gone. Certainely, as it is a *transcending happinesse* to be able to *shine* to all; so, I must reckon it one of the *greatest miseries* upon *earth*, wholy to depend upon *others favours*: and a next to this, is to *receive* them. They are *graines* cast into *rich ground*, which makes it selfe sterile,

ſterile, by yeelding ſuch a *large increaſe*. *Gifts* are the greateſt *Vſury*; becauſe a two-fold *retribution* is an *urged effect*, that a *Noble nature* promptes us to. And ſurely, if the *generous man* conſiders, hee ſhall finde he payes not ſo much for any thing, as hee does for what is given him. I would not if I could, receive *favours* of my *friends*, unleſſe I could re-render them. If I muſt, I will ever have a *ready mind*, though my *hand* bee ſhortned. As I thinke there be many, will not have all they may: So I think there are few, can requite all they have: and none, but ſometimes muſt receive ſome. *God* hath made none *Abſolute*. The *Rich* depends upon the *Poore*, as well as does the *Poore* on him. The *world* is but a more *magnificent building*: all the *ſtones* are graduately *continented*, and there is none that ſubſiſteth alone.

LXVI.

Of a Mans ſelfe.

WEe ever carry our *greateſt enemy* within us. There was never a *ſounder truth*, than *Nemo læditur niſi à ſeipſo*. Had we the true reynes of our owne *paſſions* and *affections*, *outward occaſions* might exerciſe our *vertues*, but not injure them. There is a way to be *wiſe* and *good* in ſpight of *occaſions*. We goe abroad, and ſondry complaine, that wee meet with *wrongs*; as if we could croſſe the *Proverbe*, and prove, that they may be offered to a

willing

willing preparednesse. Others cannot draw us into *inconveniencies*, if we helpe not our selves forward. 'Tis our *inside* that undoes us. Therfore saies *Machiavell*, *A Prince ought to know the tempers of men, that hee may fit them with baits, and winde them to his owne ends*. A *Curtezan* cannot hurt thee, unlesse there lyes a *Letcher* in thy *heart*. When men *plot* upon us, to *intrappe* and *snare* us, they doe but second our *inclinations*: and if they did not see a kinde of *invitement* from our selves, they would never dare to beginne. When *Cyrus* besought the *Lacedemonians* to enter *league* with *him*, rather than *Artaxerxes*: hee onely tels them, he had a *greater heart* than his *Brother*, and could beare his *drinke* better: For hee knew, they loved men *generous* and *hardy*: so by making himselfe like them, hee thought to winne their *liking*. When men happen upon things that goe against the *Genius* of the *minde*, then they worke in vaine: but when others *flatteries* shall joyne with the *great flatterer* a *mans selfe*; hee is then in the way to be wrought upon. 'Tis sure, there is sometimes a *selfe constancy*, that is not temptable. In *Athens* there may be one *Phocion*, to refuse the *gold* of *Harpalus* and *Alexander*. But this indeed is rare, & worthy his magnifying *Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna despiciens*. Otherwise, it is we onely, that ruine our selves: if not *totally*, yet *primarily*. If wee doe *ill compulsively*, we are cleered by the *violence*. In the judgement of an *upright soule*, a man is not *guilty* of that which he cannot *avoid*, (I meane, in *civill matters*.) There is no *mischiefe* that wee fall into but

that

that we our ſelves are at leaſt a *coadjutive cauſe*, and doe helpe to further the *thing*. A mans *owne heart* is as arch a *Traitor*, as any hee ſhall meet withall: wee *truſt* it too much, and *know* it too little: and while wee thinke it *ſure-footed*, it *ſlides*, and does *deceive* us. That wee are the *Authors* of our owne *ill*, the *ſucceſſe* will tell us: For, *conſcience* is alwaies *juſt*, and will not chide us wrongfully: and when we have done an *ill*, though by *others procurement*, yet ſhee rates us even to a *loathing* of our ſelves. Sayes the *Comicke*,

_____Iam aderit tempus, cum ſe etiam ipſe oderit.

The day will come, when he ſhall hate himſelfe.

The wiſe man ſhould ever therefore keep a double *watch*; one to keepe his *heart* from *extravagancies*, the other, to keepe the *Enemy* from *approaches*. *Occaſion*, and *our Nature*, are like two *inordinate Lovers*: they ſeldome *meet*, but they *ſinne* together. If we keepe them aſunder, the *harme* is prevented: or if they doe meet, and the heart conſent not, I am in ſome doubt, whether the *offence* be puniſhable, though the *act* be committed. It is no fault in the *true man*, to let the *Theefe* have his *purſe*, when hee can doe no other. In the old *Law*, the *raviſhed woman* was to bee free'd: for, ſayes the *Text*, *There is in her no cauſe of Death. Qui volens injuſtè agit, malus eſt: qui verò ex neceſſitate, non dico prorſus malum.* 'Tis not the neceſſitated, but the willing ill that ſtaines.

ſtaines. Even *Actuall ſinnes* have ſo farre dependancie on the *hearts approbation*, as *that* alone can *vitiate* or *excuſe the Act*. While we keepe *that* ſteddy, our *Enemies* can much leſſe hurt us. The reaſon is, it is not in *Man* to compell it. The *minde* of *man*, from *man*, is not capable of a *violation*: and who then can I taxe for mine owne *yeelding*, but my *ſelfe*? No man hath power over my *minde*, unleſſe I my *ſelfe* doe give it him. So that this I ſhall thinke certaine; *No man falls by free action, but is faulty in ſomething*: at leaſt by ſome *circumſtance*, though inexcuſable in the moſt, & *moſt important*. I know, *calumny* and *conjecture* may injure *Innocence* it ſelfe. In matter of *cenſure*, nothing but a *certaine knowledge*, ſhould make us give a *certaine Iudgement*. *Fame and Ayre* are both too weake *foundations* for *unſpotted Truth* to build on: onely *deedes* are lyable to the *downe-right Taxe*: Becauſe they carry the *heart* along: which in every action is a *witneſſe*, either for or againſt us. Surely *Man* is his owne *Devill*, and does oftentimes tempt himſelfe. All the precepts of *moderation* wee meete with, are but given us to beware our ſelves: and undoubtedly, hee that can doe it, is riſing toward *Deity*. Harke but to the *Harpe* of *Horace*.

Latius regnes, avidum domando
Spiritum, quam ſi Libyan remotis
Gadibus jungas, & uterq; Pœnus
ſerviat uni:

By

By curbing thy insatiate minde,
Thou shalt sway more, than couldst thou bind
Farre *Spaine* to *Libya*: or to thee
cause either *Carthage* subject bee.

One eye I will sure have for *without*; the other I will hold *within* mee: and lest I see not enough with that, it shall ever be my *prayer*, that I may be delivered from *my selfe*. *A me me salva Domine!* shall bee one *petition* I will adde to the *Letany* of my *beseechings*.

LXVII.

Of the worst kind of perfidie.

THe *Dead*, the *Absent*, the *Innocent*, and *him that trusts me*, I will never *deceive* willingly. To all these wee owe a *Nobler Iustice*; in that they are the most certaine trials of *humane equity*. As that *Griefe* is the truest, which is without a *witnesse*; so is that *honesty* best, which is for it selfe, without *hope* of *reward*, or *feare* of *punishment*. Those *vertues* that are *sincere* doe value *applause* the least. 'Tis when we are conscious of some *internal defect*, that wee looke out for *others approbations*. Certainely, the *world* cannot tempt the man that is *truly honest*. And he is certainely a *true man*, that will not *steale*, when hee may, without being *impeached*. The two first are hindered, that they cannot taxe my *injury*; and *deceit* to them is not without *cowardice*, throwing

throwing *Nature* into the loweſt degree of *baſeneſſe*. To wrong the third, is *ſavage*, and comes from the *Beaſt*, not *Man*. It was an *Act* like *Nature* in *Xenocrates*, when the purſued *Sparrow* flew into his boſome, to *cheriſh*, and *diſmiſſe* it. How blacke a *heart* is that, which can give a *ſtabbe*, for the *innocent ſmiles* of an *Infant*? Surely *Innocence* is of that *purity*, that it hath more of the *God* in it, than any other *quality*; it intimates a freedome from *generall Vice*. And this is it, which makes the *injury* to it ſo deteſtable: and ſometimes gives the *owners* a divine and miraculous force: as wee may reade in the *Turkiſh Story*, of a *Childe* that ſtrooke an *intending Murtherer* into a *ſwoune*, with offering to imbrace him. The *laſt* I cannot defraud without *ingratitude*; which is the very *lees* of *Vice*: and makes my *offence* ſo much the *greater*, by how much hee was *kinder*, in making mee *maſter of himſelfe*. Aſſuredly, as *Nature* hath endued *man* with a more earneſt *deſire* to do right to theſe; becauſe a *true performance* doth in theſe *things* moſt magnifie him: ſo ſhe hath made the contrary appeare the moſt *odious*: becauſe they are breaches that moſt deſtroy *humanity*. It came from him that had but *Nature*, *Cicero*; *Perditiſſimi eſt hominis, fallere eum, qui læſus non eſſet, niſi credidiſſet. None but the moſt villanous man, will deceive him that had beene ſafe, but for truſting.*

Againſt

LXVIII.

Againſt Inſultation.

IT cannot bee ſafe to inſult over any. As there is no *creature* ſo little, but may do us a *miſchiefe*: ſo is no *Man* ſo low, but may occaſion our ſmart. The *Spider* can *impoyſon*, the *Ant* can *ſting*, even the *Fly* can *trouble our patience*. Into all *ſenſitive Creatures*, *Nature* hath put a kind of *vindictive juſtice*; that in ſome meaſure they are able to return an *Injury*. If they doe not alwayes, 'tis onely becauſe they are not *able*. *Man* hath both a more *able*, and more *impatient ſoule*: and though *reaſon* teaches him not to be *furious*, yet withall, it teaches him not bee *dull*. Extremities of *Injury*, often awake extremities of *Revenge*: eſpecially, if we meet with *contempt* from *others*, or find *deſpaire* in our *ſelves*: for *Deſpaire* makes a *Coward bold* and *daring*. Nor ſtands it but with *reaſon*, that a *ſtrong patience* urged beyond it ſelfe, ſhould turne into the *ſtrongeſt rage*. The *Bow* that is hardeſt to bend, ſends out an *Arrow* with moſt *force*. Neglect an *Enemy*, but *contemne* him not. *Diſdaine* will baniſh *Patience*, and bring in *fury*: which is many times a *geater Lord*, than hee that rules a *Kingdome*. *Contempt* unbridles *feare*, and makes us both to *will*, to *dare*, and to *execute*. So *Livſius* has it, *Contemptus excutit timoris frænum, & efficit, ut non velis ſolùm, ſed audeas & tentes*. It is not good too farre to purſue

ſue a *Victory*. *Sigiſmund* ſaid true, *He hath conquer'd well, that hath made his Enemies flie:* wee may beate them to a *deſperate reſiſtance*, that may ruine us. He is the wrong way high, that ſcornes a man below him, for his *lowlineſſe*. They are but puft mindes, that bubble thus above *Inferiours*. We ſee 'tis the *froth* onely, that gets to the top of the Water. *Man* cannot be ſo much above *Man*, as that his *difference* ſhould legitimate his *ſcorne*. Thou knoweſt not what may ſhew it ſelfe, when thy *Contempt* awakes the *Lyon* of a *ſleeping minde*. All *diſdaine* but that of *Vice*, detracteth from the worth of *Man*. *Greatneſſe* in any man, makes not his *Injury* more *lawfull*, but more *great*. And as hee that ſuffers, thinks his *diſgrace* more noted for the others *Eminency*: ſo he thinkes his owne *honour* will bee the more, when hee hath accompliſht his *Revenge*: whereby in ſome kind, hee hath raiſed himſelfe to be his *Superiours equall*. *Man* is *Animal generoſiſſimum*: and though he be content to ſubject himſelfe to anothers *commands*, yet he will not endure his *braves*. A *laſh* given to the *Soule*, will provoke more, than the *Bodies cruell torture*. *Deriſion* makes the *Peaſant* brave the *Prince*. When *Auguſtus* ſaw one like himſelfe, and ask'd him in a *ſcoffe*, if his *Mother* were never at *Rome*: The *Boy* anſwers, *No*; but his *Father* was. When *Iulian* in a *mocke*, ask'd the *reverend* and *aged*, *blind Ignatius*, why he went not into *Galile*, to recover his ſight: ſayes he, *I am contentedly blinde, that I may not ſee ſuch a Tyrant as thou art*. Wee are all here *fellow-ſervants*: and we know not how our *grand Maſter* will brooke *Inſo-*

lencies

lencies in his *Family*. How dareſt thou, that art but a *piece of Earth*, that *Heaven* ha's blowne into, preſume thy ſelf, into the *impudent uſurpation* of a *Majeſty unſhaken*? Thou canſt not ſit upon ſo high a *Cog*, but may with *turning*, prove the *loweſt* in the *Wheele*: and therefore thou mayſt thinke, the *meaſure* that thou wouldſt then have given *mee*. If wee have *Enemies*, 'tis better wee deſerve to have their *friendſhip*, than either to *deſpiſe*, or *irritate* them. No mans *weakeneſſe* ſhall occaſion my *greater weakeneſſe*, in *proudly contemning* him. Our *Bodies*, our *Soules* have both the like originall *compoſure*: If I have any thing beyond him, 'tis not my *goodneſſe*, but *Gods*: and he by *time* and *meanes*, may have as much, or more. Take us alone, and wee are but *Twinnes* of *Nature*. Why ſhould any deſpiſe another, becauſe hee is better furniſht with *that* which is none of his owne.

LXIX.

Of Aſſimilation.

THorow the *whole World* this holds in generall, and is the end of *all*; That every thing labours to make the thing it meets with, *like* it *ſelfe*. *Fire* converts all to *fire*. *Ayre* exſiccates and drawes to it *ſelfe*. *Water moiſtens*, and reſolveth what it meets withall. *Earth* changeth all that wee commit to her, to *her owne nature*. The *World* is all *viciſſitude* and *converſion*. Nor is it only true in *Materials* and

Substances; but even in *Spirits*, in *Incorporeals*; nay, in these there is more *aptnesse*; they mixe more *subtilly*, and passe into one another with a *nimbler glide*. So wee see *infection* sooner taken by *breath* than *contaction*: and thus it is in *dispositions* too: The *Souldier* labours to make his *Companion valiant*. The *Scholler* endeavors to have his *Friend learned*. The *bad Man* would have his *company* like himselfe. And the *good Man* strives to frame others *vertuous*. Every Man will be busie in dispending that *quality*, which is predominant in him. Whence this *Caveat* may well become us, to beware both whom and what we chuse to live with-all. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of *time*, assimilate us to it selfe. The choice therefore of a mans *Company*, is one of the most weighty *Actions* of our *lives*: For, our future well or ill being, depends on that *Election*. If wee chuse *ill*, every day declines us to *worse*: wee have a perpetuall *weight* hanging on us, that is ever sinking us down to *Vice*. By living under *Pharoah*, how quickly *Ioseph* learned the *Courtship* of an *Oath*! *Italy* builds a *Villaine*: *Spaine superbiates*: *Germany* makes a *Drunkard*, and *Venice*, a *Letcher*. But if we chuse well, we have a *hand of Vertue*, gently lifting us to a continuall *rising Nobleness*. *Antisthenes* used to wonder at those, that were curious in buying but an *earthen Dish*, to see that it had no *crackes*, nor *inconveniencies*, and yet would bee careless in the choyce of *Friends*; to take them with the flawes of *Vice*. Surely, a mans *Companion* is a second *Genius*,

nius, to sway him to the *white*, or *bad*. A *good Man* is like to the *day*, enlightning and warming all he *shines* on, and is alwaies raising upward, to a *region* of more constant *purity*, than that wherein it finds the *Object*. The *bad Man* is like the *night*, *darke*, obtruding *feares*, and dimitting unwholsome *vapours*, upon all that rest beneath. *Nature* is so farre from making any thing absolutely *idle*, that even to *stones*, and *dullest Meddals*, she hath given an *operation*: they *grow*, and *spread*, in our *generall mothers veines*: and by a cunning way of *incroachment*, coozen the *Earth* of it selfe: and when they meet a Brother'd Constitution, they then *unite* and *fortifie*. Hence growes the *height of friendship*, when two *similiary soules* shall blend in their *commixions*. This causes, that we seldome see different *dispositions* be entirely *loving*.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi:
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi:
Potores Bibuli media de nocte Falerni,
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula. ——

Sad men hate *mirth*: the *pleasant sadnesse* shunne:
Swift men, the *slow*; the *slothfull* those that *runne*.
Who drinkes at midnight, old *Falernian Wine*,
Scornes him that will not take his *Cups*. ——

It is *likenesse that makes* the *true-love-knot* of *Friendship*. When wee finde another of our owne *disposition*, what is it, but the *same soule*, in a *divided body*? What find we, but our selves intermutually *transposed*,

posed, each into other? and *Nature*, that makes us *love* our selves, makes us with the same reason, *love* those that are *like* us. For this, is a *Friend* a more *sacred name* than a *Brother*. What availes it to have the *bodies* from the same *Originall*, when the *soules* within them differ? I beleeve, that the *applause* which the *Ancients* gave to *equall friendship*, was to bee understood of the likenesse of *mindes*, rather than of *estate*, or *yeeres*: for we finde no *season*, nor no *degree* of *Man*, but hath beene *happy* with this *Sun* of the *world*, *Friendship*: Whereas in *jarring dispositions*, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I thinke, if the *mindes* bee *consonant*, the best *friendship* is betweene *different fortunes*. Hee that is *low*, lookes *upward* with a greater *loving reverence*: and he that is *high*, lookes *downward* more *affectionately*, when he takes it to be for his *honour*, to favour his *Inferiour*, whom he cannot chuse but *love* the more for *magnifying him*. Something I would looke to *outwards*; but in a *friend*, I would especially chuse him full of *worth*, that if I be not so my *selfe*, hee yet may worke me like him. So for *company*, *Books*, or whatsoever, I would, if I have *freedome*, chuse the *best*: though at first I should not fancy them, *continuall use* will alter me, and then I shall gain by their *graces*. If *judgement* direct mee right in my *choyse*, *custome* winning upon my *will*, will never faile in time to draw that after it.

Of

LXXI.

Of Poets and Poetry.

SVrely he was a little *wanton* with his *leisure*, that first invented *Poetry*. 'Tis but a *Play*, which makes *words dance*, in the evenneſſe of a *Cadency*: yet without doubt, being a *harmony*, it is neerer to the *minde* than *Proſe*: for that it ſelfe is a *harmony* in height. But the *Words* being rather the *droſſy part*, *Conceit* I take to be the *Principall*. And here though it diſgreſſeth from *Truth*, it flyes above her, making her more rare, by giving *curious rayment* to her *nakedneſſe*. The *Name* the *Grecians* gave the men that *wrote* thus, ſhew'd how much they *honour'd* it: they call'd them *Makers*. And had ſome of them had power to put their *Conceits* in *Act*, how neere would they have come to *Deity*? And for the *vertues* of men; they reſt not on the bare *demeanour*, but ſlide into *imagination*: ſo propoſing things above us, they kindle the *Reader* to *wonder* and *imitation*. And certainely, *Poets* that write thus, *Plato* never meant to baniſh. His own *practice* ſhewes, he excluded not *all*. He was content to heare *Antimachus* recite his *Poem*, when all the *Herd* had left him: and he himſelfe wrote both *Tragœdies*, and other *pieces*. Perhaps he found thē a little too buſie with his *gods*: & he being the firſt that made *Philoſophy Divine*, and *Rationall*, was *modeſt* in his owne *beginnings*. Another *Name* they

had of *honour* too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish betweene the *Prophets* and *Poets* of *Israel*: What is *Ieremies Lamentation*, but a kinde of *Saphicke Elegie*? *Davids Psalmes* are not onely *Poems*; but *Songs*, *Snatches*, and *Raptures* of a *flaming Spirit*. And this indeed I observe to the *honour* of *Poets*; I never found them *covetous*, or *scrapingly-base*. The *Iewes* had not two such *Kings* in all their *Catalogue*, as *Salomon*, and his *Father*; *Poets* both. There is a largenesse in their *Soules*, beyond the narrownesse of other men: and why may we not then thinke, this may imbracee more, both of *heaven*, and *God*? I cannot but conjecture this to bee the reason, that they, most of them, are *poore*: They finde their mindes so solaced with their owne flights, that they neglect the study of *growing rich*: and this, I confesse againe, I thinke, turnes them to *vice*, and *unmanly courses*. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty lovers of their *pallates*; and this is knowne an *impoverisher*. *Antigonus*, in the *Tented Field*, found *Antagorus* cooking of a *Conger* himselfe. And they *all* are *friends* to the *Grape* and *Liquor*: though I think *many*, more out of a *ductible Nature*, and their love to *pleasant Company*, than their affection to the *juice* alone. They are all of *free Natures*; and are the truest *Definition* of that *Philosophers man*, which gives him, *animal risibile*. Their *grossest fault* is, that you may conclude them *sensuall*: yet this does not touch them *all*. *Ingenious* for the most part they are. I know there be some *Riming fooles*; but what have they to doe with *Poetry*? When *Salust* would

tell

tell us, that *Sempronia's wit* was not ill; ſayes hee, ——*Potuit Verſus facere, & jocum movere:* Shee could *make a Verſe*, and *breake a Ieſt*. Something there is in it, more than ordinary: in that it is all in ſuch *meaſured Language*, as may bee marr'd by *reading*. I laugh heartily at *Philoxenus* his *Ieſt*, who paſſing by, and hearing ſome *Maſons*, miſ-ſenſing his *lines*, (with their ignorant ſawing of them) falls to breaking their *Bricks* amaine: They aske the *cauſe*, and hee replyes, They ſpoile *his worke*, and he *theirs*. Certainely, a *worthy Poet* is ſo farre from being a *foole*, that there is ſome *wit* required in him that ſhall bee able to *reade* him well: and without the *true accent*, *numbred Poetry* does loſe of the *gloſſe*. It was a *ſpeech* becōming an able *Poet* of our owne, when a *Lord* read his *Verſes crookedly*, and he beſeecht his *Lordſhip* not to murder him in his *owne lines*. He that ſpeakes *falſe Latin*, breakes *Priſcians head:* but he that repeats a *Verſe* ill, puts *Homer* out of *joynt*. One thing commends it beyond *Oratory:* it ever *complieth* to the ſharpeſt *Iudgements*. He is the beſt *Orator* that pleaſeth *all*, even the *Crowd* and *Clownes*. But *Poetry* would be *poore*, that they ſhould all approve of. If the *Learned* and *Iudicious* like it, let the *Throng* bray. Theſe, when 'tis *beſt*, will like it the *leaſt*. So, they contemne what they *underſtand not:* and the *neglected Poet* falls by *want*. *Calphurnius* makes one complaine the *misfortune*.

Frange puer calamos, & inanes deſere Muſas:
Et potiùs glandes, rubicundaq; collige corna.

Duc ad mulctra greges, & lac venale per Vrbem
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet,
Quotutere famem? certè, mea carmina nemo
Præter ab his Scopulis ventosa remurmurat Ecchо.

Boy, break thy *pipes*, leave, leave thy *fruitlesse Muse*:
Rather the *Mast*, and blood-red *Cornill* chuse.
Goe leade thy *Flockes* to milking; sell and cry
Milke through the *City*: What can *Learning* buy,
To keepe backe *hunger*? None my *Verses* minde,
But *Eccho* babbling from these *Rockes* and *Winde*.

Two things are commonly blamed in *Poetry*: nay, you take away *That*, if *Them*: and these are *Lyes*, and *flatteries*. But I have told them in the *worst words*: For, 'tis onely to the *shallow insight* that they appeare thus. *Truth* may dwell more cleerely in an *Allegory*, or a *moral'd Fable*, than in a bare *Narration*. And for *Flattery*, no man will take *Poetry literall*: since in *commendations*, it rather shewes what men *should be*, than what they *are*. If this were not, it would appeare *uncomely*. But wee all know, *Hyperbole's* in *Poetry*, doe beare a *decency*, nay, a *grace* along with them. The greatest *danger* that I finde in it, is, that it *wantons* the *Blood*, and *Imagination*; as carrying a man in too high a *Delight*. To prevent these, let the *wise Poet* strive to bee *modest* in his *Lines*. First, that he *dash* not the *Gods*: next, that hee injure not *Chastity*, nor corrupt the *Eare* with *Lasciviousnesse*. When these are declined, I thinke a *grave Poem* the *deepest kinde of writing*. It wings the *Soule* up higher than

than the *slacked pace* of *Prose*. *Flashes* that doe follow the *Cup*, I feare me, are too *spritely* to be *solid*: they run smartly upon the *loose*, for a *Distance* or two; but then being *foule*, they give in, and *tyre*. I confesse, I love the *sober Muse*, and *fasting*: From the other, *matter* cannot come so cleere, but that it will be misted with the *fumes* of *Wine*. *Long Poetry* some cannot be friends with all: and indeed, it palles upon the reading. The wittiest *Poets* have beene all *short*, and changing soone their *Subiect*; as *Horace*, *Martiall*, *Iuvenall*, *Seneca*, and the two *Comœdians*. *Poetry* should be rather like a *Coranto*, *short*, and *nimbly-lofty*; than a *dull Lesson*, of a day long. Nor can it but bee *deadish*, if *distended*: For, when 'tis *right*, it centers *Conceit*, and takes but the *spirit* of *things*: and therefore *foolish Poesy* is of all *writing* the *most ridiculous*. When a *Goose dances*, and a *Foole versifies*, there is sport alike. He is twice an *Asse*, that is a *riming one*. He is sometime the *lesse unwise*, that is *unwise* but in *Prose*. If the *Subiect* bee *History*, or *contexted Fable*, then I hold it better put in *Prose*, or *Blankes*: for *ordinary discourse* never shewes so well in *Meeter*, as in the *straine* that it may seeme to be spoken in: the *commendation* is, to doe it to the *life*: Nor is this any other, than *Poetry* in *Prose*. Surely, though the *world* thinke not so, hee is happy to himselfe, that can play the *Poet*. He shall vent his *passions* by his *Pen*, and ease his *heart* of their weight: and hee shal ofter raise himselfe a *ioy* in his *raptures*, which no man can perceive, but *hee*. Sure, *Ovid* found a *pleasure* in't, even when hee writ his *Tristia*. It gently

gently deliuers the *mind* of *diſtempers*; and workes the thoughts to a *ſweetneſſe*, in their *ſearching conceit*. I would not loue it for a *Profeſſion*: and I would not want it for a *Recreation*. I can make my ſelfe *harmeleſſe*, nay, *amending Mirth* with it; while I ſhould perhaps be trying of a *worſer Paſtime*. And this I beleeue in it further, Vnleſſe *converſation* corrupts his *eaſineſſe*, *it* lifts a man to *Nobleneſſe*; and is neuer in any *rightly*, but it makes him of a *Royall* and *capacious Soule*.

LXXII.

Of Feare and Cowardice.

THey that are made of *fearefull diſpoſitions*, of all others, may ſeeme the leaſt beholding to *Nature*. I know not any thing, wherein they can be more *unfortunate*. They enjoy nothing without a *frighted minde*; no, not ſo much as their *ſleepes*. They doubt what they *haue done*, leſt it may *hurt them*: they *tremble* at the *preſent*; and *miſeries* that but *may come*, they *anticipate*, and ſend for, and inferre in a more *horrid habit*, than any *Enemy* can deuiſe to put them in. Nay, it were wel, if they did but *feare more miſeries*, than the *bolder people*: But it plainely appeares, that the *Coward* really *meetes more dangers*, than the *valiant man*. Every *baſe Nature* will bee ready to offer *injuries*, where they thinke they will not be *repaid*. He will many times *beate* a *Coward*, that would not dare to ſtrike him,

if

if hee thought him *valiant*. When the *Passenger* gallops by, as if his *feare* made him speedy; the *Curre* followes him with an open mouth, and *swiftnesse*: let him *walke by*, in a *confident neglect*; and the *Dogge* will never stirre at him. Surely, 'tis a *weakenes*, that every *Creature* (by a native instinct) takes advantage of: and *Cowards* have *soules* of a *courser mixture*, than the common *spirits* of *Men*. *Evils* that must bee, they meet with before their *time*: as if they strived to make themselves *miserable*, sooner, than *God* appointed them. *Evils* that are but *probable*, they *ascertaine*. They that by an even *poize*, might sit safe, in a *Boate* on a rough *Sea*, by rising up to avoid *drowning*, are *drowned*. For this is sure; It coozens the *weake minde* infinitely both in making of her *falsely* beleeve, shee may avoyde dangers by *flying*, and in *counterfetting* whatsoever is *ill*. All *diseases* are belyed by *feare*, and *conceit*: and wee know some, out of feare of *Death*, have *dy'd*. In a *Battell* wee see the *valiant man* escapes oft safe, by a *constant* keeping his *rank*; when the *Coward*, shifting dangers, runnes by *avoiding one*, into the severall *walkes* of many, *Multos in summa pericula, misit venturi timor ipse mali*. Certainely, I have studied in *vaine*, in thinking what a *Coward* may bee good for. I never heard of any *Act* becomming *vertue*, that ever came from any. All the *Noble deeds* that have beat their *Marches* thorow succeeding *Ages*, have all proceeded from *men* of *courage*. And I beleeve many times, their *confidence* kept them safe. An *unappalled* looke does *daunt* a base *attempter*. And oftentimes, if a

Man

Man has nothing but a *couragious eye*, it protects him. The *brave Soule* knowes no *trembling*. *Cæsar* spake like *Cæsar*, when hee bade the *Mariners* feare nothing; for they carryed him and his *Fortunes*. And indeed *Valour* casts a kinde of *Honour* upon *God*; in that wee shew that wee beleeve his *goodnesse*, while we trust our selves in *danger*, upon his care onely: Whereas the *coward* eclipses his sufficiency, by *unworthily doubting*, that *God* will not bring him off. So *unjustly* accusing either his *power*, or his *will*, hee would make himselfe his owne *Saviour*, and becomes his owne *confounder*. For when man mistrusts *God*, 'tis just with *God* to leave *Man*. *Marcus Antonius* would not *beleeve*, that *Avidius Crassus* could ever have *deposed him*: and his *reason* was, The *Gods* had greater care of him, than to let *Crassus* wrong him undeservedly. And this *winning* him love, establisht him: whereas, *Feare* on the other side *frustrates* a sufficient *defence*. *Themistocles* compar'd a *Coward* to the *Sword-fish*, which hath a *weapon*, but wants a *heart*. And then what use can the *quaking hand* put it to? Nay, when hee may flye, *cowardice* hinders him from playing the *coward*: He would runne away, and *feare* arrests him with a senseless *amazement*, that *betrayes* him, to the pursuit of his *foes*. No armour can *defend* a fearefull *heart*. It wil kil it selfe within. *Cleomenes* was so farre out of *charity* with this pale *passion*, as the *spoyles* he wanne from *Cowards*, he would neither *sacrifice* to the *Gods*, nor let the *Lacedemonian* Youth behold them. There are two *miseries*, for which it is famous beyond all other

ther *passions*. *Love*, *Anger*, *Sorrow*, and the like, are but for a *time*, and then over: but this is *perpetuall*: A *disease* of a *life* long, which every day *slaves* a man to whatsoever ill hee meetes with. It *vassailes* him to the *world*, to *beasts*, and *men*. And like a surly *Tyrant*, inforceth whatsoe're it proposeth. For this, does *Martiall* Epigram upon it.

Quid si me Tonsor cùm stricta novacula supra est,
Tunc libertatem, Divitiasque roget?
Promittam; nec enim rogat illo tempore Tonsor,
Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa, Timor.

Suppose my *Barber*, when his *Razor's* nigh
My *throat*, should then aske *wealth* and *liberty*;
I'd promise sure. The *Barber* askes not this,
No, 'tis a *theefe*, and *Feare* imperious is.

Next, whereas other *passions* are grounded upon things that are, as *Envy* upon *happinesse*, *Rage* upon *Injury*, *Love* upon *Beauty*, and so the rest. This is as well upon *things* that are not: It coynes *mischiefs* that neither be, nor can be. Thus having no *object* to *bound* it, it runnes in *infinitum*, and cannot be *secured* by any *condition of life*. Let the *Coward* have a guard, and he *feares* that: Let him have none, and he will *feare* for want of it. I have knowne some as *happy* as the *world* could make them; and their owne needlesse *feares*, have made their *lives* more *sowre*, than his that hath beene *streighted* in all. I have pittied them; to thinke that a *weake*, *vexatious*,

ous, and *unprofitable passion* ſhould quite ruine the bleſſings of a faire *eſtate*. Some things I may doubt, and indeavor to *ſhunne*: but I would never feare them to a *ſervility*. If I can keepe but *reaſon Lord*, *feare* will ſerve, and *benefit* mee: but when that gets the *Throne*, it will domineere *inſultingly*. Let me rather have a mind *confident*, and *undaunted* with ſome *troubles*; than a *Pulſe* ſtill beating *feare* in the fluſh of *Proſperity*.

LXXII.

That Man is neither happy, nor miſerable, but by compariſon.

THere is not in this *world*, either perfect *miſery*, or perfect *happineſſe*. *Compariſon* more than *Reality*, makes men happy, and can make them *wretched*. What ſhould we account *miſerable*, if we did not lay it in the *ballance* with ſome thing, that hath more *felicity*? If we ſaw not ſome men *vaulting*, in the gay trimme of *Honour*, and *Greatneſſe*, we ſhould never thinke a *poore eſtate* ſo *lamentable*. Were all the *world* ugly, *Deformity* would bee no *Monſter*. In thoſe *Countries* where all goe *naked*, they neither *ſhame* at their being *uncovered*, nor *complaine* that they are expos'd to the *violence* of the *Sun*, and *Windes*. 'Tis without doubt, our eyes *gazing* at others above, caſt us into a *ſhade*, which before that time, wee met not with. Whatſoever is not *paine*, or *ſufferance*, might well bee borne without

without *grumbling*: did not other *obiects* fuller of *contentednesse*, draw away our *Soules* from that wee have, to those things which wee see, wee have not. 'Tis *Envy*, and *Ambition* that makes us farre more *miserable*, than the constitution which our *liberall Nature* hath *allotted* us. Many never finde themselves in *want*, till they have *discovered* the *abundance* of some others. And many againe, doe beare their *want* with ease, when they finde others below themselves in *happinesse*. It was an answer bewraying a *Philosopher*, which *Thales* gave to one, that asked him how *Adversity* might best bee borne? By seeing our *Enemies* in *worse estate* than our *selves*. Wee picke out owne *sorrowes*, out of the *joyes* of other men: and out of their *sorrowes* likewise, wee assume our *joyes*. When I see the *toyling Labourer* sweat thorow both his *skinnes*, yet can scarce get so much, as his *importunate belly* consumes him; I then looke upon my selfe with *gladnesse*. But when I *eye* the *Distributors* of the *Earth*, in their *royalty*: when I think of *Nero* in his *Iourney*, with his thousand *chariots*, and his *Mules* all shod with *silver*; then what a poore *Atome* doe I count my *selfe*, compar'd with these huge *piles* of *State*?

Tolle felices, remove to mylto
Divites auro, remove ero centum
Rura qui scindant opulenta bobus,
Pauperi surgent animi jacentes:
Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.

Void

Void the blest, and him that *flowes*
With weighty *gold*, and fifty *Ploughes*
Furrowing wealthy *pastures* goes;
Poore *minds* then will *spring*. For none
Is poore but by *comparison*.

It was *comparison*, that first kindled the *fire* to burn *Troy* withall. *Give it to the faireſt*, was it, which *jar'd* the *Goddeſſes*. *Paris* might have given the *Ball* with leſſe offence, had it not beene ſo *inſcribed*. Surely, *Iuno* was content with her *beauty*, till the *Trojan* Youth caſt her, by advancing *Venus*. The *Roman Dame* complained not of her Husbands *breath*, while ſhee knew no *kiſſe*, but his. While wee ſpy no *joyes* above our *owne*, we in quiet count them *bleſſings*. Wee ſee, even a few *companions* can lighten our *miſeries*: by which we may gueſſe the effect of a *generality*. *Blackeneſſe*, a *flat Noſe*, *thicke lippes*, and *goggle Eyes*, are *beauties*, where nor *ſhapes* nor *colours* differ. He is much *impatient*, that refuſeth the *generall Lot*. For my ſelfe, I will reckon that *miſery*, which I finde hurts me in my ſelfe; not that which comming from another, I may avoyd, if I will. Let mee examine whether that I *enjoy*, be not enough to *felicitate* mee, if I ſtay at home. If it be, I would not have anothers better *fortune*, put me out of *conceit* with my own. In *outward things*, I will looke to thoſe that are *beneath* me; that if I muſt build my ſelfe out of others, I may rather raiſe *content* than *murmur*. But for *accompliſhment of the minde*, I will ever fixe on thoſe above me: that I may, out of an honeſt *emulation*,

lation, mend my ſelfe, by continuall ſtriving to imitate their *Nobleneſſe*.

LXXIII.

Of Pride and Choler.

THe *Proud man* and the *Cholericke*, ſeldome arrive at any height of *vertue*. *Pride* is the *choler* of the *minde*; and *choler* is the *pride* of the *Body*. They are ſometimes borne to good parts of *Nature*, but they rarely are known to adde by *induſtry*. 'Tis the milde and ſuffering *diſpoſition*, that oftenеſt doth attaine to *Eminency*. *Temper* and *Humility* are advantagious *Vertues*, for buſineſſe, and to *riſe* by. *Pride* and *Choler* make ſuch a noiſe, that they awake *dangers*; which the other with a ſoft *tread*, ſteales by undiſcovered. They *ſwell* a man ſo much, that he is too bigge to paſſe the *narrow way*. *Temper* and *Humility*, are like the *Foxe* when hee went into the *Garner*; he could creepe in at a little hole, and arrive at *plenty*. *Pride* and *Choler* are like the *Foxe* offering to goe out, when his *Belly* was full; which inlarging him bigger than the *paſſage* made him ſtay and bee taken with *ſhame*. They that would come to *preferment* by *Pride*, are like them that aſcend a paire of *ſtaires* on *horſeback*; 'tis ten to one, but both their *Beaſts* will caſt them, ere they come to tread their *Chamber*. The mindes of *proud men*, have not that cleereneſſe of diſcerning, which ſhould make them judge aright of

themſelves, and others. 'Tis an uncharitable *vice*, which teaches men how to *neglect* and *contemne*. So depreſſing others, it ſeeketh to raiſe it ſelfe: & by this *depreſſion* angers them, that they *bandy* againſt it, till it meets with the *loſſe*. One thing it hath more than any *Vice* that I know: It is an *Enemie* to it ſelfe. The *proud man* cannot indure to ſee *pride* in another. *Diogenes* trampled *Plato*: though indeed 'tis rare to finde it in *men* ſo qualified. The maine thing that ſhould mend theſe two, they want; and that is, the *Reprehenſion of a Friend*. *Pride* ſcornes a *Corrector*, and thinks it a *diſparagement* to *learne*: and *Choler* admits no *counſell* that *croſſes* him; *croſſing angers* him, and *anger blindes* him. So if ever they heare any *fault*, it muſt either be from an *Enemy* in *diſdaine*, or from a *Friend*, that muſt reſolve to loſe them by't. *M. Druſus*, the *Tribune* of the *People*, caſt the *Conſull*, *L. Philippus*, into *priſon*, becauſe he did but interrupt him in his ſpeech. Other *diſpoſitions* may have the *benefits* of a *friendly monitor*; but theſe by their *vices* doe ſeeme to give a *defiance* to *Counſell*. Since, when men once knew them, they will rather bee *ſilent*, and let them reſt in their *folly*, than by *admoniſhing* them, runne into a *certaine Bramle*. There is another thing ſhewes them to be both *baſe*: They are both moſt *awed* by the moſt *abject paſſion* of the *minde*, *Feare*. We dare neither be *proud* to one that can *puniſh* us; nor *chollericke* to one much *above* us. But when wee have to deale with ſuch, wee clad our ſelves in their *contraries*; as knowing they are habits of more *ſafety*, and better *liking*. Every man flyes from the *burning houſe*:

house: and one of these hath a *fire* in his *heart*, and the other discovers it in his *face*. In my opinion, there bee no *vices* that incroach so much on *Man* as these: They take away his *Reason*, and turne him into a *stone:* and then *Vertue* her selfe cannot boord him, without danger of *defamation*. I would not live like a beast, pusht at by all the world for *loftinesse:* nor yet like a *Wasp*, stinging upon every *touch*. And this moreover shall adde to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of *strife* among *Brethren*.

LXXIIII.

That great Benefits cause ingratitude.

AS the *deepest hate*, is that which springs from the most *violent Love*; So, the *greatest Discourtesies* oft arise from the *largest favours*. *Benefits* to *good Natures*, can never bee so *great*, as to make *thanks* blush in their tendering: but when they be *weighty*, and light on ill ones, they often make their *returne* in *Ingratitude*. *Extraordinary favours* make the *giver* hated by the *Receiver*, that should *love* him. *Experience* hath proved, that *Tacitus* wrote *Truth: Beneficia usque adeò læta sunt, dum videntur posse exolvi, ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia, odium redditur*. *Benefits* are so long *gratefull*, as we thinke wee can repay them: but when they challenge more, our *thankes* convert to *hate*. It is not good to make men owe us more than they are able to pay: ex-

cept it be for *vertuous deſerts*, which may in ſome ſort challenge it. They that have found *tranſcending courteſies*, for *Offices* that have not been *ſound*; as in their firſt *actions* they have been *ſtrained*, ſo in their *Progreſſe* they will prove *ungratefull*: For when they have ſerved their turne of his *benefits*, they ſeldome ſee their *Patron* without *thraldome*, which (now by his *gifts* being lifted into happineſſe) they grieve to ſee, and ſtrive to bee quit of. And if they be *defenſive favours*, for matter of *fact*, they then with their *thraldome*, ſhew them their *ſhame*: and this prickes them forward to winde out themſelves, though it bee with incurring a *greater*. The *Malefactor* which thou ſaveſt, will, if hee can, *condemne* thee. Some have written, that *Cicero* was ſlaine by one, whom his *Oratory* had defended, when he was accuſed of his *Fathers murther*. I knew a *French Gentleman* invited by a *Dutch* to his Houſe; and according to the *vice* of that *Nation*, hee was welcom'd ſo long with *full Cups*, that in the end the *drinke* diſtemper'd him: and going away, inſtead of giving him thankes, hee quarrels with his *Hoſt*, and *ſtrikes* him. His *friend* blaming him, he anſwered, It was his *Hoſts* fault, for giving him *liquor* ſo ſtrong. It paſs'd for a *jeſt*: but certain, there was ſomething in it more. Men that have beene thus beholding to us, thinke wee know too much of their *vileneſſe*: and therefore they will rather free themſelves by their *Benefactors ruine*; than ſuffer themſelves to be had in ſo low an *eſteeme*. When *kindneſſes* are ſuch as hinder *Iuſtice*, they ſeldome yeeld a fruit that is *commendable*:

dable: as if *vengeance* followed the *Beſtower*, for an injury to *equity*, or for not ſuffering the *Divine Edicts* to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robb'ſt the *Law* of a *life*, to give it to an *ill-deſerving man*. The wrong thou doſt to that, is greater than the benefit that thou doſt confer upon him. Such *pity* wounds the *publike*, which is often revenged by him thou didſt beſtow it upon. *Benefits* that are good in themſelves, are made ill by their being *miſplaced*. Whatſoever favours thou imparteſt, let them be to thoſe of *deſert*. It will bee much for thy *honour*, when by thy *kindneſſe*, men ſhall ſee that thou affecteſt *Vertue:* and when thou layeſt it on one of *worth*, grudge not that thou haſt plac'd it there: For, beleeve it, he is much more *Noble* that *deſerves* a *benefit*, than he that beſtowes one. *Riches*, though they may *reward vertues*, yet they cannot *cauſe* them. If I ſhall at any time doe a *courteſie*, and meet with a *neglect*, I ſhall yet think I did *well*, becauſe I did *well intend it*. *Ingratitude* makes the *Author worſe*, but the *Benefactor* rather the *better*. If I ſhall receive any *kindneſſes* from others, I will thinke, that I am tyed to *acknowledge*, and alſo to *returne* them, ſmall ones, out of *courteſie*, and great ones out of *duty*. To neglect them, is *inhumanity*; to requite them with *ill*, *Satanicall*. 'Tis onely in *rancke grounds*, that much *rain* makes *weeds* ſpring: where the *ſoyle* is cleane, and well planted, there is the more *fruit* return'd, for the *ſhowres* that did fall upon it.

LXXV.

Of Vertue and Wiſedome.

THere are no ſuch *guards* of *ſafety*, as *Vertue* and *Wiſedome*. The one ſecures the *Soule*; the other, the *Eſtate* and *Body*. The one defends us againſt the *ſtroke of the Law*; the other, againſt the *mutability of Fortune*. The *Law* has not power to ſtrike the *vertuous*; nor can *Fortune* ſubvert the *Wiſe*. Surely, there is more *Divinity* in them, than wee are aware of: for, if wee conſider rightly, wee may obſerve, *Vertue* or *goodneſſe* to bee *habituall*, and *Wiſedome* the *diſtributive* or *actuall* part of the *Deity*. Thus, all the *Creatures* flowing from theſe two, they appeared to bee *Valde bona*, as in the *Text*. And the *Sonne of Sirach* couples them more plainely together: for hee ſayes, *All the workes of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his Comandements are done in due ſeaſon*. Theſe onely *perfect* and *defend* a man. When unjuſt *Kings* deſire to cut off thoſe they diſtaſte, they firſt lay *trains* to make them fall into *Vice*: or at leaſt, give out, that their *actions* are already *criminall*: ſo rob them of their *Vertue*; and then let the *Law* ſeize them. Otherwiſe, *Vertues garment* is a *Sanctuary* ſo *ſacred*, that even *Princes* dare not ſtrike the man that is thus *roabed*. 'Tis the *Livery* of the *King of Heaven*: and who dares *arreſt* one that weares his *Cloth*? This protects us when wee are unarmed: and

and is an *Armour* that wee cannot, unleſſe wee be *falſe* to our ſelves, loſe. *Demetrius* could comfort himſelfe with this, that though the *Athenians* demoliſhed his *Statues*, yet they could not extinguiſh his more *pyramidicall vertues*, which were the cauſe of raiſing them. *Phocion* did call it the *Divine Law*, which ſhould be the *ſquare* of all our *Actions*. *Vertue* is the *Tenure*, by which wee hold of *Heaven*: without this wee are but *Out-lawes*, which cannot claime *protection*. Sure, *Vertue* is a *Defendreſſe*, and valiants the *heart* of *man*. *Horace* reports a *wonder*, which hee imputes to his *integrity*.

Innocent and ſpotleſſe hearts,
Need not *Moorian* Bow nor Darts:
Quivers cram'd with *poiſon'd ſhot*,
O *Fuſcus*, they need not.

Boyling *Sands*, unnavigable,
Scythia's Mount inhoſpitable,
Media, *Inde*, and *Parthia*, they
Dare paſſe, without diſmay.

For, when I prais'd my *Lalage*,
And careleſſe walk'd beyond my way,
A fierce *Wolfe* frome a *Sabine* Wood,
Fled me, when nak'd I ſtood.

Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri Iaculis nec Arcu,

Nec venenatis gravida Sagittis,
Fusce pharetra.

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namq; me sylva Lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

If sometimes *Vertue* gives not *freedome*, she yet gives such *Cordials*, as frolicke the *heart*, in the presse of *adversity*. She beames forth her selfe to the *gladding* of a *bruised soule*: and by her *light* the *dungion'd prisoner* dances. Especially she is brave, when her *Sister Wisdome's* with her. I see not but it may be true, that *The wise man cannot fall. Fortune* that the *Ancient* made to rule all; the wisest of the *Ancients* have subjected to *Wisedome*. 'Tis shee that gives us a *Safe Conduct* thorow all the *various casualties* of *Mortality*. And therefore when *Fortune* meanes to *ruine* us, shee *flatters* us first from this *Altar*: she cannot hurt us, till we be stript of these *Habiliments*: then she doth both *wound* and *laugh*. 'Tis rare to see a man decline in *Fortune*, that hath not declin'd in *Wisdome* before. It is for the most part true, that,

Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere:

Fortune

Fortune first *fooles* the *Man* shee meanes to *foile*.

She dare not, she cannot hurt us while we continue *wise*. *Discretion* swayes the *Starres*, and *Fate*: for *Wealth*, the *Philosophers foresight* of the scarcity of *oyle*, shewes it can helpe in that *defect*. For *Honour*, how many did it advance in *Athens*, to a renown'd *Authority*? When all is done, The *wise man* onely is the cunning'st *Fencer*. No man can either *give* a blow so *soone*, or *ward* himselfe so *safely*. In two lines has the witty *Horace* summ'd him.

Take all; There's but one *Iove* above him. Hee
Is *Rich*, *Faire*, *Noble*, *King* of *Kings*, and free.

Ad summum. Sapiens uno minor est Iove. Dives,
Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher; Rex denig; Regum.

Surely, *God* intended we should *value* these *two* above our *lives*; to *live*, is common; to be *wise* and *good*, particular; and *granted* but to a *few*. I see many that wish for *honour*, for *wealth*, for *Friends*, for *fame*, for *pleasure*: I desire but these two, *Vertue*, *Wisedome*. I finde not a *Man* that the *World* ever had, so plentiful in all things, as was *Salomon*. Yet we know, his request was but one of *these*; though indeed it includeth the *other*. For without *Vertue*, *Wisedome* is not, or if it be, it is then nothing else, but a *cunning way* of *undoing* our selves at the *last*.

Of

LXXVI.

Of Moderation.

NOthing makes *greatneſſe* laſt, like the *moderate* uſe of *Authority*. *Haughty* and *violent mindes*, never bleſſe their *owners* with a *ſetled peace*. Men come downe by *domineering*. Hee that is lifted to *ſudden preferment*, had need be much more carefull of his *Actions*, than hee that hath *injoy'd* it *long*. If it be not a *wonder*, it is yet *ſtrange*; and all ſtrangers wee obſerve more *ſtrictly*, than we doe thoſe that have dwelt among us. Men obſerve *freſh Authority*, to informe themſelves, how to truſt. It is good that the advanced *Man* remember to retaine the ſame *Humility*, that hee had before his *Riſe*: and let him looke backe, to the good *intentions* that *ſojourn'd* with him in his low *eſtate*. Commonly, wee thinke then of *worthy deedes*; which wee promiſe our ſelves to doe, if wee had but *meanes*. But when that *meanes* comes, wee forget what wee thought, and *practiſe* the contrary. Whoſoever comes to *place* from a *meane being*, had need have ſo much more *vertue*, as will make good his want of *Blood*. *Nobility* will *checke* at the leape of a *Low man*. *Saluſt* has obſerved of *Tully*, when he was ſpoken of for *Conſul*: That, *Pleraque Nobilitas, invidia æſtuabat, & quaſi pollui Conſulatum credebat, ſi eum, quamvis egregius, homo novus, adeptus foret*. To avoid this, it is *good* to be *juſt* & *plauſible*.

A round

A round *heart* will faſten *friends*; and linke men to thee, in the *chaines of Love*. And beleeve it, thou wilt find thoſe *friends* firmeſt, (though not moſt) that thy *vertues* purchaſe thee. Theſe wil *love* thee when thou art but *man* againe: Whereas thoſe that are wonne without *deſert*, will alſo bee loſt without a *cauſe*. Smoothneſſe declineth *Envy*. It is better to deſcend a little from *State*, than aſſume any thing, that may ſeeme above it. It is not *ſafe* to enter *Authority*. *Pride* increaſeth *enemies*: but it puts our *friends* to *flight*. It was a juſt *Quip*, that a *proud Cardinall* had from a *friend*, that upon his *Election* went to *Rome*, on purpoſe to ſee him: where finding his *behaviour ſtretched all to Pride*, and *State*, departs, and makes him a *Mourning Sute*; wherein next day he comes again to *viſit* him: who asking the *cauſe* of his *blacks*, was anſwered, it was for the *death* of *Humility*, which dy'd in him, when he was *Elected Cardinall*. *Authority* diſplayes the *Man*. Whatſoever *opinion* in the *world*, thy former *vertues* have gained thee, is now under a *Jury*, that will condemne it, if they ſlacke here. The way to make *Honour* laſt, is to doe by it, as men doe by *rich Jewels*; not incommon them to the *every day eye*: but *caſe* them up, and *weare* them but on *Feſtivals*. And, be not too *glorious* at firſt; it will ſend men to too much *expectation*, which when they faile of, will turn to *neglect*. Thou hadſt better ſhew thy ſelf by a *little* at once; than in a *windy oſtentation*, powre out thy *ſelf* together. So, that *reſpect* thou gaineſt wilbe more permanent, though it be not *got* in ſuch *haſte*.

Some

Some *profit* thou mayeſt make of *thinking* from whence thou *cameſt*. *He* that beares that ſtill in his *minde*, will bee more wary, how hee trench upon thoſe, that were once above him.

With Earthen Plate, *Agathocles* (they ſay)
Did uſe to meale: ſo ſerv'd with *Samo's Clay*.
When *Iewell'd* Plate, and rugged *Earth* was by,
He ſeem'd to mingle *wealth*, and *poverty*.
One ask'd the *cauſe*; he anſwers: I that am
Sicilia's King, from a poore *Potter* came.
Hence learne, thou that art rais'd from meane
To ſudden *riches*, to be *Temperate*. (eſtate,

Fama eſt, fictilibus cænaſſe Agathoclea Regem;
Atque abacum Samio ſæpe oneraſſe luto:
Fercula gemmatis cùm poneret Horrida vaſis,
Et miſceret opes, pauperiemque ſimul:
Querenti cauſſam, reſpondit: Rex ego qui ſum
Siciniæ, figulo ſum genitore ſatus.
Fortunam reverenter habe; quicunque repentè
Dives ab exili progrediere loco.

It was the *admonition* of the *dying Otho*, to *Cocceius*: neither too much to *remember*, nor altogether to *forget*, that *Cæſar* was his *Vncle*. When wee looke on our ſelves in the *ſhine of proſperity*, wee are apt for the *puffe* and *ſcorne*. When we thinke not on't at all, we are likely to be much *imbaſed*. An *eſtate* evened with theſe *thoughts*, indureth: Our *advancement* is many times from *Fortune*, our *moderation* in it, is that, which ſhe can neither *give*, nor *deprive*

prive us of. In what *condition* ſoever I *live*, I would neither *bite*, nor *fawne*: Hee does well that ſubſcribes to him that *writ*,

Nolo minor me timeat, deſpiciatve major.

LXXVII.

Of Modeſty.

THere is *Modeſty*, both a *Vertue*, and a *Vice*, though indeed, when it is *blameable*, I would rather call it a *fooliſh baſhfulnes*. For then it *betraies* us to all *inconveniencies*. It brings a *foole* in Bonds, to his *utter undoing*: when out of a weake flexibility of *Nature*, he has not *courage* enough to deny the requeſt of a *ſeeming friend*. One would thinke it ſtrange at firſt, yet it is *provedly* true: That, *Modeſty undoes a Maid*. In the *face*, it is a *Lure* to make even *lewd men* love: which they oft expreſſe with *large gifts*, that ſo worke upon her *yeelding nature*, as ſhe knowes not how to *deny*: ſo rather than be *ungratefull*, ſhe oft becomes *unchaſte*: Even *bluſhing* brings them to their *Devirgination*. In *friendſhip*, 'tis an odious *vice*, and lets a *man* run on in *abſurdities*; for feare of diſpleaſing by telling the *fault*. 'Tis the *foole* onely, that puts *Vertue* out of *countenance*. *Wiſe men* ever take a freedome of *reproving*, when *Vice* is *bold* and *daring*. How plaine was *Zeno* with *Nearchus*? How blunt *Diogenes* with *Alexander*? How ſerious *Seneca* with the ſavage *Nero*?

Nero? A Spirit *modeſtly* bold, is like the *Winde*, to purge the *Worlds* bad *ayre*. It diſperſes *Exhalations* from the *muddy Earth*, which would, unſtirr'd, *infect it*. Wee often let *Vice* ſpring, for wanting the *audacity* and *courage* of a *Debellation*. Nay, we many times forbeare good *Actions*, for feare the *world* ſhould *laugh* at us. How many men, when others have their *ſtore*, will *want* themſelves, for ſhaming to demand their *owne?* And ſometimes in *extremes* wee *unwiſedly* ſtand upon poynts of *inſipid Modeſty*. But, *Rebus ſemper pudor abſit in actis*. In all *extremes* flye *Baſhfulneſſe*. In any good *Action*, that muſt needs be bad, that hinders it: of which *ſtraine*, many times, is the *fondneſſe* of a *bluſhing ſhamefaſtneſſe*. But to *bluſh* at *Vice*, is to let the *world* know that the *heart* within, hath an *inclination* to *Vertue*. *Modeſty* a *vertue*, is an excellent *curbe* to keepe us from the *ſtray* and *offence*. I am perſwaded many had beene bad that are not; if they had not been *bridled* by a *baſhfull nature*. There are divers that have *hearts* for *vice*, which have not *face* accordingly. It chides us from *baſe company*, reſtraines us from *baſe enterprizes*; from *beginning all*, or *continuing* where wee *ſee it*. It teaches to love *vertue* onely: and directs a man rather to mixe with a *chaſte ſoule*, than to care for preſſing of the *ripened boſome*. It awes the *uncivill tongue*: chaines up the *licencious hand*; and with a ſilent kinde of *Majeſty*, (like a watch at the *dore* of a *Thiefes Den*) makes *Vice* not dare peepe out of the *heart*, wherein it is lodged. It with-holds a man from *vaine boaſting*: and makes a *wiſe man* not to ſcorne a *foole*.

Surely

Surely the *Graces* ſojourne with the *bluſhing man*. And the *Cynicke* would needes have *Vertue* bee a *Bluſh-colour*. Thus *Ariſtotles* daughter ſhew'd her ſelfe a better *Moraliſt*, than *Naturaliſt*: when, being asked which was the beſt *colour*, ſhe anſwer'd, That which *modeſty* produced in *men ingenuous*. Certainly, the *heart* of the *bluſhing man*, is neerer *Heaven* than the *brazed forehead*. For it is a branch of *Humility*, and when that dyes, *vertue* is upon the vaniſh. *Modeſty* in *Women*, is like the *Angels flaming ſword*, to keepe *vile men* out of the *Paradiſe* of their *chaſtity*. It was *Livia's modeſty*, that tooke *Auguſtus*: and ſhee that wanne *Cyrus* from a *Multitude*, was a *modeſt* one. For though it bee but *exterior*, and *face-deepe* only, yet it invites *affection* ſtrongly. *Plautus* had skill in ſuch *commodities*.

Meretricem pudorem gerere magis decet, quàm purpuram, Magis quidem meretricem pudorem quàm aurum gerere condecet.

Even in a *Whore*, a *modeſt* looke, and faſhion,
Prevailes beyond all *gold*, and *purple dyes*.

If that be good which is but *counterfeit*, how excellent is that which is *reall*? Thoſe things that carry a juſt *infamy* with them, I will juſtly bee *aſham'd* to be ſeene in. But in *actions* either *good*, or not *ill*, it may as well be a *Crime*. 'Tis feare and *Cowardize*, that puls us backe from *goodneſſe*. That is *baſe blood*, that *bluſhes* at *a vertuous action*. Both the *action*, and the *morall* of *Ageſilaus* was good: when in his *Oblations* to *Pallas*, a *Lowſe* bit, and he puls

puls it out, and *kils* it before the *People*, saying: *Treſpaſſes* were evenat the *Altar* to be ſet upon. I know, things *unſeemely*, though not *diſhoneſt*, carry a kind of *ſhame* along. But ſure, in *reſiſting villany*, where *Courage* is asked, *Baſhfulneſſe* is at *beſt*, but a *weake*, and a *trecherous vertue*.

LXXVIII.

Of Suſpicion.

SVſpicions are ſometimes out of *Iudgement*. Hee that knowes the *World* bad, cannot but *ſuſpect*, it will be ſo ſtill: but where men *ſuſpect* by *judgement* they will likewiſe by *judgement*, keepe that *ſuſpect* from hurting them. *Suſpicion*, for the moſt part, proceeds from a *ſelfe-defect*: and then it gnawes the *minde*. They that in *private* liſten others, are commonly ſuch as are *ill themſelves*. The *wiſe*, and *honeſt*, are never *fooled* with this *quality*. Hee that knowes he deſerves not *ill*, why ſhould he *imagine* that others ſhould ſpeak him ſo? We may obſerve how a *man* is diſpoſed, by gathering what he *doubts* in others. Saint *Chryſoſtome* has given the rule; *Sicut difficile aliquem ſuſpicatur malum, qui bonus eſt: Sic difficile aliquem ſuſpicatur bonum, qui ipſe malus eſt. Nero* would not beleeve, but all men were moſt *foule Libidiniſts*. And wee all *know*, there was never ſuch a *Roman beaſt* as he. *Suſpecting* that we ſee not, we intimate to the *World*, either what our *acts* have beene, or what our *Diſpoſitions* are. I will be wary in

in *suspecting* another of *ill*, lest by so doing, I proclaime my *selfe* to be guilty: but whether I be, or not, why should I *strive* to heare my *selfe* ill spoken of? *Iealousie* is the worst of *madnesse*. We *seeke* for that, which wee would not *finde*: or if wee doe, what is it wee have *got*, but *matter of vexation*? which wee came so *basely* by, as wee are *asham'd* to take notice of it. So wee are forced to keepe it *boyling* in our *brests*: like *new wine*, to the hazzard of the *Hogshead*, for want of *venting*. *Iealousie* is a ginne that wee set to catch *Serpents*, which as soone as wee have caught them, *sting us*. Like the *foole*, that finding a boxe of *poyson*, *tastes*, and is *poyson'd* indeed. Are wee not *mad*, that being quiet, as we are, must needs goe search for *discontentments*? So farre should we be from *seeking them*, as to bee often *careless* of those wee *finde*. *Neglect* will kill an *injury*, sooner than *Revenge*. Sayd *Socrates*, when he was told that one *rail'd* on him; *Let him beate me too, so I bee absent, I care not*. He that will *question* every *disgracive* word, which hee heares is spoken of him, shall have few *friends*, little *wit*, and much *trouble*. One told *Chrysippus*, that his *friend* reproached him *privately*. Sayes he, *Aye, but chide him not, for then hee will doe as much in publike*. Wee shall all meet with *vexation* enough, which wee cannot avoyd. I cannot thinke any man loves *sorrow* so well, as out of his *discretion*, to *invite* it to *lodge* in his *heart*. *Pompey* did wel to commit those *Letters* to the *fire*, before he read them, wherein hee expected to finde the cause of his *griefe*. I will never undertake an *unwor-*

thy Watch for that which will but trouble. Why should wee not be ashamed to doe that, which we shall be ashamed to be taken in? Certainly, they that set *Spies* upon others, or by *listening*, put the base office of *Intelligencer* upon themselves, would blush to bee discovered in their *Projects*: and the best way to avoyd the *discovery*, is at first to avoyd the *Act*. If I heare any thing by *accident*, that may benefit me, I will, if I can, take only the *good*: but I will never lye in waite for mine *owne abuse*, or for others that concerne me not. Nor will I *flame* at every *vaine tongues puffe*. Hee has a *poore Spirit*, that is not planted above *petty wrongs*. *Small injuries* I would either not *heare*, or not *minde*: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the *Author*: for by this, I may *mend my selfe*, and never *malice* the *person*.

LXXIX.

Of Fate.

CErtainely, there is a *Fate* that hurries *Man* to his *end* beyond his *owne intention*. There is *uncertainety* in *Wisdome*, as well as in *folly*. When *Man* plotteth to save himselfe, that *plotting* delivers him into his *ruine*. *Decrees* are past upon us: and our owne *wit* often hunts us into the *snares*, that above all things we would shun. What we *suspect*, & would *flye*, we cannot: what we *suspect not*, we *fall into*. That which sav'd us now, by and by *kills* us.

We

We uſe meanes of *Preſervation*, and they prove *deſtroying ones*. Wee take courſes to ruine us, and they prove meanes of *ſafety*. When *Agrippina's* death was plotted, her *woman* thought to *ſave her ſelfe*, by aſſuming of her *Miſtreſſe name*: and that onely was the cauſe of her *killing*. *Florus* tells of one, to whom, *Victoriam prælio error dedit*: an *error* in the *fight*, gave *victory*. How many have, flying from *Danger*, met with *Death*? and on the other ſide, found *protection*, even in the very *jawes of miſchiefe*.

Et cum Fata volunt, bina venena juvant.

And when *Fate* lifts, a doubled *poyſon* ſaves.

Some men in their *ſleep* are caſt into *Fortunes lap*: while others with all their *induſtry*, cannot purchaſe one ſmile from her. How ſtrange a *Reſcue* from the *ſackage* of an *Enemy* had that *Citie*, that by the *Leaders* crying *Backe, Backe*, when he wanted roome for the fetching of his *blow*, to breake a *Chaine* that hinder'd him, was by *miſapprehending* the *word*, put backe in a *violent flight*? There is no doubt, but *wiſdome* is better than *Folly*, as *light* is better than *darkeneſſe*. Yet, I ſee, ſaith *Salomon*, *It happens to the wiſe and foole alike*. It fel out to be part of *Mithridates miſery*, that hee had made himſelfe *unpoyſonable*. All *humane wiſedome* is defective: otherwiſe it might helpe us, againſt the *flaſh* and *ſtorme*. As it is, it is but leſſer *folly*; which preſerving ſometimes, failes us often. *Grave directions*

doe not alwayes prosper: nor does the *Fooles bolt* ever misse. *Domitian's reflective Galleries*, could not guard him from the *skarfed arme*. Nor did *Titus* his freenesse to the two *Patrician aspirers*, hurt him: For, his *confidence* was, That *Fate* gave *Princes Soveraignty*. *Man* is meerely the *Ball of Time*: and is sometimes taken from the *Plow* to the *Throne*; and sometimes againe from the *Throne* to a *Halter*: as if we could neither avoyd being *wretched*, or *happy*, or both.

Non solicitæ possunt curæ
Mutare rati stamina fusi.
Quicquid patimur, mortale genus,
Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.
Servatque suæ decreta Colus
Lachesis: dura revolvit ab imo,
Omnia certo tramite vadunt;
Primusque dies, dedit extremum.

Our most thoughtfull *cares* cannot
Change establisht *Fates* firme *plot*.
All we suffer, all we prove,
All we act, comes from above.
Fates Decrees still keepe their *course*:
All things strictly by their force,
Wheele in undisturbed wayes;
Ends are set in our first dayes.

Whatsoever *Man* thinks to do in *contrariety*, is by God turned to be a helpe of hastening the *end* he hath appointed him: It was not in the *Emperours*

power

power to keepe *Asceletarius* from the *Dogges*, no though it was foretold him: and he bent himselfe to *crosse* it. Wee are govern'd by a *Power*, that we cannot but *obey*: our *mindes* are wrought against our *mindes*, to alter us. *Man* is his owne *Traytor*, and maddeth to undoe *himselfe*. Whether this be *Nature* order'd and relinquisht; or whether it be *accidentall*; or the operating *power* of the *Starres*; or the *eternall connexion* of *causes*; or the *execution* of the *will of God*; whether it takes away all *freedome* of *will* from *Man*; or by what meanes we are thus wrought upon, I dispute not. I would not thinke any thing, that should derogate from the *Majesty* of *God*. I know, there is a *Providence* ordering all things as it pleaseth, of which, *Man* is not able to render a *reason*. Wee may beleeve S. *Ierome*, *Providentia Dei omnia gubernantur*; *& quæ putatur pœna, Medicina est*. But the secret *progressions*, I confesse, I know not. I see, there are both *Arguments* and *objections* on every side. I hold it a kinde of *Mundane predestination*, writ in such *Characters*, as it is not in the wit of *man* to reade them. In vaine we murmur at the things that *must bee*: in vaine wee mourne for what wee cannot *remedy*. Why should we *rave*, when we meet with what we looke not for? 'Tis our *ignorance* that makes us wonder our selves to a *dull stupefaction*. When wee consider but how little we know, we need not bee disturbed at a new *event*.

Regitur Fatis, mortale genus,
Nec sibi quisquam spondere potest

Firmum, & ſtabile: perque caſus
Volvitur varios, ſemper nobis
Metuenda Dies.

All *Mankinde* is rul'd by *Fate*,
No man can propoſe a *ſtate*
Firme and ſtable: various *Chance*,
Alwaies rowling, doth advance
That *Something* which we feare.

Surely out of this, we may raiſe a *Contentment Royall*, as knowing wee are alwayes in the hands of a *Noble Protector*; who never gives ill, but to him that has deſerv'd *ill*. Whatſoever befalls mee, I would ſubſcribe to with a *ſquared Soule*. It were a *ſuperinſaniated folly*, to ſtruggle with a *power*, which I know is all in *vaine* contended with. If a faire *endevour* may free me, I will practiſe it. If that cannot, let me waite it with a *calmed minde*. Whatſoever happens as a *wonder*, I will *admire* and *magnifie*, as the *Act* of a *Power* above my *apprehenſion*. But as it is an *alteration* to *Man*, I will never thinke it *marvellous*. I every day ſee him ſuffer more *changes*, than is of himſelfe to imagine.

LXXX.

Of Oſtentation.

VAine *glory*, at beſt, is but like a *window-Cuſhion*, ſpecious without, and garniſhed with the *taſſled*

sled pendant: but within, nothing but *hey*, or *toare*, or some such *trash*, not worth looking on. Where I have found a *flood* in the *tongue*, I have often found the *heart empty*. 'Tis the *hollow Instrument* that sounds loud: and where the *heart* is *full*, the *tongue* is seldome *liberall*. Certainly, he that *boasteth*, if he be not *ignorant*, is *inconsiderate*, and knowes not the *slides* & *casualties* that hang on *Man*. If he had not an *unworthy heart*, he would rather stay till the *World* had found it, than so undecently bee his owne *Prolocutor*. If thou beest *good*, thou maist be sure the *World* will know thee so. If thou beest *bad*, thy bragging *Tongue* will make thee *worse*; while the *actions* of thy *life* confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the *good* thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thine owne *worth*, in drawing of it up by so unseemely a *Bucket*, as thine owne *tongue*. The *honest man* takes more pleasure in *knowing* himselfe *honest*, than in knowing that all the *world* approves him so. *Vertue* is built upon her *selfe*. *Flourishes* are for *Networks*: better *Contextures* need not any other *additions*. *Phocion* call'd *bragging Laosthenes*, *The Cypresse Tree*: which makes a faire *show*, but seldome beares any *fruit*. Why may hee not be emblem'd by the *coozening Fig-tree*, that our *Saviour* curst? 'Tis he that is conscious to himselfe of an *inward defect*, which by the *brazen Bell* of his *Tongue*, would make the *World* beleeve, that hee had a *Church* within: Yet *foole* that hee is! this is the way to make men thinke the *contrary*, if it were so. *Ostentation* after, overthrowes the *Action*, which was *good*, and went before: Or at least

it argues that *Good* not done well. Hee that does *good* for *Praise* onely, failes of the right end. A *good worke* ought to propound, Hee is vertuous, that is so for *vertues* sake. To *doe well*, is as much *applause* as a *good man* labours for. Whatsoever *good worke* thy *hand* builds, is againe pull'd downe by the *folly* of a *boasting tongue*. The *blazings* of the *proud* will go out in a *stench* and *smoke*: Their *braggings* will convert to shame. Saint *Gregory* has it wittily: *Sub hoste quem prosternit, moritur, qui de culpa quam superat elevatur.* Hee both loseth the *good* he hath done, and hazzardeth for *shame* with men: For *Clouds* of *Disdaine* are commonly raised by the *wind* of *Ostentation*. Hee that remembers too much his owne *Vertues*, teacheth others to object his *Vices*. All are *Enemies* to *assuming Man*. When hee would have *more* than his *due*, hee seldome findeth so *much*. Whether it be out of *Iealousie*, that by *promulgating* his *Vertues*, we vainely thinke he should rob us of the *Worlds love*; or whether we take his *exalting himselfe*, to be our *depression*; or whether it be our *envy*; or that wee are *angry*, that he should so undervalue *goodnesse*, as despising her inward *approbation*, he should seeke the *uncertaine warrant* of *Men*: or whether it be an *Instinct* instampt in *Man*, to dislike them; 'Tis certaine, no man can indure the *puffes* of a *swelling minde*. Nay though the *Vaunts* bee true, they doe but awaken *scoffes*: and in stead of a *clapping hand*, they finde a *checke* with *scorne*. When a *Souldier* brag'd too much of a great *skar* in his *forehead*, he was asked by *Augustus*, if he did not get it, when hee

he looked backe, as he *fled*? Certainely, when I heare a *vanting man*, I should thinke him like a *Peece* that is charged but with *Powder*; which neere hand gives a *greater Report*, than that which hath a *Bullet* in't. If I have done any thing *well*, I will never thinke the *World* is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to *essentiall Vertue*, by the hoarse clamour of the *blundering Rabble*. If I have done *ill*, to boast the contrary, I will thinke, is like *painting* an *old face*, to make it so much more *ugly*. If it be of any thing *past*, the *World* will *talke* of it, though I be *silent*. If not, 'tis more *Noble* to neglect *Fame*, than seeme to *beg* it. If it bee of ought to *come*, I am foolish, for speaking of that which I am not sure to *performe*. We disgrace the worke of *Vertue*, when we goe about any way to seduce *voyces* for her *approbation*.

LXXXI.

Of Hope.

HVmane life hath not a *surer friend*, nor many times a *greater enemy*, than *Hope*. 'Tis the *miserable mans god*, which in the hardest *gripe* of *calamity*, never failes to yeeld him *beames of comfort*. 'Tis the *presumptuous mans Devill*, which leades him awhile in a *smooth way*, and then makes him breake his *necke* on the sudden. *Hope* is to *Man*, as a *Bladder* to a *learning Swimmer*; it keepes him from *sinking*, in the bosome of the waves; and by that

that helpe he may attaine the *exerciſe*: but yet it many times makes him venter beyond his *height*, and then, if that *breakes*, or a *ſtorme riſes*, he *drownes* without *recovery*. How many would dye, did not *Hope* ſuſtaine them? How many have dy'de, by hoping too much? This *wonder* wee may finde in *Hope*; that ſhe is both a *Flatterer*, and a *true Friend*. Like a *valiant Captaine*, in a *loſing Battell*, it is ever incouraging *Man*, and never leaves him, till they both *expire together*. While *breath* pants in the *dying Body*, there is *Hope* fleeting in the *waving ſoule*. 'Tis almoſt as the *Aire*, by which the *minde* does live. There is one thing which may adde to our *value* of it: that it is *appropriate unto Man alone*: For ſurely, *Beaſts* have not *hope* at all; they are onely capable of the *preſent*; whereas *Man*, apprehending *future things*, hath this given him, for the *ſuſtentation* of his *drooping Soule*. Who would live rounded with *calamities*, did not *ſmiling Hope* cheere him, with expectation of *deliverance*? The *common one* is in *Tibullus*:

Iam mala finiſſem Letho; ſed credula vitam
Spes fovet, & melius cras fore ſemper ait.
Spes alit agricolas: ſpes ſulcis credit aratris
Semina, quæ magno fœnore reddat Ager.
Hæc laqueo volucres, hæc captat arundine piſces,
Cum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.
Spes etiam valida ſolatur compede vinctum,
Crura ſonat ferro, ſed canit inter opus.

Hope

Hope flatters *Life*, and sayes shee'l still bequeath
Better; else had I cur'd all *ills* by *Death*.
She blythes the *Farmer*, does his *graine* commit
To *Earth*, which with large use replentieth it.
She snares the *Birds*: and *Fishes* as they glide,
Strikes with smal *hooks*, that *coozning baits* do hide:
She cheeres the shackled *Prisner*, and while's *thigh*
Rings with his *Chain*, he works, and sings on high.

There is no *estate* so *miserable*, as to exclude her *comfort*. *Impriſon*, *vexe*, *fright*, *torture*, shew *Death* with his *horrideſt brow*: yet *Hope* will dart in her *reviving rayes*, that shall *illumine* and *exhilerate*, in the *tumour*, in the *swell* of these. Nor does shee more friend us with her *gentle shine*, than she often *fooles* us with her sleeke *deluſions*. Shee dandles us into *killing Flames*: *sings* us into *Lethargies*: and like an overhasty *Chyrurgion*, skinneth *dangers*, that are *full* and *foule* within. Shee coozens the *Theefe* of the *Coine* hee steales: and cheates the *Gameſter* more than even the *falſeſt Dye*. It abuseth *univerſall Man*, from him that stoopes to the *lome wall*, upon the *naked Common*, to the *Monarch* in his *purpled Throne*. It undoes the *melting Prodigall*: it delivers the *Ambitious* to the *edged Axe*, & the *raſh Souldier* to the shatterings of the *fired Vomit*. Whatsoever *good* we see, it tells us we may obtaine it: and in a little time, tumble our selves in the *Downe* of our *wiſhes*: but it often performes like *Domitian*, promiſing all with *nothing*. 'Tis (indeed) the *Ratile* which *Nature* did provide, to stil the froward crying of the *fond child*, *Man*. Our *Life* is but a *Runne*, after

after the *Drag* of ſomething that doth itch our *ſenſes*: which when we have hunted home, we find a *meere deluſion*. Wee thinke wee ſerve for *Rachel*, but are deceiv'd with *bleare-ey'd Leah*. *Iacob* is as *Man*, *Laban* is the *churliſh*, *envious*, *ungratefull World*: *Leah* is the *pleaſure* it payes us with: blemiſht in that which is the *life of beauty*, periſht even in the *Eye*; emblem'd too by the *Sex* of *Frailty*, *woman*. We ſee a *Box*, wherein we beleeve a *Pardon*; ſo wee are merry in the brinke of *Death*. While wee are *dancing*, the *Trapdoore* falls under us, and *hope* makes us *jocund*, till the *ladder turnes*, and then it is too late to *care*. Certainely, it requires a great deale of Iudgement, to *balance* our *hopes* even. Hee that hopes for *nothing*, will never attaine to *any thing*. This good comes of over-hoping, that it ſweetens our *paſſage* thorow the *world*, and ſometimes ſo ſets us to *worke*, as it produces *great actions*, though not alwaies pat to our ends. But then againe, he that hopes *too much*, ſhall coozen himſelfe at laſt; eſpecially, if his *induſtry* goes not along to *fortile* it. For, *hope* without *Action* is a *barren vndoer*. The beſt is to *hope* for *things poſſible*, and *probable*. If wee can take her *comforts*, without transfetring her our *confidence*, wee ſhall ſurely finde her a *ſweet companion*. I will bee content, my *hope* ſhould *travaile* beyond *Reaſon*; but I would not have her *build* there. So by this, I ſhall reape the benefit of her *preſent Service*, yet prevent the *Treaſon* ſhe might beguile me with.

That

LXXXII.

That sufferance causeth Love.

IN *Noble Natures*, I never found it faile, but that those who suffered for them, they ever *lov'd intirely*. 'Tis a *Iustice* living in the *Soule*, to indeare those that have *smarted* for our sakes. Nothing surer tyes a *friend*, than freely to *subhumerate* the *burthen* which was his. Hee is unworthy to be freed a second time, that does not pay both *affection* and *thanks*, to him that hath undergone a *mischiefe* due to himselfe. Hee hath in a sort made a *purchase* of thy *Life*, by saving it: and though hee doth forbeare to call for it, yet I beleeve, upon the like, thou owest him. Sure, *Nature* being an enemy to all *injustice*, since she cannot recall a thing done, labours some otherway, to recompence the *passed injury*. It was *Darius* his *confession*, that hee had rather have one whole *Zopirus*, than tenne such *Babylons* as his mangling wanne. *Voluminius* would needs have dy'de upon *Lucullus* corps, because hee was the cause of his undertaking the *Warre*. And *Achilles* did alter his purpose of refraining the *Grecian Campe*, to revenge *Patroclus* his *death*, when he heard that he was slaine in his *borrowed Armour*. Sure, there is a *Sympathy of soules*; and they are subtilly mixed by the *Spirits* of the *Ayre*; which makes them sensible of one anothers *sufferances*. I know not by what hidden way; but I finde, that

love

love increaſeth by *adverſity*. *Ovid* confeſſes it:

——*Adverſo tempore crevit Amor.*

——*Love* heightens by depreſſion.

Wee often finde in *Princes*, that they love their *Favourites*, for being *Skreenes*, that take away the *envy* of the *People*, which elſe would light on them: and we ſhal ſee this *love* appeare moſt, when the *People* beginne to lift at them: as if they were then tyde to that, out of *Iuſtice* and *Gratitude*, which before was but matter of *Favour*, and in the way of *Courteſie*. To make two *friends* intire, wee need but plot, to make one *ſuffer* for the others ſake. For this is alwaies in a *worthy mind*, it grieves more at the trouble of a *friend*, than it can doe for it ſelfe. Men often know in themſelves how to manage it, how to entertaine it: in another they are uncertaine how it may worke. This *feare* troubles *love*, and ſends it to a neerer ſearch, and *pitty*. All *creatures* ſhew a *thankfulnes* to thoſe that have befriended them. The *Lion*, the *Dogge*, the *Storke*, in *kindneſſes* are all *returners*: whole *Nature* leanes to *mutuall requitals*: and to pay with numerous *uſe*, the favours of a *free affection*. And if we owe a *Retribution* for unpainfull *Courteſies*, how much ſhould wee reflow, when they come arrayed in *ſufferings*? Though it be not to our ſelves a benefit of the *largeſt profit*; yet it is to them a ſervice of the *greateſt paines*: and it is a great deale more *Honour* to recompence after their *Act*, than our *Receipt*.

ceipt. In *Courteſies*, 'tis the moſt *Noble*, when we receive them from others, to *prize* them after the *Authors intention*, if they be *meane*; but after their *effect*, if they be great: and when wee *offer* them to others, to *value* them leſſe good, but as the *ſequell* proves them to the *Receiver*. Certainly, though the *world* hath nothing worth *loving*, but an *honeſt man*: yet this would make one love the *man* that is *vile*. In this *caſe* I cannot *exempt* the *ill one* out of my *affection*: but I will rather wiſh hee may ſtill bee *free*, than I in *bonds* to *lewdneſſe*, nor will I, if my *induſtrious* care may avoid it, ever let any indure a *torment* for mee: becauſe it is a *courteſie*, which I know not how to *requite*. So till I meet with the like *opportunity*, I muſt reſt in his debt, for his *paſſion*. It is not good to receive *favors*, in ſuch a nature, as we cannot render them. Thoſe Bonds are *cruell* tyes, which make man ever *ſubject* to *debt*, without a *power* to cancell them.

LXXXIII.

That Policy and Friendſhip are ſcarce compatible.

AS *Policy* is taken in the *generall*, we hold it but a kinde of crafty *wiſedome*, which boweth every thing to a *ſelfe-profit*. And therefore a *Polititian* is one of the worſt *ſorts* of *men*, to make a *friend* on. Give me one, that is vertuouſly *wiſe*, not cunningly *hid*, and twined to himſelfe. *Policy* in friend-

ſhip,

ſhip, is like *Logicke* in truth: ſomething too *ſubtill* for the *plainenesſe* of diſcloſing *hearts*. And whereas this works ever for *appropriate* ends; *Love* ever takes a *partner* into the *Benefit*. Doubtleſſe, though there be that are ſure, & ſtrait, to their *friends*: yet in the *generall*, he is reckon'd, but a kinde of *poſtpoſitum*: or an *Heire* that muſt not claime till after. We have found out an *adage*, which doubles our love to our ſelves; but withall, it robs our *neighbour*. *Proximus ipſe mihi*, is urged to the ruine of *friendſhip*. They that love themſelves over-much, have ſeldome any expreſſive *goodnes*. And indeed, it is a *quality* that fights againſt the *twiſt of friendſhip*. For what *love* joynes, this divides, and diſtanceth. *Scipio* would not beleeve it was ever the ſpeech of a *wiſe man*, which wills us ſo to *love*, as if we were to *hate* immediately. The *truth of affection* projecteth *perpetuity*. And that *love* which can preſently leave, was never well begunne. Hee that wil not in a *time* of need, halve it with a ſtreighted *friend*, does but *uſurpe* the *name*, and *injure* it. Nor is he more to be regarded, that will kicke at every faile of his *friend*: A *friend* invited *Alcibiades* to *ſupper*: He refuſed; but in the middle of their *meale*, he ruſhes in with his *ſervants*, & commands them to catch up the *Wine*, and carry it *home* to his houſe: they did it, yet *halfe* they left *behind*. The *Gueſts* complained of this *uncivill* violence: but his *friend* with this milde *ſpeech*, excuſed him, ſaying: He did *courteouſly*, to take but *halfe*, when *all* was at his *ſervice*. Yet in theſe *lenities* I confeſſe *Politicians* are moſt *plauſible*. There are that will doe

doe as *Fabius* ſaid of *Syphax*, keepe correſpondency in *ſmall matters*, that they may bee truſted, and *deceive* in greater, and of *graver* conſequence. But theſe are to bee *baniſht* the *League*. The politicke *heart* is too full of *cranks* and *angles*, for the *diſcovery* of a plaine *familiar*. It is uncertaine finding of him, that uſeth often to *ſhift* his *habitation*: and ſo it is a *heart*, that hath *devices*, and inverſions for it *ſelfe* alone. Things that differ in their end, will ſurely part in their *way*. And ſuch are theſe two: The *end* of *Policy*, is to make a mans *ſelfe* great. The *end* of *love*, is to advance another. For a *friend* to *converſe* withall, let mee rather meet with a ſound *affection*, then a crafty *braine*. One may faile mee by *accident*, but the other will doe it out of *foreintent*: And then there is nothing more *dangerous*, then ſtudied *adulation*; eſpecially, where it knowes 'tis truſted. The ſoundeſt *affection*, is like to be betweene thoſe, where there cannot be expectation of *ſiniſter* ends. Therefore have your *Poets* feigned, the *intireſt love*, among humble *Shepheards*: where *wealth* and *honour* have had no *ſway* in their *unions*.

LXXXIV.

Of Drunkenneſſe.

SAid *Muſæus*, *The reward of Vertue, is perpetuall Drunkenneſſe*. But he meant it, of *celeſtiall exhillaration*: and ſurely ſo, the *goodman* is full of *glad-*

ding vivifications, which the *world* does never reach unto. The other, *Drunkennesse*, arising from the *Grape*, is the *floating* of the *sterneleſſe Senſes in a Sea*, and is as great a *Hydra*, as ever was the *Multitude*. That *diſpoſitions* differ, as much as *fuëes*, *Drinke* is the cleareſt prover. The *Cup* is the betrayer of the *minde*, and does *diſapparell* the *ſoule*. There is but one thing which *diſtinguiſheth Beaſt* and *Man*; *Reaſon*. And this it *robs* him of: Nay, it goes further, even to the ſubverting of *Natures Inſtitution*. The *thoughts* of the *heart*, which *God* hath ſecluded from the very *Devill*, and *Spirits*, by this doe ſuffer a *ſearch*, and *denudation*. *Quod in corde ſobrii, in lingua ebrii*. Hee that would *Anatomize* the *ſoule*, may doe it *beſt*, when *Wine* has num'd the *ſenſes*. Certainely, for *confeſſion*, there is no ſuch racke as *Wine*; nor could the *Devill* ever finde a cunninger *baite* to *angle* both for *acts*, and *meaning*: Even the moſt benighted *cogitations* of the *ſoule*, in this *floud*, doe tumble *from* the *ſwelled tongue*; yet madly we *purſue* this *Vice*, as the kindler both of *wit*, and *mirth*. Alas! it is the *blemiſh* of our *times*, that men are of ſuch *ſlow conceit* as they are not *company* one for another, without exceſſive *draughts* to quicken them. And ſurely 'tis from this *barrenneſſe*, that the *impertinencies* of *drinke*, and *ſmoake*, were firſt tane in at *meetings*. It were an *excellent* way; for men of *quality*, to *convert* this *madneſſe*, to the *diſcuſſion* and *practice* of *Arts*, either *Military*, or *Civill*. Their *places* of *reſort* might be ſo fitted with *inſtruments*, as they might be like *Academies* of *inſtruction*; and *proficiencie*. And theſe they might

might ſweeten, with the adding of *illaſive Games*? What ſeverall *Playes* and *exerciſe*, had their continuall uſe with the *flouriſhing Romans*? was there not their *Compitales*, *Circenſes*, *Stenicos*, *Ludicros*, and the like? all which, were as *Schooles* to their *Youth*, of *Vertue*, *Activeneſſe*, or *Magnanimity*: and how quickly, and how *eagerly*, were their *Bacchanalia* baniſhed, as the *teachers* only of *deteſted vices*? Indeed, *Drunkennes* beſots a *Nation*, and *beſtiates* even the braveſt *ſpirits*. There is nothing which a man that is ſoked in *drinke* is fit for, no not for *ſleepe*. When the *Sword* and *Fire* rage, 'tis but *man* warring againſt *man*: when *Drunkenneſſe* reignes, the *Devill* is at war with *man*, and the *Epotations* of *dumbe liquor* damne him. *Macedonian Philip* would not warre againſt the *Perſians*, when he heard they were ſuch *Drinkers*: For he ſaid, they would ruine alone. Doubtleſſe, though the *Soule* of a *Drunkard* ſhould be ſo drowned, as to be *inſenſate*; yet his *Body*, me thinks, ſhould irke him to a *penitence* and *diſceſſion*. When like an impoyſoned *bulke*, all his *powers* mutiny in his diſtended *skin*, no queſtion but he muſt be pained, till they come again to *ſettling*. What a *Monſter Man* is, in his *Inebriations*! a *ſwimming Eye*; a *Face* both *roaſt* and *ſod*: a *temulentive Tongue*, clammed to the *roofe* and *gums*; a *drumming Eare*; a *feavered body*; a *boyling Stomack*, a *Mouth* naſty with *offenſive fumes*, till it ſicken the *Braine* with *giddy verminations*; a *palſied hand*: and *legs* tottering up and downe their *moyſtened burthen*. And whereas we eate our *diſhes* ſeverall, becauſe their mixture would loath the *taſte*, the *eye*,

and *smell*; this, when they are halfe made *excrement*, reverts them, mashed in an odious *vomit*. And very probable tis, that this was the *poyson*, which kil'd the *valiant Alexander*. *Proteus* gave him a *quaffe* of *two gallons*, which set him into a *disease* he dyed of. T is an *ancient Vice*, and *Temperance* is rare. *Cato* us'd to say of *Cæsar*, that *He alone came sober, to the overthrow of the State*. But you shall scarce finde a man much addicted to *drinke*, that it ruin'd not. Either it dotes him into the *snares of his Enemies*, or overbeares his *Nature*, to a finall *sinking*. Yet there bee, whose delights are onely to *turne in*: and perhaps as *Bonosus*, they never straine their *Bladder* for't. But surely, some ill fate attends them, for consuming of the *Countries fat*. That 'tis practiz'd most of the meaneſt people, proves it for the *baſer vice*. I knew a *Gentleman* that followed a *Noble Lady* in this *Kingdome*, who would often complaine, that the greateſt inconvenience hee found in *Service*, was, his being urged to *drinke*. And the better he is, the more he shall find it. The eies of many are upon the *eminent*: and *Servants*, especially those of the *ordinary ranke*, are often of so meane *breeding*, as they are ignorant of any other *entertainment*. We may observe, it ever takes footing first in the most *Barbarous Nations*. The *Scythians* were such lovers of it, as it grew into their *name*: and unlesse it were one *Anacharsis*, how barren were they both of *wit* and *manners*? The *Grecians*, I confesse, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in braine. The *Italians* and *Spaniards*, which I take to be the most

civilized,

civilized, I finde not tainted with this *spot*. And though the *Heathen* (in many places) Templed and adored this *drunken God*; yet one would take their *ascriptions* to him, to bee matter of *dishonour*, and *mockes*: As his *troupe* of *furied Women*: his *Chariot* drawne with the *Linx* and *Tyger*: and the *Beasts* sacred to him, were only the *Goat* and *Swine*. And such they all prove, that frequently honour him with excessive *draughts*. I like a *Cup*, to *briske* the *spirits*; but *continuance* dulls them. It is lesse labour to *plow*, than to *pot it*: and *urged Healths* doe infinitely adde to the *trouble*. I will never drinke but *Liberties*, nor ever those so long, as that I lose mine owne.

——Deare *Bacchus*, Ile not heave
The shak'd *Cup* 'gainst my *stomacke*: nor yet reave
Ope 'arbor'd *Secrets*. Let thy *Tymbrels* fierce,
And *Phrygian Horn* be mute: blind *selfe-loves* curse,
Braves without braine; *Faith's* closetings, alas!
Doe follow thee, as if but cloath'd with *Glasse*.

Horace reads it thus: —*Non ego te candide Bassareu,*
Invitam quatiam: nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub Divum rapiam. Sæva tene Berecynthio
Cornu tympana; quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides Prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

Let mee rather bee disliked for not being a *Beast*, than be *good-fellowed* with a *hug*, for beeing one. Some *laugh* at mee, for being *sober*: and I *laugh* at them

them for being *drunke*. Let their *pleasures* crowne them, and their *mirth* abound: the next day they will sticke in *mud*. *Bibite, & pergræcamini ô Cimmerii! Ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & mors ipsa comitantur.*

LXXXV.

Of Marriage, and single life.

BOth Sexes made but *Man*. So that *Marriage* perfects *Creation*. When the *Husband* and the *Wife* are together, the *World* is contracted in a *Bed*: and without this, like the *Head* and *body* parted, either would consume, without a possibility of *reviving*. And though wee finde many *enemies* to the name of *Marriage*; yet 'tis rare to finde an *Enemy* to the *use* on't. Surely he was made *imperfect*, that is not tending to *propagation*. *Nature* in her true worke, never made any thing in vaine. Hee that is *perfect*, and marries not, may in some sort be said to be guilty of a *contempt* against *Nature*; as disdaining to make use of her *endowments*. Nor is that which the *Turks* hold, without some colour of *Reason*: They say, He that *marries* not at fitting time, (which they hold is about the age of five and twenty yeeres) is not *just*, nor pleaseth not *God*. I beleeve it is from hence, that the *Vow* of *Chastity* is many times accompanied with such *inconveniences* as we see ensue. I cannot thinke *God* is pleased with that, which crosseth his first *ordination*, and

and the *current* of *Nature*. And in themſelves, it is a harder matter to root out an inſeparable *ſway* of *Nature*, than they are aware of. The beſt *chaſtity* of all, I hold to bee *Matrimoniall chaſtitie*: when *Paires* keepe themſelves in a moderate *intermutualneſſe*, each conſtant to the other: for ſtill it tendeth to *union*, and continuance of the *world* in *poſterity*. And 'tis fit even in *Nature* and *Policy*, that this *propriety* ſhould be inviolable: Firſt, in reſpect of the impureneſſe of *mixt Poſterity*. Next, in reſpect of *peace* and *concord* among *Men*. If many *Men* ſhould be intereſſed in one *woman*, it could not bee, but there would infinite *jars* ariſe. Some have complained of *Chriſtian Religion*, in that it tyes men ſo ſtrictly in this point, as when *matches* happen ill, there is no meanes of *remedy*. But ſurely if liberty of *change* were granted, all would grow to confuſion: and it would open a *gap* to many *miſchiefes*, ariſing out of humour only, which now by this neceſſity are *diſgeſted*, and made ſtraight againe. Thoſe I obſerve to agree beſt, which are of *free natures*, not ſubject to the fits of *choller*. Their *fredome* ſhuts out *jealouſie*, which is the *canker* of *Wedlocke*; and withall, it divideth both *joy* and *ſorrow*. And when *hearts* alike diſcloſe, they ever linke in love. Nay, whereas ſmall and *domeſticke jarres*, more fret *marriages*, than *great ones* and *publike*; theſe two will take them away. *Freedome* reveales them, that they rankle not the *Heart* to a *ſecret loathing*: and *Mildneſſe* heares them without *Anger*, or *bitter words*: ſo they cloze againe after *diſcuſſion*, many times in a *ſtraighter*

Tye. Poverty in *Wedlocke*, is a great decayer of *love* and *contentation*; and *Riches* can find many wayes, to divert an *inconvenience*: but the *minde* of a *man* is all. Some can bee *servile*, and fall to those *labours* which another cannot stoope to. Above all, let the *generous minde* beware of *marrying poore*: for though hee cares the least for *wealth*, yet hee will bee most galled with the *want* of it. *Selfe-conceited People* never agree well together: they are wilfull in their *brawles*, and *Reason* cannot reconcile them. Where either are onely *opiniately wise*, *Hell* is there: unlesse the other bee a *Patient* meerely. But the worst is, when it lights on the *woman*: shee will thinke to *rule*, because shee hath the *subtiller braine*: and the *Man* will looke for't, as the *privilege of his Sex*. Then certainly, there will bee *mad worke*, when *Wit* is at warre with *Prerogative*. Yet againe, where *Marriages* prove unfortunate, a *Woman* with a *bad Husband*, is much worse, than a *Man* with a bad *Wife*, *Men* have much more freedome, to court their *Content* abroad. There are, that account *Women* onely as *Seed-plots* for posteritie: others worse, as onely *quench* for their *fires*. But surely there is much more in them, if they be *discreet* and good. They are *Women* but in *body* alone. Questionlesse, a *Woman* with a *wise Soule*, is the fittest Companion for *Man*: otherwise *God* would have given him a *Friend* rather than a *Wife*. A wise *Wife* comprehends both *Sexes*: shee is *Woman* for her *body*, and she is *Man* within: for her *soule* is like her *Husbands*. It is the *Crowne of Blessings*, when in one

one *Woman* a *Man* findeth both a *Wife* and a *Friend*. *Single life* cannot have this *happineſſe*; though in ſome mindes it hath many it preferres before it. This hath fewer *Cares*, and more *Longings*: but *marriage* hath fewer *Longings*, and more *Cares*. And as I thinke *Care* in *Marriage* may bee *commendable*, ſo I thinke *Deſire* in *Single life*, is not an evill of ſo high a bound, as ſome men would make it. It is a *thing* that accompanies *Nature*, and *Man* cannot avoid it. Some things there are, that *conſcience* in *generall Man* condemnes, without a *Literall Law*: as *Injuſtice*, *Blaſphemy*, *Lying*, and the like: But to curbe and quite beate downe the *deſires of the fleſh*, is a worke of *Religion*, rather than of *Nature*. And therefore ſayes Saint *Paul*, *I had not knowne Luſt to have beene a ſinne, if the Law had not ſayd, Thou ſhalt not luſt. Votive Abſtinence*, ſome *cold conſtitucions* may endure with a great deale of *vexatious penitence*. To live *chaſte* without *vowing*, I like a great deale better: nor ſhall wee finde the *Devill* ſo buſie to tempt us to a ſingle ſinne of *unchaſtity*; as he will, when it is a *ſinne* of *unchaſtity* and *perjurie* too. I finde it *commended*, but not *impoſed*. And when *Iephtha's* daughter died, they mourned for that ſhe died a *Maid*. The *Grecians*, the *Romans* did, and the *Spaniards* at this day doe (in honour of *marriage*) priviledge the *wedded*. And though the *Romans* had their *Veſtals*, yet after their thirty yeeres continuance, the cruelty of *inforced Chaſtity* was not in force againſt them. *Single life* I will like in ſome, whoſe mindes can ſuffer *continency*: but ſhould *all* live

thus,

thus, a hundred yeeres would make the *world* a *Desart*. And this alone may *excuse* me, though I like of *Marriage* better. One tends to *ruine*, the other to increasing of the *glory* of the *world*, in multitudes.

LXXXVI.

Of Charity.

Charity is communicated *goodnesse*, and without this, *Man* is no other than a *Beast*, preying for himselfe alone. Certainely, there are more men live upon *Charity*, than there are, that do *subsist* of themselves. The *world*, which is *chained* together by intermingled *love*, would all *shatter*, and fall to pieces, if *Charity* should chance to *dye*. There are some secrets in it, which seeme to give it the *chaire* from all the rest of *vertues*. With *Knowledge*, with *Valour*, with *Modesty*, and so with other particular *Vertues*, a man may be *ill* with some contrarying *vice*: But with *Charity*, we cannot be *ill* at all. Hence I take it, is that saying in *Timothy*; *The end, or consummation of the Law, is love out of a pure heart. Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malum esse potest; habere autem Charitatem, & malus esse non potest*, said Saint *Augustine* of old. Next, whereas other *vertues* are *restrictive*, and looking to a mans selfe: This takes all the *world* for it's *object*; and nothing that hath *sense*, but is better for this *Dispositor*. There bee among the *Mahometans*, that are so taken with this

beauty,

beauty, that they will with a *price* redeeme *ingaged* Birds, to restore them to the *liberty* of their plumed *wing*. And they will oftentimes, with *cost* feed *fishes* in the *streaming water*. But their opinion of deserving by it, makes it as a *Superstitious folly*: and in *Materials*, they are nothing so *zealous*. Indeed, nothing makes us more like to *God*, than *Charity*. As all things are filled with his *goodnes*, so the *Vniversall* is partaker of the *good mans spreading Love*. Nay, it is that which gives life to all the *Race* of other *vertues*. It is that which makes them to appeare in *Act*. *Wisedome* and *Science* are worth nothing, unlesse they be *distributive*, and declare themselves to the *world*. *wealth* in a *Misers* hand is *useless*, as a *lockt-up Treasure*. T is *charity* only, that maketh *riches* worth the owning. We may observe, when *charitable men* have ruled, the *world* hath *flourished*, and enjoyed the blessings of *Peace*, and *prosperity*: the *times* have bin more *pleasant* and *smooth*: nor have any *Princes* sate more secure or fixme in their *Thrones*, than those that have bin *clement* & *benigne*: as *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Antonine*, & others. And we may observe againe, how *rugged*, and how full of *bracks* those *times* have been, wherein *cruell ones* have had a power. *Cicero* sayes of *Sylla's time*, —*Nemo illo invito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam, retinere potuerit*. And when the *Senate* in *Councell*, was frighted at the cry of seven thousand *Romans*, which he had sent to *execution* at once; hee bids them minde their b[illegible]sinesse, for it was onely a few *Seditiaries*, that he had commanded to bee slaine. No question but there are, which delight to see a

Rome

Rome in flames and like a *raviſht Troy*, mocking the abſent *day* with earthly *fires*, that can linger *Men* to *Martyrdome*, and make them dye by *peecemeale*. *Tiberius* told one that petitioned to bee *quickly kil'd*; that he was not yet his *friend*. And *Vitellius* would needs ſee the *Scrivener* dye in his *preſence*, for he ſaid he would feed his *eyes*. But I wonder, whence theſe men have their *minds*. *God*, nor *Man*, nor *Nature* ever made them thus. Sure, they borrow it from the *Wilderneſſe*, from the imboaſted *Savage*, and from *tormenting ſpirits*. When the *Leg* will neither beare the *Body*, nor the *Stomacke* diſperſe his receit, nor the *Hand* be ſerviceable to the directing *Head*, the whole muſt certainly *languiſh*, and dye: So in the *body* of the *world*, when *Members* are ſullen'd, and *ſnarle* one at another, downe falls the *frame* of all.

Quod mundus, ſtabili fide,
Concordes variat vices:
Quod pugnantia ſemina
Fœdus perpetuum tenent:
Quod Phœbus roſeum diem,
Curru provehit aureo:
Vt quas duxerit Heſperus,
Phœbe noctibus imperet:
Vt fluctus avidum mare
Certo fine coerceat,
Ne terris liceat vagis
Latos tendere terminos:
Hanc rerum ſeriem ligat,
(Terras, ac Pelagus regens,
Et Cœlo imperitans) Amor.

That

That the *world* in constant force,
Varies his concordant course:
That seeds jarring, *hot* and *cold*,
Doe the *Breed* perpetuall hold:
That the Sunne in's golden *Car*,
Does the *Rosie Day* still rere.
That the *Moone* swayes all those *lights*,
Hesper ushers to *darke nights*.
That *alternate Tydes* be found,
Seas high-prided *waves* to bound,
Lest his *fluid waters* Mace,
Creeke broad *Earths* invallyed face.
All the *Frame* of things that be,
Love (which rules *Heaven*, *Land*, and *Sea*)
Chaines, keepes, orders, as you see.

Thus *Boëtius*. The *world* containes nothing, but there is some *quality* in it, which *benefits* some other *creatures*. *The Ayre* yeelds *Fowles*: the *Water Fish*, the *Earth Fruit*. And all these yeeld something from themselves, for the use and behalfe, not onely of *Man*, but of each other. Surely, he that is *right*, must not thinke his *charity* to one in need a *courtesie*: but a *debt*, which *Nature* at his first being, *bound* him to pay. I would not *water a strange ground*, to leave mine owne in *drought*: yet I thinke to every thing that hath *sense*, there is a kinde of *pittyowing*. *Salomons* good *Man*, is mercifull to his *Beast*: nor take I this to be onely *intentionall*: but expressive: *God* may respect the *mind*, and *will*, but man is nothing better for my meaning, alone. Let my *mind* be *charitable*, that *God* may accept me. Let my *actions* expresse it, that *men* may be *benefiteth*.

Of

LXXXVII.

Of Travaile.

A *Speech* which often came from *Alexander*, was; that he had *discovered* more with his *eye*, than other *Kings* did comprehend in their *thoughts*. And this he spake of his *Travaile*. For indeed, *Men* can but gueſſe at *places* by *relation* onely. There is no *Map*, like the view of the *Countrey*. *Experience* is the beſt *Informer*. And one Iourney will ſhew a man more, than any *deſcriptions* can. Some would not allow a man to move from the *ſhell* of his own *Country*. And *Claudian* mentions it as a *happineſſe*, for *birth*, *life*, and *buriall*, to be all in a *Pariſh*. But ſurely, *Travaile fulleth* the Man, he hath *liv'd* but *lockt* up in a large *Cheſt*, which hath never ſeene but one *Land*. A Kingdome to the *world*, is like a *Corporation* to a *Kingdome*: a *man* may live in't like an unbred *man*. He that ſearcheth *forraine Nations*, is becomming a *Gentleman* of the *World*. One that is *learned*, *honeſt*, and *travail'd*, is the beſt *compound* of *man*; and ſo *corrects* the *Vice* of one *Countrey*, with the *Vertues* of another, that like *Mithridate*, he growes a perfect *mixture*, and an *Antidote*. *Italy*, *England*, *France*, and *Spaine*, are as the *Court* of the *world*. *Germany*, *Denmarke*, and *China*, are as the *Citie*: The reſt are moſt of them *Cottiers*, and *Barbariſme*: who hath not ſeene the beſt of theſe, is a little lame in *knowledge*. Yet I thinke it not fit that every

every man ſhould *travaile*. It makes a *wiſe man* better, and a *foole* worſe. This gaines nothing but the *gay ſights*, *vices*, *exoticke geſtures*, and the *Apery* of a *Countrey*. A *Travailing foole* is the *ſhame* of all *Nations*. Hee *ſhames* his *owne*, by his *weakeneſſe* abroad: He *ſhames* others, by bringing home their *follies* alone. They onely blab abroad *domeſticke vices*, and import them that are *tranſmarine*. That a man may better himſelfe by *Travaile*, he ought to obſerve, and comment: noting as well the *bad*, to avoid it, as taking the *good*, into uſe. And without *Regiſtring* theſe things by the *Pen*, they will ſlide away *unprofitably*. A man would not thinke, how much the *Characting* of a *thought* in *Paper*, faſtens it. *Litera ſcripta manet*, has a large *ſenſe*. He that does this, may, when hee pleaſeth, *rejourney* over all his *voyage*, in his *Clozet*. Grave *Natures* are the beſt *proficients* by *Travaile*: they are not ſo apt to take a *Soyle*; and they obſerve more; but then they muſt put on an *outward freedom*, with an *inquiſition* ſeemingly *careleſſe*. It were an *excellent* thing in a *State*, to have alwaies a *ſelect* number of *Youth*, of the *Nobility*, and *Gentry*; and at yeeres of ſome *Maturity*, ſend them abroad for *Education*. Their *Parents* could not better diſpoſe of them, than in *dedicating* them to the *Republike*. They themſelves could not bee in a *fairer way* of *preferment*: and no queſtion but they mought prove mightily *ſerviceable* to the *State*, at home; when they ſhall returne well verſed in the *world*, languaged and well read in men; which for *Policy*, and *Negotiation*, is much better than any booke-learning, though never

uer ſo deepe, and knowing. Being abroad, the *beſt* is to converſe with the *beſt*, and not to chuſe by the *eye*, but by *Fame*. For the *State*, inſtruction is to be had at the *Court*. For *Traffique*, among *Merchants*. For *Religious Rites*, the *Clergy*; for *Gouernement*, the *Lawyers*; and for the *Countrey*, and *rurall knowledge*, the *Boores* and *Peaſantry*, can beſt helpe you. All *rarities* are to be ſeene, eſpecially *Antiquities*; for theſe ſhew us the *ingenuity* of elder times in *Act*: and are in one, both *example*, and *precept*. By theſe, comparing them with *Moderne Invention*, wee may ſee how the *world* thriues in *ability*, and *braine*. But aboue all, ſee *rare men*. There is no *Monument*, like a worthy *man* alive. Wee ſhall bee ſure to finde ſomething in him, to kindle our *ſpirits*, and inlarge our *mindes* with a worthy *emulation* of his *vertues*. *Parts* of extraordinary *note*, cannot ſo lye hid, but that they will *ſhine forth*, through the *tongue* and *behaviour*, to the inlightning of the *rauiſht beholder*. And becauſe there is leſſe in this, to take the *ſenſe* of the *eye*, and things are more readily taken from a liuing *patterne*; the *Soule* ſhall more eaſily draw in his *excellencies*, and improue it ſelfe with greater *profit*. But unleſſe a man has *iudgement* to order theſe *aright*, in *himſelfe*, at his *returne*, all is in *vaine*, and loſt labour. Some men, by *Trauell* will be changed in nothing: and ſome againe, will *change* too much. Indeed, the *morall* outſide, whereſoeuer we bee, may ſeeme beſt, when ſomething fitted to the *Nation* we are in: but whereſoeuer I ſhould goe, or ſtay, I would euer keepe my *God*, and *Friends* unchangeably.

ably. Howſoere he returnes, he *makes* an *ill Voyage*, that changeth his *Faith* with his *Tongue*, and *Garments*.

LXXXVIII.

Of Muſicke.

Diogenes ſpake right of *Muſicke*, when hee told one that brag'd of his *skill*; that *Wiſedome* govern'd *Cities*; but with *Songs* and *Meaſures*, a houſe would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for *pleaſure*, than any *profit* of *Man*. Being but a *ſound*, it only workes on the *minde* for the *preſent*; and leaves it not *reclaimed*, but *rap't* for a while: & then it returnes, forgetting the onely *eare-deepe warbles*. It is but *wanton'd Ayre*, & the *Titillation* of that *ſpirited Element*. We may ſee this, in that 'tis only in hollowed *Inſtruments*, which gather in the ſtirred *Aire*, and ſo cauſe a *ſound* in the *Motion*. The *advantage* it gaines upon the *Minde*, is in reſpect of the neerenеſſe it hath to the *ſpirits compoſure*, which being *Æthereall*, and *harmonious*, muſt needs delight in that which is like them. Beſides, when the *ayre* is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the *eare*, by whoſe *winding entrance*, it is made more *pleaſant*, and by that *in-eſſent Ayre*, carried to the *Auditory nerve*, which *preſents* it to the *common ſenſe*, and ſo to the *intellectuall*. Of all *Muſick*, *that* is beſt which comes from an *articulate voyce*. Whether it be that *man* cannot make an *Inſtrument* ſo *melodi-*

ous, as that which *God* made, living *Man*: or, because there is something in this, for the *rationall part*, as well as for the *eare* alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with a careleſſe *freeneſſe*, and a kinde of a negle&tive *eaſineſſe*; *Nature* being alwayes moſt *lovely*, in an *unaffected*, and *ſpontaneous flowing*. A *dexterious Art*, ſhewes *cunning*, and *induſtry*; rather than *judgement*, and *ingenuity*. It is a kind of *diſparagement*, to bee a cunning *Fiddler*. It argues his *neglect* of better *imployment*, and that he hath ſpent much *time* upon a thing *unneceſſary*. Hence it hath beene counted ill, for great *Ones* to *ſing*, or *play*, like an *Arted Muſician*. *Philip* asked *Alexander*, if he were not *aſhamed*, that hee *ſang* ſo *artfully*. And indeed, it ſoftens the *minde*; The *curioſity* of it, is fitter for *Women* than *Men*, and for *Curtezans* than *Women*. Among other deſcriptions of a *Romane Dame*; *Saluſt* puts it down for one, that ſhe did —*Pſallere, & ſaltare, elegantius, quàm neceſſe eſt probæ*. But yet againe 'tis pity, that theſe ſhould be ſo *excellent*, in that which hath ſuch *power* to *faſcinate*. It were well, *Vice* were bar'd of all her helpes of *woing*. Many a *minde* hath beene *angled* unto *ill*, by the *Eare*. It was *Stratonice*, that tooke *Mithridates* with a *Song*. For as the *Notes* are *framed*, it can *draw*, and *incline* the *minde*. Lively *Tunes* doe lighten the *minde*: Grave ones give it *Melancholy*. Lofty ones raiſe it, and *advance* it to above. Whoſe *dull blood* will not caper in his *veynes*, when the very *ayre* hee breathes in, *frisketh* in a *tickled motion*? Who can but fixe his *eye*, and *thoughts*, when hee heares the ſigh, and *Dying* groanes,

groanes, geſtur'd from the *mournefull Inſtrument?* And I thinke hee hath not a *minde* well temper'd, whoſe zeale is not inflamed by a *heavenly Anthem*. So that indeed, *Muſicke* is *good*, or *bad*, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely, they did meane it *excellent*, that made *Apollo*, who was *God of Wiſedome*, to be *God of Muſicke* alſo. But it may bee the *Ægyptians*, attributing the *invention* of the *Harpe* to him, the *rarity* and *pleaſingneſſe*, made them ſo to *honour* him. As the *Spartans* uſed it, it ſerved ſtill for an *excitation to valour*, and *Honourable Actions*: but then they were ſo carefull of the *manner* of it, as they fin'd *Terpander*, and nailed his *Harpe* to the poſt, for being too *inventive*, in adding a *ſtring* more than uſuall: Yet had he done the *State* good ſervice, for he appeaſed a *Sedition* by his *play*, and *Poetry*. Sometimes light *Notes* are uſefull; as in times of generall *joy*, and when the *mind* is preſſed with *ſadneſſe*. But certainly, thoſe are beſt, which inflame *zeale*, incite to *courage*, or induce to *gravity*. One is for *Religion*; ſo the *Iewes*. The other for *Warre*; ſo the *Grecians* and *Romans*. And the laſt for *Peace*, and *Moralitie*: Thus *Orpheus* civilized the *Satyres*, and the bad rude *men*. It argues it of ſome *excellency*, that tis uſed only of the moſt *aeriall creatures*; loved, and underſtood by *Man* alone; the *Birds* next, have *variety* of *Notes*. The *Beaſts*, *Fiſhes*, and the *reptilia*, which are of groſſer *compoſition*, have onely *ſilence*, or untuned *ſounds*. They that *deſpiſe* it wholly, may well bee *ſuſpected*, to bee ſomething of a *Savage Nature*. The *Italians* have ſomewhat a *ſmart cenſure*, of thoſe that *affect*

it not: They say, *God* loves not him, whom hee hath not made to love *Musicke*. *Aristotles conceit*, that *Iove* doth never *Harpe*, nor *sing*, I doe not hold a dispraise. Wee finde in *Heaven* there bee *Hallelujahs* sung, I beleeve it, as a helper both to *good*, and *ill*; and will therefore *honour* it, when it *mooves* to *Vertue*, and beware it, when it would *flatter* into *Vice*.

LXXXIX.

Of Repentance.

HEe that will not *repent*, shall *ruine*, nor is *he* to be pitied in his *sufferings*, that may escape a *torment*, by the *compunction* of a *heart*, and *teares*. Surely, that *God is mercifull*, that will admit offences to be expiated by the *sight*, and fluxed *eyes*. But it is to be wondred at, how *Repentance* can againe infavour us with an *offended God*, since when a *sinne* is past, *griefe* may lessen it, but not *unsinne* it. That which is done, is *unrecallable*; because a *sinne* does intend in *infinitum*. *Adultery* once committed, maugre all the *teares* in *man*, for the *Act*, remaines *Adultery* still: yea, though the *guilt*, and *punishment* be remitted: nor can a *Man unact* it againe. When a *Maid* is robbed of her *Virgin honour*, there may be some *satisfaction*, but no *restitution*. Certainly, there are *secret* walkes of *goodnesse*, and *Purity*; whereby all things are *revolved* in a *constant way*, which by the *supreme power of God*, they were at first

invested

inuested in. And when *Man* strayes from this *Instinct*, the whole course of *Nature*, is against him, till he bee *reduced* into his first ranke, and order. And this, I thinke, may excuse *God* of *changeablenesse*, when we say he turnes to *Man*, upon his *Penitence*: for indeed, 'tis *Man* that *changes*; *God* is still the *un-altered* same. And the first *immutability* of things, never leaves a man, till he be either *settled* againe in his *place*, or quite cut off from troubling of the *Motion*. And as he is not rightly *reinserted*, till he does *Cooperate* with the *Noble revolution* of all: so hee is not truly *penitent*, that is not progressive, in the *Motion* of *aspiring goodnesse*. When hee is once thus againe, though he were a *straggler* from the *Round*, and like a *wry Cog* in the *wheele*, yet now, hee is streighted, and set againe in his *way*, as if hee had never beene out. Saies the *Tragedian*:

Reneemus illuc, undenon decuit prius
abire.

Returne we, whence it was a shame to stray: and presently after,

Quem pœnitet peccasse, pœne est innocens.

He that *repents*, is well-neere *innocent*.

Nay, sometimes a *failing* and *returne*, is a prompter to a *surer hold*. Saint *Ambrose* observes, that *Peters* Faith was stronger after his *fall*, than before: so as he

he doubts not to *say*, that, by *his fall*, he found more *grace*, than he *lost*. A man shall beware the *steps* he once hath *stumbled* on. The *devill* sometimes coozens himselfe, by *plunging man* into a *deepe offence*. A sudden *ill Act*, growes abhorred in the *minde* that did it. He is mightily *careleſſe*, that does not grow more *vigilant*, on an *Enemy* that hath once *surpriz'd* him. A *blow* that *smarts*, will put us to a *safer ward*. But the danger is, when wee *glide* in a *smoothed way*: for then, wee shall never returne of our *selves* alone. Queſtionleſſe, *Repentance* is so *powerfull*, that it cannot bee but the gift of *Deitie*. Said the *Roman Theodosius*, That *living* men *dye*, is *usuall* and *naturall*: but that dead men *live* againe by *Repentance*, is a *worke* of *Godhead* onely. How farre, how secure, should we runne in *Vice*, did not the *power* of *goodneſſe*, checke us in our full-*blowne saile*? Without *doubt*, that is the best *life*, which is a little *sprinkled* with the *salt* of *Croſſes*. The other would be quickly *rancke* and *tainted*. There are whose *paths* are *waſht* with *Butter*, and the *Roſe-bud crownes* them: but doubtleſſe, 'tis a *misery* to live in *oyled vice*, when her *waies* are made *slippery* with her owne *slime*: and the *bared tracke* inviteth to a *ruinous race*. *Heaven* is not had without *repentance*; and *repentance* seldome meets a man in *jollity*, in the *careere* of *Luſt*; and the *bloods looſe riot*. A *Father* said of *David*, Hee *sinned* as *Kings* use to doe; but he *repented*, *sighed*, and *wept*, as *Kings* have used not to doe. I would not bee so *happy*, as to *want* the *meanes* whereby I might be *penitent*. I am sure no man can *live* without *sinne*: and I am sure no *sinner*

can

can be *saved* without it. Nor is this in a mans *owne choyce*, to take it up when hee *please*. Surely, *Man* that would never *leave* to *sinne*, would never of himselfe begin to *repent*. It were *best*, if *possible*, to *live* so, as wee might not *need* it: But since I can neither not *need* it, nor give it my *selfe*, I will pray him to give it mee, who after hee hath given mee this, will give me both *release* and *glory*.

XC.

Of Warre and Souldiers.

AFter a long *Scene of Peace*, *Warre* ever enters the *Stage*; and indeed, is so much of the *worlds Physicke*, as it is both a *purge*, and *blood-letting*. *Peace*, *Fulnesse*, *Pride*, and *Warre*, as the foure *Fellies*, that being let into one another, make the *wheele*, that the *Times* turne on. As we see in *Bees*, when the *Hive multiplies*, and *fils*, *Nature* hath alwaies taught it a way of *ease*, by *swarmes*: So the *World* and *Nations*, when they grow over *populous*, they *discharge* themselves by *Troupes*, and *Bands*. 'Tis but the *distemper* of the body *Politicke*, which (like the *Naturall*) Rest, and a full *diet* hath burthen'd with *repletion*: and that heightens *humors*, either to *sicknesse*, or *evacuations*. When 'tis eased of these, it subsides againe to a *quiet rest*, and *temper*. So *Warre* is begotten out of *Peace* graduately, and ends in *Peace* immediately. Betweene *Peace*, and *Warre*, are two *Stages*; *Luxury*, *Ambition*: betweene *warre* and

Peace, none at all. The cauſes of all *Warres*, may be reduced to five heads: *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Revenge*, *Providence*, and *Defence*. The two firſt, were the moſt uſuall cauſes of *Warre* among the *Heathen*. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd *Pride*, and *Covetouſneſſe*; both the *Romans* and *Grecians* were taught by their high *bloods*, to call, *Honour* and increaſe of *Empire*. The originall of all, *Tibullus* will needs have *gold*.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enſes?
Quàm ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit?
Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata,
Tunc brevior diræ mortis aperta via eſt.
At nihil ille miſer meruit; nos ad mala noſtra,
Vertimus, in ſævas quod dedit ille feras.
Diuitis hoc vitium eſt auri: nec bella fuerunt,
Faginus adſtabat dum Scyphus ante dapes.

Of killing *Swords* who might firſt *Author* be?
Sure, a *ſteele minde*, and *bloudy* thought had he,
Mankinds deſtruction, *wars*, were then made known,
And ſhorter wayes to *death*, with terror ſhowne.
Yet (curſ'd) hee's not i'th *fault*; we madly bend
That on our ſelves, he did for *beaſts* intend.
Full *gold's* i'th *fault*: no *Wars*, no *iarres* were then,
When *Beech* Bowles only were in uſe with men.

That which hath growne from the *propagation* of *Religion*, was never of ſuch *force*, as ſince the *Mahumetan* Law, and *Catholike* cauſe, have ruffled among the *Nations*. Yet queſtionleſſe to lay the

foundation

foundation of *Religion* in *blood*, is to *condemne* it, before we teach it. The *Sword* may force *Nature*, and destroy the *body*, but cannot make the *minde* beleeve that *Lawfull*, which is begun in *unlawfulnesse*: Yet without doubt in the *enterprisers*, the opinion has *animated* much: wee see how it formerly fired the *Turke*, and is yet a strong *motive* to the *Spanish attempts*. Vnlesse hee throwes abroad this to the *world*, to blanch his *Rapine* and his *cruelty*. For that of *Revenge*, I see not but it may bee *lawfull* for a *Prince*, even by *Warre*, to *vindicate* the *honour* of himselfe, and *People*. And the *reason* is, because in such cases of *injury*, the whole *nation* is interessed: and many times the *recompence*, is more due to the *Subjects*, than the *Soveraigne*. That of *Providence* may well have a *passe*: as when *Princes* make *warre* to avoid *Warre*: or when they see a *storme* inevitably falling, 'tis good to *meet it*, and breake the *force*: should they ever sit still while the *blow* were given them, they might very well *undoe themselves* by *Patience*; we see in the *body*, men often *bleed* to prevent an imminent *sicknesse*. For that of *Defence*, both *Religion*, and all the *Rules* of *Nature* plead for't. The *Commanders* in *Warre* ought to bee *built* upon these three *Vertues*; they should be *wise*, *Valiant*, *Experienc'd*. *Wisedome* in a *Generall*, many times ends the *warre* without *warre*. Of all *Victories*, the *Roman* thought that best, which least was *stain'd* with blood. And they were content to let *Camillus* triumph, when he had not fought. In these *times*, it is especially *requisite*, since *Stratagems* and *Advantages* are more in use, than the

open

open and the daring *valour*. Yet *valiant* hee must be; else he growes *contemptible*, loses his *command*, and by his owne *feare*, *infects* his *Troupes* with *cowardice*. To the *eternall* honour of *Cæsar*, *Cicero* reports, that in all his *commands* of the *Field*, there was not found an *Ito*, but a *Veni*: as if he scorn'd in all his *Onsets*, to be any thing, but still a *Leader*. Alwaies teaching by the *strongest Authority*, his owne *forwardnesse*, his owne *examples*. And though these be *Excellencies*, they bee all, without *Experience*, lame. Let him bee never so *learned*, his Bookes cannot limit his *designes* in severall: and though he be *perfect* in a *Paper-plot*, where his *eye* has all in *view*; he will faile in a *Leaguer*, where he sees but a *limme* at once: Besides, *Experience* puts a *credit* on his *Actions*, and makes him farre more prompt in *undertakings*. And indeed, there is a great deale of *reason*, why wee should *respect* him, that with an *untainted valour*, has growne old in *Armes*, and hearing the *Drumme beat*. When every *minute*, Death seemes to passe by, and shunne him, he is as one that the supreme *God* has car'd for, and, by a particular *Guard* defended in the *Haile of Death*. 'Tis true, 'tis a life tempting to *exorbitancy*; yet this is more in the *common* sort, that are pressed as the *refuse*, and *burthen* of the *Land*, than in those that by a *Nobler breeding*, are abler to *command*. *Want*, *Idlenesse*, and the *desperate* face of *blood*, hath hardened them to *Out-rages*. Nor may we wonder, since even their life is but an order'd *Quarrell*, raised to the *feud* of *killing*. Certainely, it was with such that *Lucan* was so out of *charity*.

Nulla

Nulla fides, Pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur,
Venalesque manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.

Nor *Faith*, nor *Conscience*, common *Souldiers* carry. Best *pay*, is *right*: their hands are *Mercenary*.

For the *weapons* of *Warre*, they differ much from those of *ancient times*: and I beleeve, the *invention* of *Ordnance* hath mightily saved the *lives* of men. They *command* at such *distance*, and are so *unresistable*, that men come not to the *shocke* of the *Battell*, as in former *Ages*. We may observe, that the greatest *numbers*, have fallen by those *weapons*, that have brought the *Enemies* neerest together. Then the *pitched field* was the *triall*, and men were so ingaged that they could not come *off*, till *blood* had decided *victory*. The same *Advantages* are still, and rather greater now, than of old: The *Winde*, the *Sunne*, the better *Ground*. In former *Warres*, for all their *Armes*, the *Ayre* was ever *clere*: but now their *Peeces* mist, and thicken it, which beaten upon them by *disadvantages*, may soone indanger an *Army*. Surely *Warres* are in the same *nature* with *offences*, *Necesse est ut veniant*, They must be; yet *Væ inducenti*, They are mightily in *fault* that *cause* them. Even *reason* teaches us to cast the *blood* of the *slaine*, upon the unjust *Authors* of it. That which gives the *minde* security, is a *just cause*, and a *just deputation*. Let me have these, and of all other, I shall thinke this, one of the *noblest*, and most *manly* wayes of *dying*.

Of

XCI.

Of Scandall.

IT is *unhappinesse* enough to himselfe, for a man to be *rotten* within. But when by being *false*, he shall pull a *staine* on a whole *society*, his *guilt* will *gnaw* him with a sharper *tooth*. Even the *effect* is contary to the sway of *Nature*, and the *wishes* of the whole extended *Earth*. All men desire, that vexing their *foes*, they may *gratifie* and *glad* their *friends*: onely he that *scandals* a *Church*, or *Nation*, makes his *friends mourne*, and his *enemies* rejoyce. They sigh for his just *shame*, unjustly flung on them: these smile, to see an *adversary* falne, and the *blow* given to those that would *uphold* him. And though the *Author* lives where hee did, yet his *soule* has beene *Traytor*, and helped the *contrary side*. One *ill man* may *discountenance* even the *warranted*, and maintained *cause* of a *nation*; especially if he has beene good. *Blots* appeare *fouler* in a *strict life*, than a loose one, no man wonders at the *swines* wallowing: but to see an *Ermine* mir'd, is *Prodigie*. Where doe *Vices* shew so foule, as in a *Minister*, when hee shall bee heavenly in his *Pulpit* alone? Certainly, they wound the *Gospell*, that preach it to the *world*, and live, as if they thought to go to *Heaven* some other way than that they teach the *people*. How unseemely is it, when a *grave Cassocke*, shall bee lin'd with a *wanton Reveller*, and with

with *crimes*, that make a *loose one odious*? Surely, *God* will be severest against those, that will weare his *Badge*, and seeme his *servants*, yet inwardly side with the *Devill*, and *Lusts*. They spot his *Honour*, and cause *prophane ones* jest at his *Holines*. We see, the *Prince* suffers in the *failes* of his *Ambassadour*: and a *servants ill action* is some *touch* to his *Masters reputation*: nor can he *free himselfe*, but by delivering him up to *Iustice*, or *discarding* him: otherwise, he would be judg'd to *patronize* it. *Other offences God* may punish, this, he *must*, least the *enemies of his Truth* triumph against him. *David* had his *whip* for this: Because by this hee had caused the *Enemies of God to blaspheme*, the *Child* must dye. When hee that had *Anthem'd* the *pureness of the God of Israel*, and proclaimed the *Noble Acts* hee did of old; and seem'd as one indear'd to the *Almighties Love*: how would the *Philistims* rejoyce, when he should thus become *Apostate*, and with a *milde licentiousnesse*, mixe his *lust* with *murther* and *ingratitude*? Surely, the *Vices* of *Alexander* the sixth, did mightily discolour *Papacy*: till then, *Princes* were afraid of *Bulls* and *excommunications*: but it was so usuall with him, to *curse* upon his owne *displeasure*, and for advancing of his *spurious Race*: that it hath made them slighted, ever since his *passions* so impublik'd them. What a *staine* it was to *Christendome*, that the *Turke* should pull a *Christian Kings* violated *Covenant* from his *bosome*, in the *War*, and present it the *Almighty*, as an Act of those, that profess'd themselves his *Servants*? Beware how thy *Actions* fight against thy *tongue* or *penne*.

One

One *ill life* will pull downe more, than many *good Tongues* can build. And doubtleſſe, *GOD*, that is *jealous* of his *Honour*, will vindicate theſe *ſoiles*, with his moſt *deſtructive arme*. Take heed, not of *ſtrictneſſe*, but of *falling foulely* after it. As he that frames the ſtrongeſt *Arguments* againſt himſelfe, and then does fully *anſwer* them, does the beſt defend his *Cauſe*: So he that lives *ſtricteſt*, and then forgoes his hold, does the worſt diſgrace his *Patron*. *Simnes* of this nature, are not *faults* to our ſelves alone, but by a kinde of *argumentative way*, diſhonour *GOD* in the *conſequent*. And even all the *Church* of ſincereſt *good men*, ſuffer in a *ſeeming-good mans* fall: This is to be *religiouſly lewd*. If thou beeſt unſound within, ſoyle not the glorious *Robe* of *Truth*, by putting it upon thy *beaſtlines*. When *Diogenes* ſaw a *wanton* vaunting in a *Lions skin*, hee calls unto him, that hee ſhould forbeare to make *Vertues garment* bluſh. And indeed, *Vertue* is aſhamed, when ſhee hath a *Servant vile*. When thoſe that ſhould be *Sunnes*, ſhall be eclipſed, the *leſſer Starres* will loſe their light and ſplendour. Even in the *Spaniards Conqueſt* of the *Indians*, I dare thinke, their *cruelty* and *bloodineſſe*, have kept more from their *faith*, than all their force have wonne them. Some would not beleeve, *Heaven* had any *bleſſedneſſe*, becauſe they heard there were ſome *Spaniards* there. So hatefull can *detected Vice* make that which is even *goodneſſe* it ſelfe: and ſo excellent is a *ſoule* of *integritie*, that it frights the *lewd* from *luxury* to *reverence*. The beaſtly *Floralians* were abaſh'd and ceas'd at the upright

Cato's

Cato's preſence. A ſecond to *eternall goodneſſe*, is, a wiſe *man*, uncorrupt in *life:* his *ſoule* ſhines, & the beames of that *ſhine*, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The beſt is, to let the ſame *ſpirit* guide both the *hand* and *tongue*. I will never profeſſe, what I will not ſtrive to *practiſe:* and will thinke it better to bee but *crooked timber*, than a *ſtrait blocke*, and after lye to ſtumble *men*.

XCII.

That Divinity does not croſſe Nature, ſo much as exceed it.

THey that are *Divines* without *Philoſophie*, can hardly maintaine the *Truth* in *diſputations*. Tis poſſible they may have an infuſed faith, ſufficient for themſelves: but if they have not *Reaſon* too, they will ſcarce make others capable of their *Inſtruction*. Certainly, *Divinity* and *Morality* are not ſo averſe, but that they well may live together: for, if *Nature* bee *rectified* by *Religion*; *Religion* againe is *ſtrengthened* by *Nature*. And as ſome hold of *Fate*, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ above in the *Stars*, onely we have not skill to finde it: ſo, I beleeve, there is nothing in *Religion*, contrary to *Reaſon*, if wee knew it rightly. For converſation among men, and the *true happineſſe* of *man: Philoſophy* hath agreed with *Scripture*. Nay, I think I may alſo adde, for defining of *God*, excepting the *Trinity*, as neere as *man* can conceive

ceive him. How exact hath it made *Iuſtice?* How buſie to finde out *Truth?* How rightly directed *love?* exalting with much earneſtneſſe, all thoſe *Graces*, that are any way amiable. He that ſeekes in *Plato*, ſhall find him making *God* the *Solum ſummum Bonum*; to which a pure and vertuous life is the *way*. For defining *God*, my *opinion* is, that *Man* neither by *Divinity* nor *Philoſophy*, can, as they ſay, *Quidditative*, tell what he is. It is fitter for *man* to *adore* and *admire* him, than in vaine to ſtudy to *comprehend* him. *God* is for *man* to ſtand amazed and wonder at. The clogg'd and *droſſie Soule*, can never ſound him, who is the *unimmaginable Fountaine* of *Spirits*; and from whom, all things, by a *graduate Derivation*, have their *light*, *life*, and *being*. In theſe things they agree; but I find three other things, wherein *Divinity* over-ſoareth *Nature*. In the *Creation* of the *world*, in the *Redemption* of *man*, and in the *way* and *Rites*, wherein *God* will be worſhipped. In the *Creation* of the *World*: No *Philoſophie* could ever reach at that which *Moſes* taught us. Heere the *Humaniſts* were all at a *ſtand* and *jarre*: all their *conjectures* being rather *witty*, and *conceit*, than *true* and reall. Some would have all things from *Fire*; ſome, from *Ayre*; ſome, from *Water*; ſome, from *Earth*; ſome, from *Numbers*; ſome, from *Atomes*; from *Simples*, ſome; and ſome, from *Compounds*. *Ariſtotle* came the neereſt, in finding out the trueſt *materia prima*: but becauſe hee could not beleeve this made of *nothing*, hee is content to erre, and thinke it was *eternall*. Surely, this *Conceit* was as farre from *Reaſon*, as the other: his

his *Reaſon* might have fled unto *Omnipotency*, as well as to *Eternity*. And ſo indeed, when *Philoſophie* hath gone as farre as ſhe is able, ſhee ariveth at *Almightineſſe*, and in that *Abiſſe* is loſt: where not knowing the *way*, ſhe goeth but by gueſſe, and cannot tell when ſhe is or *right* or *wrong*. Yet is ſhe rather *ſubordinate*, than *contrary*. *Nature* is not *croſſe*, but runnes into *Omnipotency*: and like a *petty River*, is ſwallowed in that *boundleſſe Maine*. For the *Redemption* of *Man*, even the *Scripture* calls it a *Myſtery*: and all that *Humanity* could ever reach of this, was, onely a flying to the generall name of *Mercy*, by the urgings of the *Conſcience*. They all knew they had *failed*, and falne. Their owne *beſomes* would tell them thus: but the way how they might be reſtored, never fell into their *Heathen* thoughts. This was a worke that GOD declared onely to his owne *Peculiar*, by the immediate *Revelation* of his *word* and *will*. For the *Manner* how *God* would be *worſhipped*, no *Naturaliſt* could ever finde it out, till hee himſelfe gave directions from his ſacred *Scripture*. In the firſt *Chapter* to the *Romans*, Saint *Paul* grants, that they may know *God*, through the *viſibilities* in his *Workes*: but for their *ignorance* in this, he ſayes, The *wrath* of *GOD* is revealed againſt them: Becauſe that when they knew *God*, they glorified him not as *God*, but turned the *Glory* of the incomparable *God*, to the ſimilitude of the Image of a corruptible *Man*, & of *Birds*, and of foure-footed *Beaſts*, and of *creeping things*. And theſe three things the *Scripture* teacheth us: which elſe wee could never have learned,

from all the *Bookes* in the *world*. Thus wee ſee for *morality*, *Nature* ſtill is ſomething *pert* and *vigorous*: but in the things of *God* it is confirmed, that ſhee is *thicke-ſighted*, and cannot ſee them. Can a *Fly* comprehend *man*, upon the top of *Monarchy*? no more can *Man* comprehend *God*, in the height of *Omnipotency*. There are as well *Myſteries* for *Faith*, as *Cauſes* for *Reaſon*. This may guide mee, when I have to deale with *Man*; but in *Divine affaires*, *Reaſon* ſhall waite on *Faith*, and ſubmit to her *Prerogative*. The *Conſcience* is great; but *God* is farre greater than it.

XCIII.

Of tediouſneſſe in Diſcourſe.

A *prating Barber* came to trimme *King Archelaus*, and asked him, *Sir, how will you pleaſe to have mee cut your haire?* Sayes the King, *Silently*. And certainly, though a *Man* ha's nothing to do, but to *heare* and *anſwer*; yet a *limitleſſe tongue* is a ſtrange *unbitted Beaſt*, to worry one with. And the miſery is, they that ſpeake *much*, ſeldome ſpeake *well*: for they that know how to *ſpeake* aright, know not how to dwell in *Diſcourſe*. It cannot bee but *ignorance*, when they know not, that *long ſpeeches*, though they may pleaſe the *ſpeaker*, yet they are the *torture* of the *hearing eare*. I have pittied *Horace*, when hee was put into his *ſweat*, and almoſt ſlaine in the *via ſacra*, by the accidentall

accidentall detention of a *Babblers tongue*. There is nothing tyres one, like the *ſawing* of ones *eares*, when *words* ſhall *clatter*, like a *window* looſe, in *wind*. A *talkative Fellow* is the *unbrac'd Drumme*, which beates a *wiſe man* out of his wits. Surely, *Nature* did not guard the *tongue* with the double fence of *teeth* & *lips*, but that ſhe meant it ſhould not move too nimbly. I like it in *Iſocrates*, when of a *Scholler* full of *words*, he asked a *double Fee*: one, to learne him to *ſpeake well*; another, to teach him to *hold his peace*. They which talke too much to others, I feare me, ſeldome ſpeak with thẽſelves enough: & then, for want of acquaintance with their owne *boſomes*, they may well be miſtaken, and preſent a *Foole* to the *People*, while they thinke themſelves are *wiſe*. But there are, and that ſeverally, that bee much troubled with the diſeaſe of *ſpeaking*. For, aſſuredly, *Loquacity* is the *Fiſtula* of the *minde*; ever running, and almoſt incurable. Some are *blabs* of *ſecrets*; and theſe are *Traytors* to *Society*: they are *Veſſels* unfit for uſe; for they bee boared in their *bottomes*. Some will boaſt the *favours* they have found: and by this meanes, they often bring *goodneſſe* into ſuſpect, loſe *love*, and injure *Fame*.

Sed tacitus paſci ſi poſſet Corvus, haberet
Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus, invidiæque.

But could the *Crow*, be ſilent fed, his *diet*
Might daintier be, leſſe envied, and more quiet.

You ſhall finde too, that will cloy you with their

owne *Inventions:* and this is a fault of *Poets*, which unleſſe they meet with thoſe that love the *Muſes*, is as a *dainty Oration*, deliver'd to one in a *Language* that hee underſtands not. His *Iudgement* found this fault, that made his *Epigram* inviting his *Friend* to *ſupper*, promiſe, that he

——no *Verſes* would repeate.

Some will *preamble* a *Tale* impertinently: and cannot be delivered of a *Ieſt*, till they have travailed an houre in *Trivials*; as if they had taken the *whole Tale* by *Stenography*, and now were putting on it out at *large:* thus they often ſpoyle a *good Diſh*, with improper *Sawce*, and unſavorie *farcements*. Some have a veine in *counſelling*; even till they ſtop the *eare*, they powre it in. *Tedious Admonitions* dull the *Adviſed*, and make the giver *contemptible*. 'Tis the *ſhort reproofe*, that ſtayes like a *ſtab* in the *Memorie:* and many times, *three words* doe more good, than an *idle Diſcourſe of three houres*. Some have *varieties of Stories*, even to the tyring of an *Auditor*; and theſe are often, even the grave *follies* of *age:* whoſe unwatcht *tongues* ſtray into the *waſt of words*, and give us cauſe to blame their *memories*, for retaining ſo much of their *Youth*. There are too, that have a leaping *Tongue*, to *Iigge* into the tumult of *diſcourſe*; and unleſſe you have an *Ariſtius* to take you off, you are in much danger of a deepe *vexation*. A *Rooke-yard* in a *Spring* morning, is neither ſo ill nor noiſe full, as is one of theſe. But this is commonly a *feminine*. Doubtles, the

the beſt way for *ſpeech*, is to be *ſhort*, *plaine*, *materiall*. Let me heare one *wiſe man* ſentence it, rather than twenty *Fooles*, garrulous in their lengthened *tattle*. *Eſt tempus quando nihil, eſt tempus quando aliquid: nullum autem eſt tempus, in quo dicenda ſunt omnia. Hugo Victorinus.*

XCIIII.

Of Liberty, and Reſtraint.

IT was but a *Flouriſh* of *Cicero's Oratory*, when hee ſaid, *Ad Decus & Libertatem nati ſumus.* The greateſt *Prince* that ever was produc'd by *Woman*, comes *inſanguin'd* into the *World*, and is a poore reſiſtleſſe *Slave*, to the firſt *arme* that hee falls into. But if he meant it of the *Noble ſpirit of Man*, then I thinke 'tis true: for it ſtill advanceth to that *Sunne*, from whence it hath both *life* and *vigour*. And thus, wee ſee all things doe aſpire to *liberty*, and the affecting of an uncontrolled *Freedome*. Every *Creature* is prompted by *Nature*, to be like that, from whence it is derived. Looke over all the *World*, and you ſhall finde, that every thing, as farre as the *Ability* will give it *Line*, does *Snaile* it after *Deitie*, and with a kinde of *riſing Emulation*, ſlowly *Apes Almightineſſe*. But this *Liberty* of *Humane ſpirit*, is that which cannot be reſtrained, and therefore the reſtraint of the *Body*, is that which we will ſpeake of. This is commonly by *Impriſonment*, or by *Service*. That of *impriſonment* is no-

thing such a *mischiefe*, as the most doe thinke it. The greatest is, in that the *Eye* is debarred the delight of the *Worlds Variety*. Nor indeede is this *totall*, but in part, and *locall* onely. In this, a *blinde man* is the most *miserable Prisoner* of all: Whatsoever place does hold him, he is still in the *Worlds Dungeon*, wandering in the *Nights uncomfortable shade*. And indeed the most burthensome *imprisonment*, is to be *Prisoner* to a *Disease*; as the *Gout*, the *Palsey*, and the like: because, for the most part, these hold us, not without *paine*, and the mighty trouble of our *friends* about us. For the other, I see not, but a *locall restraint*, without *want*, and *inforced imployment*, may very easily be converted to a *happinesse*: unlesse *Men* will let their *mindes* long against the *Tyde* of *Reason*. It is no other but a place of *retyring*, and *sequestration* from the *world*, which many of the wisest have voluntarily put upon themselves. *Demosthenes* would shave his *Beard* by halfe, to keepe himselfe within, by a willing *necessity*. *Diocletians* two and twenty *Yeeres Empery*, could not put him out of love with his *retyring place*: Nor *Charles* the Fifth his many *Kingdomes*. There are Examples of *extraordinary gaine*, that *Men* have made of such *Confinements*. Assuredly, while a *Man* is tossed among *Men*, and *businesse*, hee cannot so enjoy himselfe, as when he is something secluded from both of these. And it is a *Misery*, when a *man* must so apply himselfe to *others*, as he cannot have leasure to account with *himselfe*. Besides, be he never so at large; he does but runne over the same things; hee sees but the like

like *World* in another place. If hee ha's but *light*, and any *proſpect*, hee may ſee by that, what the reſt is, and enjoy it, by his boundleſſe *Minde*. For the *Reſtraint* by *Service*, if it bee with impoſed *Toyle*, then is it farre worſe, than the being *circum-mured* only: This *Man* differeth not in the act of his *life* from a *Beaſt*: He muſt ply his *Taske*, and have his *Foode*, but onely to make him fit for his *Taske* againe: he is like one that is *Surety* for a *Bankrupt*. The *gods* ſell all for *labour*; and he has entred *Covenant*, to worke for one that *playes*: ſo is become a *Principall* for another mans *debt*, and payes it. This ſurely is the greateſt *Captivity*, the greateſt *Slavery*. The attendant *Services* of *Nobility*, are farre eaſier to the *man* and *minde*: though the perpetuall ſight of *full eſtates* above them, may well endanger thoſe mindes that have not *Ballaſt* in them. To ſee *Heaven*, and come no neerer, than to waite at the *doore*, is a terrible *Torment* to the *Spirit*. A *naked Beauty* ſeene, would tempt one *chaſte*, to erre. Yet withall, 'tis ſomething like *Love*, a kind of *bitter-ſweet*, it both *pleaſeth* and *diſpleaſeth* the *minde* at once: it is pleaſed to ſee it: but 'tis diſpleaſed, that it cannot *enjoy* it. Beſides, if there be *toyle*, a *wiſe man* may take leſſe of it: and an *honeſt man*, by the plea of his *duty*, makes his minde content in *diſpatches*. *Courage* and *Ability*, make *buſineſſe* much the eaſier. One asked the *Cynicke*, how he could live a *Servant* to *Zeniades*? but he returnes; That a *Lion* does not ſerve his *Keeper*, but his *Keeper* him. Yet for all this, *Nature* pleads for *Liberty*: and though *Commands* may be often

easie, yet they sometimes *grate*, and *gall*. So that if we appeale to the *minde* of *man*, that will say, It is better being a *King*, though but in a *tub*; than to bee a *Servant* in the *roofed Palace*. There are helps, that may abate *Inconveniencies*: but *Liberty* will over-sway with *Man*. When one was applauding *Calisthenes*, that he went *brave*, and dined with the *King*; *Diogenes* replyes, That for all that, *Calisthenes* dined when *Alexander* pleased; and *Diogenes* when it pleased *Diogenes*. If this bee not rather *opinionative* than *reall*, it is questionlesse an unhappinesse to *serve*. If I have my *liberty*, I would rest in the *priviledges* that accrue it. If I want it, I would joy in the *benefits* that accrue the *want*: so in either estate, I may find *Content* my *Play-fellow*.

XCV.

Of the causes that make men different.

Homo homini quid præstat? was the former times just *wonder*: and indeed, it would almost pose the thought, to weigh the difference of the *spirits of Men*. It hath beene a *Question*, whether all *Soules* are *equall* at their first *Infusion*: and if it be of that *Soule* purely, which at the same instant, is both created and infused; then no question, but they are alike. Nothing comes immediatly from *God*, but is *pure*, *perfect*, and *uncorrupt*. But because the sensitive part in *Man*, beares a great sway, it many times falls out, that by the deficiencie

cie of the *Organicall parts*, the *Soule* is *eclipſed* and *impriſoned* ſo, as it cannot appeare in the *vigour* it would ſhew, if the *Bodies* compoſition were perfect, and open. A *perfect Soule*, in an *imperfect Body*, is like a *bright Taper*, in a *darke Lanthorne*: the fault is not in the *Light*, but in the *Caſe*, which *curtaines* it with ſo dull an *outſide*, as will not let the *ſhine* be tranſparent. And we may ſee this, even in thoſe that we have knowne both *able* and *ingenious*; who after a hurt received in ſome *vitall part*, have growne *mopiſh*, and almoſt *inſenſible*. When the *vitall paſſages* of the *ſenſitive* and *vegetative* are *imperfect*, though they extinguiſh not the *intellectual*, becauſe it is impoſſible, that a thing *mortal*, ſhould deſtroy a thing *immortall*: yet their defect keepes it ſo under, as it appeareth not to the *outward apprehenſion*. Not that *Man* hath three diſtinct *Soules*: for the *intellectuall* in *Man*, containeth the other *two*: and what are different in *Plants*, *Beaſts*, and *Man*; are in *Man* one, and *co-united* together. Otherwiſe, he were a *Plant*, and ſeverally, a *brute*, and *rationall*. But as the ſolid *Cryſtalline Heaven*, and *firſt Mover*, containes the *Region* of the *Fire*, and *Ayre*; and the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Ayre*, the *Globe* of the *Earth* and *Waters*; yet all make but one *world*. So the *Intellectuall* containes the *Senſitive*, and the *Senſitive* the *Vegetative*; yet all in *Man*, make but one *Soule*. But the differences of *Men* may all be referred to two cauſes; either *Inward*, or *Outward*: *Inward*, are defects in *Nature*, and *Generation*: either when the *Active part*, the *Seed*, is not *perfect*, or when the *nutrimentall* and

Paſſive

Passive powers faile of their *sufficiency*, are too *abundant*, or *corrupted*. And when *man* is of himselfe, from the *wombe*, the *malignity* of some *humour* may interpose the true operatio n of the *spirits internal*. Certainly, those men that we see mounting to the *Nobleness of minde*, in *Honourable actions*, are pieces of *Natures truest work*; especially in their *inward faculties*. *External defects*, may be, and yet not alwaies hinder the *internal powers*: as, when they happen removed from the noblest *parts*, else they are often causes of *debilitation*. And these are cōmonly, frō the *Temperature* of the *Ayre*, from *Education*, from *Diet*, and from *Age*, and *Passion*. From the *Ayre*, we see the *Southerne* people are *lightsome*, *ingenious*, and *subtill*, by reason of the *heat*, that *rarifies* the *spirits*. The *Northerne*, are *slower*, and more dull, as having them *thickned* with the *chill colds condensation*.

Temperie Cœli, Corpusque, Animusque juvatur.

Both *Soule* and *Body*, change, by change of *Ayre*.

Education hath his *force* seene in every place, if you *oravaile* but from *Court*, to the *Countrey*: or but from a *Village*, to an *Academie*: or see but a horse well *manag'd*, and another *Resty*, in his owne *fiercenesse*. Dyet no question alters much; even the giddy *Ayrinesse* of the *French*, I shall rather impute to their *Diet* of *Wine*, and wild *Fowle*, than to the difference of their *Clime*, it being so neere an adjoyner to ours. And in *England*, I beleeve our much use of *strong Beere*, and *grosse Flesh*, is a great occasi-

on

on of *dregging* our *ſpirits*, and *corrupting* them, till they ſhorten *life*. *Age*, is alſo a *changer*. *Man* hath his *Zenith*, as well in *wit*, as in *ability* of *body*; hee growes from *ſenſe* to *reaſon*: and then againe declines to *Dotage*, and to *Imbecillity*. *Youth* is too young in *braine*; and *Age* againe, does draine away the *ſpirits*. *Paſſion* blunts the *edge* of *conceit*: and where there is much *ſorrow*, the *minde* is dull, and unperceiving. The *Soule* is oppreſſed, and lies languiſhing in an *unſociable loneline ſſe*, till it proves *ſtupid*, and *inhumane*. Nor doe theſe more alter the *Minde* than the *Body*. The lamenting *Poet* puts them both together.

Iam mihi deterior canis aſpergitur ætas:
Iamque, meos vultus ruga ſenilis arat.
Iam vigor, & quaſſo languent in corpore vires:
Nec Iuveni Luſus, qui placuere, juvant.
Nec me, ſi ſubito videas, cognoſcere poſſis,
Ætatis facta eſt tanta ruina meæ.
Confiteor, facere hoc annos: ſed & altera cauſa eſt;
Anxietas animi, continuuſque Labor.

Now, colder yeeres, with *ſnow* my *haires* enchaſe:
And now the *aged wrinkle* plowes my *Face*.
Now through my *trembling joynts*, my *vigor* failes,
Mirth too, that cheer'd my *Youth*, now nought availes.
So *ruin'd*, and ſo *alterd* am I growne,
That at firſt *ſight*, I am not to be knowne.
Age one cauſe is: but that which more I finde,
Is *paine perpetuall*, and *a troubled minde*.

Certainely,

Certainely, the *beſt* is, to *weigh* every man, as his *meanes* have beene: a man may *looke* in vaine for *Courtſhip*, in a *Plowman*; or *Learning* in a *Mechanicke*. Who will *expect* a *lame man* ſhould be *ſwift* in running: or, that a *ſicke man* ſhould deliver an *Oration*, with a *grace* and *cheerefulneſſe*? If I finde any man failing in his *Manners*, I will firſt conſider his meanes, before I *cenſure* the man. And one that is ſhort of what he might bee, by his *ſloth* and *negligence*, I will thinke as juſtly *blameable*, as hee that out of *induſtry* has adorn'd his *behaviour*, above his *meanes*, is *commendable*.

XCVI.

Of Divination.

VVHat is it *Man* ſo much *covets*, as to pry into *Natures Clozet*, and to know what is to come? yet, if we but conſider it rightly, we ſhall finde it a *profitable Providence*, which hath ſet our *eſtate in future*, ſomething in *darke* & *ſhade*. If *Man* doubted not of what *Death* would deliver him to, he would (I thinke) either live more *lewdly*, or more *unhappily*. If wee knew *Death* were onely an end of *Life*, and no more; every man for his owne ends, would bee a *diſturber* of the *Worlds peace*. If wee were certaine of *Torment*; *Thought* and *Feare*, would make our *preſent Life* a *Death continuall*, in the *Agitations* of a *troubled Soule*. If wee were ſure of *Ioy* and *Glory*, wee ſhould bee careleſſe of our *living*

ving well. Certainely, *God* hath made *Man* to dwell in *doubt*, that he might be awed to *Good*, by *Feare* and *Expectation*. We are led along by *Hope*, to the *Ends* that are appointed us: and by an *uncertaine way*, we come at last to a *certaine End*; which yet we could neither *know*, nor *avoid*. The *great Creator* wisely put *things to come*, in the *Mist* and *Twilight*, that wee might neither be over-joyed with the certainety of *good*; nor over-much terrified with the assurance of an *unavoydable ill*. Though *Præscience* and *Divination* be a *God-like quality*, yet, because it can onely *tell* of *danger*, and not *prevent* it, the *wiser sort* have ever had the *Art* in *neglect*, in *dislike*. If *Fate* be *certaine*, it can be no good to *know* it, because we cannot *prevent* it. If it be *uncertaine*, we search in vaine to finde out that which *may be*. So, either way wee hazzard for *unhappinesse*. *Bis miser esse cupit, qui mala, quæ vitari non possunt, amat præscire.* I remember, *Cicero* reports it of *Cato*, that hee wondered how *Sooth-sayers* could forbeare *Laughter*, when they met one another; they knew they used so to *gull* the *People*. One thing there is, that (if it were *certaine*) doth mightily *disparage* it; and this is, That it sets a *Man* over to *second causes*, and puts him off from *providence*. But it cannot be *certaine* and *determinate*. *Man* is not wise enough, to *sent* out the *abstruse steps* of *Deity*. It is observed by one, that what *Nigidius* used for defence of his *Art*, by turning of a *wheele*, and marking it twice with *Inke*, hath cast it all into a *vast incertainety*. And indeed, the minute of *Generation*, *Conception*, and *Production*, are so hard to know justly; the

Point

Point of *place* ſo hard to finde: the *Angles*, the *Aſpects*, and the *Conjunctions* of the *Heavens* ſo impoſſible to be caſt right in their *influences*, by reaſon of the *rapid* and *Lightning-like Motion* of the *Spheares*; that the whole *Art*, thorowly ſearched and examined, will appeare a meere *fallacy* and *deluſion* of the *wits* of *Men*. If their *Calculations* bee from the ſeven *Motive Spheares* onely, how is there ſuch difference in the lives of *children* borne together, when their oblique *motion* is ſo ſlow, as the *Moone* (though farre more ſpeedy than any of the reſt) is yet above ſeven and twenty dayes in her *courſe*? If their *calculations* be by their *diurnall Motion*, it is impoſſible to collect the *various influences*, which every tittle of a *minute* gives. Beſides, in cloſe *Roomes*, where the *Windowes* are clozed, the *Fire*, *Perfumes*, concourſe of *People*, and the *parentall humours*, barre their operation from the *Child*. But ſuppoſe there were a *Fate* transfer'd from the *Starres* to *Man*; who can reade their *ſignifications*? Who hath told their particular *predictions*? Are they not all meerely the *uncertaine conjectures* of *Men*, which rarely *hit*, and often *faile*? So in *Beaſts*, in *Birds*, in *Dreames*, and all *viary Omens*, they are only the gheſſive *interpretations* of dimey'd *Man*: full of *doubt*, full of *deceit*. How did the *Tuſcane Soothſayers*, and the *Philoſophers* that were with *Iulian*, differ about the *wounded Lion*, preſented him, when hee went to invade the *Perſians*? How, about the *Lightning* that ſlew *Iovianus*, and his two *horſes*? Yet of the reſt, I beleeve there is more from the *Stars*, than theſe other *obſervations*: but

but this is then for *generall inclinations*, not for *particular Events*: Thoſe are ſure in the hands and *Cabinet* of the *Almighty*: and none but *Prophets* that he inſpires, are able to reveale them. The ſecureſt way is to *live well*: then we may be ſure of a *faire end*, and a *paſſable way*. He that lives *vertuouſly*, needs not doubt of finding a *happy Fate*. Let my *life* pleaſe *God*, and I am ſure, the *ſucceſſe* ſhall pleaſe mee. *Vertue* and *Vice* are both *Prophets*; the one, of *certaine good*; the other, or of *Paine*, or *Penitence*.

XCVII.

That 'tis beſt increaſing by a little at once.

THere is no ſuch *prevalent workman*, as *ſedulity* & *diligence*. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which have beene done by *degrees*, and gentle *augmentations*. And yet there are, that are over-ready in the wayes of *pleaſing* and *labour*. When *Diligence* reaches to *humour*, and *flattery*, it growes *poore*, and *unnoble*: and when to *Pride*, and *Curioſity*, it then loſes his *praiſe*. So the *Prieſt* of *Ammon* would needs ſalute *Alexander* as a *god*: and *Protogenes* ſpent ſeven yeeres, in drawing *Ialyſus*, and his *Dogge*: And a King of *Perſia*, would needs for a *Preſent*, *adulterate Roſes* with an *artfull ſmell*. When theſe two are *avoyded*, *Diligence*, & *Moderation* are the beſt *ſteps*, whereby to climbe to any *excellency*.

cellency. Nay, it is *rare* if there be any other way. The *Heavens* ſend not downe their *raine* in *flouds*, but by *drops*, & *dewy diſtillations*. A man is neither *good*, nor *wiſe*, nor *rich* at once: yet ſoftly *creeping* up theſe *hils*, he ſhall every *day* better his *proſpect*; till at laſt, he *gaines* the *top*. Now hee learnes a *Vertue*, and then he damnes a *Vice*. An *houre* in a *day* may much *profit* a man in his *Study*; when hee makes it *time* and *cuſtome*. Every yeere ſomething laid up, may in time make a *Stocke* great. Nay, if a man does but *ſave*, he ſhall *increaſe*; and though when the *graines* are ſcatter'd, they be next to nothing: yet together, they will ſwell the *heape*. A *poore man* once found the *tagge of a Point*, and put it in the *lap* of his *skirt*: one asked him, what hee could doe with it? He anſwers, What I finde all the *yeere* (though it be never ſo little) I lay it up at home, till the yeere ends; and with all together, I every *New-yeeres day*, adde a *Diſh* to my *Cupboord*. Hee that ha's the patience to attend *ſmall profits*, may quickly grow to thrive and *purchaſe*: they be eaſier to accompliſh, and come thicker. So, hee that from every thing collects *ſomewhat*, ſhall in time get a *Treaſury* of *Wiſedome*. And when all is done, for *Man*, this is the beſt way. It is for *God*, and for *Omnipotency*, to doe *mighty things* in a *moment*: but, *degreeingly* to grow to *greatneſſe*, is the courſe that he hath left for *Man*. And indeed, to gaine any thing, is a double worke. For, firſt, it muſt remove the *hinderances*; next, it muſt aſſume the *advantage*. All good things that concerne *Man*, are in ſuch a *declining Eſtate*, that without perpetuall

perpetuall *vigilancy*, they will reſide, and fall away. But then there is a *Recompence*, which ever followes *Induſtry*: it ever brings an *Income*, that ſweetens the *toyle*. I have often found *hurt* of *Idleneſſe*; but never of a *lawfull buſineſſe*. Nay, that which is not profitable in it ſelfe, is yet made ſo, by being *imployment*: and when a *Man* has once accuſtomed himſelfe to *buſineſſe*, he will thinke it *pleaſure*, and be aſhamed of *Eaſe*. *Polemon*, ready to *dye*, would needs be laid in his *Grave alive*: and ſeeing the *Sunne* ſhine, he calls his *friends* in haſte to hide him; leſt (as he ſaid) it ſhould ſee him *lying*. Beſides, when we gaine this way, *Practice* growes into *Habit*: and by doing ſo a while, wee grow to do ſo for ever. It alſo conſtitutes a *longer laſtingneſſe*. We may obſerve, thoſe *Creatures* that are longeſt in attaining their *height*, are longeſt in *declining*. *Man* is *twenty yeeres* increaſing, and his life is *foureſcore*: but the *Sparrow*, that is fledge in a *moneth*, is dead in a *yeere*. He that *gets* an *Eſtate*, will *keepe* it better, than hee that *findes* it. I will never thinke to be perfect at once. If I finde my ſelfe a *gainer* at the *yeeres end*, it ſhall ſomething comfort me, that I am proceeding. I will every day labour to doe ſomething that may mend me, though it be not much, it will be the ſurer done. If I can keepe *Vice* under, and winne upon that which is *good*, (though it be but a little at once) I may come to be better in time.

XCVIII.

Of God and the Ayre.

FOr *Man* to pray aright, is *needfull*: but how to pray ſo, is *difficult*. We muſt neither miſ-conceive of *God*, nor are wee able rightly to conceive him. Wee are told, hee is a *Spirit*: and who can tell what a *Spirit* is? Can any man tell *that*, which no man ever ſaw? *Man* is able onely to comprehend *viſible ſubſtances*; what is *inviſible*, and *ſpirituall*, hee can but *gueſſe* and *rove* at. *Spirit* is a word found out, for *Man* to maske his *Ignorance* in: and what he does not know, he calls it by that name. When we ſpeake of *God*, we are to beleeve an *ubiquity*: but then, how are we able to conceive that this *ubiquity* is? I ſpeake to *Reaſon*, not *Faith*: for I know, *this* beleeveth what it ſees not: yet ſomething to helpe *Nature* and *Reaſon*, I would wiſh a man to conſider the *Ayre*. It is every where: not a *vacuum* in the whole *Nucura rerum*: nay, you cannot evade it: Digge the moſt condenſed *Earth*, and it is at the poynt of your *Spade*: you can ſee nothing, but before you ſee it, is open to the *Ayre*; and yet this *Ayre*, although you know, you cannot ſee. It is alſo *inviolable*: caſt a *ſtone*, and you make no *hole* in't: nay, an *Arrow* cannot pierce it: it clozeth againe, and there is no tracke left. Nay, there be *Philoſophers* that will tell you, the *progreſſive Motion* of a *ſtone* caſt, when the *hand* ha's

ha's left it, is from the *Ayre* it ſelfe: that ſhutting ſuddenly after, and *Nature* impatient of a *vacuity*, it does with a *coactive power*, thruſt it ſtill forward, till it paſſes againſt *inſtitutive Nature*, who made it, to incline to the *Center*. Nor is it *corruptible*. We ſpeake falſly, when wee ſay, the *Ayre infecteth*. They are unwholſome *Vapours*, and *Exhalations*, that *putri'd things* breathe out; and theſe, being carryed by the *motive Winde* and *Ayre*, flye about, and *infect*, through their rarity and *thinneſſe*. The *Ayre* it ſelfe ever *clarifies*: and is alwayes working out that *taint*, which would mixe with it. Next, we can doe nothing, but the *Ayre* is privy to't: even the acts of *lightleſſe Closets*, and the *thick-curtain'd Beds*, are none of them done without it. When *Diogenes* ſaw a *woman* bow ſo much to the *Altar*, as ſhe left her *backe-parts bare*; he asked her, if ſhe were not aſhamed, to be ſo immodeſt to the *gods* behinde her. Nay, our very *thoughts*, which the *Devill* (though he be the ſubtilleſt of all *malevolent Spirits*) cannot know, are not framed without this *Ayre*. Every *breath* wee take, it goes unto our *heart*, to coole it. Our *Veines*, our *Arteries*, our *Nerves*, our inmoſt *Marrow*, are all vivified by their participation of *ayre*: and ſo indeed is every thing that the *World* holds; as if this were the *Soule* that gave it *livelihood*. *Fiſhes*, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet wee ſee, the want of *Ayre* kills them: as when a *long Froſt* ſhuts up a *Pond* in *Ice*. Even *Plants*, which are but *Vegetatives*, will not grow in *Caves*, where the *motive* and *ſtirring Ayre* is barred from them. Wee may often obſerve,

moreover, that *heat* and *moiſture* is the onely cauſe of all *Generation:* and theſe are the qualities proper to the *Ayre* alone. Now, I would not wiſh a *Man* to compare *God* the *Creator*, with this *Element*, which is but a *Creature:* but let him conſider of theſe properties, and then by way of *eminency*, let him in his *Soule* ſet *God* above, and ſee if by this way, he climbe not neerer *Deity*, than hee ſhall by any other. If this bee ſo univerſall, why may he not by this, thinke of a *Spirit* more diffuſive and ubiquiary? That which *Ovid* writ of *Poets*, may be applyed to all the *wiſe*, and come ſomething neere this purpoſe.

Eſt Deus in nobis, ſunt & commercia Cœli,
Sedibus Æthereis, Spiritus ille, venit.

In us *God* dwels, *Heaven* our acquaintance is,
His *Spirit* flowes through *Ayry influences.*

Certainely by this way, it is not ſo difficult for *Reaſon* to conceit an *Omni-preſence:* and if wee have this, wee may by it peere at his *Omni-ſcience* and *Omnipotence* too: for the one is as hard to conceive, as the other. Saint *Auguſtine*, when he has told us, that *God* is not an *Object* perceiveable by any of the *Outward ſenſes*, ſayes; *Tamen aliquid eſt, quod ſentire facile eſt, explicare non poſſibile.* So the *wayes of God*, in *Scripture*, are compared to the flight of an *Eagle* in the *Ayre*, which no man can either trace or know. Surely, therefore, when wee are to ſpeake to him, the beſt is, humbly to intreat his

his *Spirit* to inſpire ours in the way, and apprehenſion that may beſt pleaſe him. He is beſt able, by his ſecret *immiſſion*, to direct us the way hee does beſt approve of. And this cannot chuſe but comfort the *Good*, when they know, the *Searcher* of the *heart* and *reynes* is with them, and beholds them. From this, I will learne to cheere my ſelfe in *ſufferings*, and to refraine from *ill*, even in *private*. How can man thinke to act his *ill* unſeene, when God ſhall, like the *Ayre*, bee *circumſpicious* round about him? It is not poſſible, that ſuch a *Majeſty* ſhould either not defend the *Innocent*, or permit an *ill* unpuniſhed.

XCIX.

Of Contentment.

THey that *preach Contentment* to *All*, doe but teach *ſome* how to dwell in *miſery*: unleſſe you will grant *Content Deſire*, and chide her but for *murmuring*. It is not a fault to ſtrive to better our *Eſtates*: which yet wee ſhould never doe, if wee reſted fully content with what we enjoyed for the preſent. *God* hath alotted *Man* a *motive minde*, which is ever climbing to more *perfection*, or falling into a *lower Vice*. Certainely, that *Content* which is without deſiring more, is a kind of fault in any. *Perfection* is ſet in that height, that 'tis impoſſible *mortall bodied man*, ſhould ever reach the *Crowne*: Yet he ought ſtill to be aiming at it, and

with an *industrious prosecution*, persevere in the rising way. We cannot be too covetous of *Grace*; we may well labour for more accomplishments: and by lawfull wayes, and for good intents, there is no doubt, but 'tis lawfull to desire to *increase*, even in *temporall wealth*. Certainly, a man should be but a dull *Earth*, to sit still & take the present: without either *Ioy* or *Complaint*: without either *feare*, or *appetite*. In this, I like not *Aristippus* his *Doctrine*, who is hot in perswading men, neither to be troubled at what is *past*; nor to thinke of what is *to come*. This were quite to vilifie *Providence*: who is one of the *Principall Guards* of *Man*. For, though it be true, that nothing is so *certaine*, but that it may sometimes faile: yet wee see, it seldome does: and even *Probability* is almost *certaine*. Let no *Man* so sleepe in *Content*, as that he neglect the *meanes* to make himselfe *more happy* and *blessed*: nor yet when the contrary of what hee look't for comes, let him *murmure* or *repine* at that *providence*, which dispos'd it to crosse his *expectation*. I like the man, that is never *content* with what hee does enjoy: but by a *calme* and faire *Course*, has a *Minde* still rising to a *higher happinesse*: but I like not him, that is much *discontent*, as to repine at any thing, that does befall him. Let him take the *present patiently*, *joyfully*, *thankfully*. But let him still be soberly in *Quest* for better: and indeed, it is impossible to finde a *life* so happy heere, as that we shall not finde something, we would *adde*; something, wee would *take away*. The *world* it selfe, is not a *Garden*, wherein all the *Flowers* of *Ioy* are growing: nor

can

can one man injoy them, if it were, that all were here: we may questionlesse conclude, that there is no *absolute contentment* here below. Nor can we in *reason* thinke there should be: since whatsoever is *created*, was *created* tending to *some end*; and till it arives at that, it cannot bee fully at *rest*. Now we all know, *God* to be the end, to which the *soule* tends: and till it be dismanacled of the *clogging flesh*, it cannot approach the *presence* of such *purity*, such *glory*: when it meets with *God*, and is united to him, who is the *Spring* and *Source* of all *true happinesse*; then it may be *calme*, and *pleas'd*, and *quiet*: till then, as *Physicians* hold of *health*, that the best is but *Neutrality*: So it is of *happinesse*, and *content*, in the *Soule*: Nay, the most absolute *Content man* can enjoy, in his *corruptible rags* of *earth*, is indeed, but lesser *discontentment*: That which wee finde here most perfect, is rather meere *Vtopian*, and *Imaginative*, than *reall*, and *substantiall*: and is sooner found falling from a *Poets* pen, than any way truly enjoyed by him, that swimmes in the deepest streame of *pleasure*; and of these, in stead of many, you may take that one of *Martials*:

Things that can blesse a *Life*, and please,
Sweetest *Martiall*, they are these:
A *store* well left, not gain'd with *toyle*:
A *house* thine owne, and pleasant *soyle*:
No *strife*, small *state*, a *minde* at *peace*:
Free *strength*, and *limbs* free from disease,
Wise *Innocence*, *friends*, like, and good,
Vnarted-meat, *kinde neighbourhood*,

No *drunken rest*, from *cares* yet *free*:
No sadning *spouse*, yet *chaste* to thee:
Sleeps, that long *nights* abreviate,
Because 'tis, liking, thy wish't *State*:
Nor *fear'd*, nor *joy'd*, at *death* or *fate*.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Iucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relicta:
Non Ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,
Lis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,
Vires ingenuæ, Salubre Corpus,
Prudens Simplicitas, pares amici,
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa,
Nox non ebria, sed soluta Curis:
Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus:
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis:
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

But where shall you find a man thus seasoned? if he befor a while, it lasts not: but by one, or other *accident*, hee is tossed in the waving *world*. And this made *Diogenes* resolve; unto *Fortune*, to oppose his *confidence*, and *resolution*; to the *Law*, *Nature*; and to his *affections*, *Reason*. This was *good*, but not *well*: wee have *Grace*, and *Scripture* for a better guide than *Nature*. I would bee so *content* with what I have, as I would ever thinke the *present* best: but then I would thinke it best, but for the *present*: because, whensoever I looke forward, I still see better; to arrive at which my *Soule* will long,

long, and *covet*. The *Soule* that by but halfe an *eye* ſees *GOD*, will never bee but winging, till ſhee alights on *him*.

C.

How he muſt live, that lives well.

WHoſoever neglects his *duty* to *himſelfe*, his *neighbour*, or his *God*; halts in ſomething, that ſhould make life *commendable*. For our *ſelves*, we need order; for our *neighbour*, *Charity*; and for our *God*, our *Reverence*, and *Humility*: and theſe are ſo certainely linked one to another as he that lives orderly, cannot but bee acceptable, both to *GOD*, and the *world*. Nothing jarres the *worlds Harmony*, like men that breake their rankes. One *turbulent Spirit* will diſſentiate even the *calmeſt Kingdome*. We may ſee the beauty of *order*, in nothing more, than in ſome *princely Proceſſion*, and though indeed, the *circumſtances*, and *complements* belonging to *State*, bee nothing to better *governments*; yet by a *ſecret working* in the *mindes* of men, they adde a *Reverence* to *State*: and awe, the (elſe looſe) rabble. See a *King* in *Parliament*, and his *Nobles* ſet about him: and ſee how *mad* he ſhowes that wildly *dances* out of his *roome*. Such is *Man*, when he *ſpurnes* at the *Law*, he lives under: Nay, when hee gives himſelfe leave to *tranſgreſſe*, hee muſt needs put others out of their way, and hee that diſorders *himſelfe* firſt, ſhall trouble all the

Company.

Company. Did every *Man* keepe his owne *life*; what a *Concord* in *Muſicke* would a *World*, a *Kingdome*, a *City*, a *Family* be? But being ſo infinitely diſ-joynted, it is neceſſary ſome ſhould helpe it, and bee charitable. If no man ſhould repaire the *breaches*, how ſoone would all lye flatted in *Demoliſhments*? *Love* is ſo excellent, that though it be but to ones ſelfe alone, yet others ſhall partake, and finde the *benefit*. *Poſterity* will be the better, for the *Bagges* that the *Covetous* hoorded up for himſelfe. But when a man ſhall be ever ſtriving to doe the *World* a *courteſie*, his *Love* is ſo much the more thanke-worthy, by how much, the good is larger. Without *Charity* a man cannot be *ſociable*: and take away that, and there is little elſe, that a man has to doe in the *World*. How pleaſant can good *company* make his life beneath? Certainely, if there be any thing *ſweet* in meere *Humanity*, it is in the *intercourſes* of *beloved Society*, when every one ſhall bee each others *Counſellour*, each others *friend*, and *Mine*, and *ſolace*. And ſuch a *pleaſant life* as this, I take to be beſt pleaſing, both to *God* and *Man*. Nor yet can this be truly pleaſant, unleſſe a *Man* bee carefull to give to *GOD* the *honour* that hee owes him. When a *Man* ſhall doe theſe, and performe his duety to his *Maker*; he ſhall find a *Peace* within, that ſhall fit him for whatſoever falls. He ſhall not feare himſelfe: for hee knowes his courſe is *Order*. He ſhall not feare the *World*: for he knowes he hath done nothing, that has anger'd it. He ſhal not be afraid of *Heaven*; for he knowes, he there ſhall finde the favour of a *Servant*, of a *Sonne*: and be

be protected against the *Malice* and the *Spleene* of *Hell*. Let me live thus, and I care not, though the *World* should *flout* my *Innocence*; I wish but to obey Saint *Bernard*, then I know I cannot but be *happy*, both below, and after. *Tu qui in Congregatione es, benè vive, ordinabilitèr, sociabilitèr, & humilitèr: ordinabilitèr tibi, sociabilitèr proximo, humilitèr Deo.*

(***)

Omnia Deo.

FINIS.

28 MR 59

RESOLVES: DIVINE, MORALL, POLITICALL.

By

Ovv. Felltham.

The second *Centurie*.



Londcn,
Printed by *Elizabeth Purſlow*, for *Henry Seile*,
and are to be ſold at his Shop at the *Tygers Head*
in Saint *Pauls* Church-yard.
1633.



TO THE MOST VERTVOVS, DISCREET, AND NOBLE, THE LADY

DOROTHY CRANE, *Daughter to the Right Honorable, and Religious* the Lord HOBART.

Madame,

IF ever *Reſolutions* were needfull, I thinke they be in this Age of looſeneſſe; wherein 'twere ſome unhappineſſe to bee *good*, did not the conſciouſneſſe of her owne worth, ſet *Vertue* firme, againſt all diſheartnings. This makes her of ſo ſpacious a glory, that though ſhe need not the applauſe of any, to adde to her happineſſe; yet ſhe attracts the hearts of all that know her, to *Love*, *Service*, *Admiration*. That I have ſacred this offertory of my thoughts to your *Ladiſhip*, this is reaſon enough; if not, your love

love to my *deareſt Friend* may ſecond it. To apparell any more in theſe Paper veſtments, I ſhould multiply impertinents; and perhaps diſpleaſe. For I have ever found face-commendation to die *Wiſdomes* cheeke of a Bluſh-colour. Diſcreet Nature is alway modeſt; and deſerving beſt, loves leaſt to heare on't. This onely I will truly adde: that I know not a thing of that value, that ſhould make me ſhrine up a *Worke* of this nature, to any, in whom I could obſerve the poſſibility of a faile in *Vertue*. Such a Dedication were to put *Vertue* to a Step-dame, that would not nurſe, but ſtifle her. With *Your goodneſſe*, I am ſure ſhe ſhall finde the tenderneſſe of a *maternall Love*. And if theſe weake extractions, your Iudicious Eye light you to ought, increaſing that affection (all by-reſpects put away) my next Petition will be, that it may pleaſe you to command

Your immutable Servant,

OVV. FELLTHAM.

TO THE PERVSER.

TO begin with Apologies, and intreate a kind Censure, were to disparage the Work, and begge partiality: equall with Ostentation I ranke them both. If thou bee'st wise, pleasing words cannot blinde thy iudgement from discerning errors, whersoever they appeare. If thou bee'st foolish, they can neyther blanch thy folly, nor make thee thinke better, then thy indiscretion leades thee to. Request from others, may sway our words, or actions; but our mindes will have their owne free thoughts, as they apprehend the thing. Internall Iudgement is not easily perverted. In what thou shalt heere meet with, vse the freedome of thy native opinion: Et Lectorem, & Correctorem liberum volui. *I shall ever professe me his Debtor, that greets me with reprehensions of Love. The noblest part of a friend, is an honest boldnesse in the notifying of errors. He that tels me of a fault, aiming at my good; I must thinke him wise and faithfull: wise, in spying that which I see not: faithfull, in a plaine admonishment, not taynted with flattery. That I have made it publike, I pleade not the importunity of friends: that were to play a* Hazzard *for folly, if it prove not. I writ it without encouragement from another; and as I writ it, send it abroad.* Rare,

I know it is not: Honeſt, *I am ſure it is: Though thou findeſt not to admire, thou mayſt to like. What I aime at in it, I confeſſe hath moſt reſpect to my ſelf; That I might out of my owne Schoole take a leſſon, and ſhould ſerve me for my whole* Pilgrimage: *and if I ſhould wander from theſe reſts, that my owne* Items *might ſet me in heavens direct way againe. We doe not ſo readily run into crimes, that from our owne mouth have had ſentence of condemnation. Yet, as no Phyſician can be ſo abſtemious, as to follow ſtrictly all his owne preſcriptions: So I thinke there is no Chriſtian ſo much his mindes Maſter, as to keepe preciſely all his* reſolutions. *They may better ſhew what he would be, then what he is. Nature hath too ſlow a foot, to follow Religion cloſe at the heele. Who can expect, our dull fleſh ſhould wing it with the flights of the Soule? He is not a good man that lives* perfect: *but he that lives as well as he can, and as humane frailties will let him. He that thus far ſtrives not, never began to be vertuous nor knowes he thoſe tranſcending ioyes, that continually feaſt in the* noble-minded man. *All the externall pleaſures that mortality is capable of, can never enkindle a flame, that ſhall ſo bravely warme the Soule, as the love of vertue, and the certaine knowledge of the rule we have over our owne wilde paſſions. That I might curbe thoſe, I have writ theſe: and if in them, thou find'ſt a line may mend thee: I ſhall thinke I have divulg'd it to purpoſe. Reade all, and uſe thy minds liberty; how thy ſuffrage falls, I weigh not: For* it was not ſo much to pleaſe others, as to profit my ſelfe.

Farewell.

RE-

RESOLVES:

DIVINE, MORALL, POLITICALL.

I.

Of Idle Bookes.

IDle Books are nothing elſe, but corrupted tales in Inke and Paper: or indeed, Vice ſent abroad with a Licence: which makes him that reads them, conſcious of a double injury: they being in effect, like that ſinne of brutiſh Adulterie. For if one reades, two are catched: he that angles in theſe waters, is ſure to ſtrike the *Torpedo*, that inſtead of being his food, confounds him. Beſides the time ill ſpent in them, a twofold reaſon ſhall make me refraine: both in regard of my *love* to my owne Soule, and *pitty* unto his that made them. For if I bee corrupted by them, the Compriſor of them is mediately a cauſe of my ill: and at

the day of Reckoning (though now dead) must give an account for't, because I am corrupted by his bad example which he leaves behind him; So I become guilty by receiving, and he by thus conveying this lewdnesse unto me: He is the thiefe, I the receiver; and what difference makes our Law betwixt them? If one be cut off, the other dyes: both I am sure perish alike. *I will write none*, lest I hurt them that come after me. *I will reade none*, lest I augment his mulct that is gone before mee: neyther write, nor reade, lest I prove a foe to my selfe. *A lame hand is better then a lewd pen*: while I live, I sinne too much; Let me not continue longer in wickednesse, then life. If I write ought, it shall be both on a good subiect, and from a deliberate pen: for *a foolish sentence drop't upon paper, sets folly on a Hill, and is a monument to make infamy eternall.*

II.

Of Humilitie.

THe humble man is the surest Peace-maker: of all morall vertues, *Humility* is the most beautifull; she both shunnes Honour, and is the way to it: she rockes *Debate* asleepe, and keepes *Peace* waking; nay, doth foster, doth cherish her: which is well expressed in a *story* of two Goates, that met at once on a very narrow Bridge, under which there glided a deepe, and violent streame: being both met, the straightnesse gave deniall to theyr Iourney;

Iourney; get backe they could not, the planke was ſo narrow, for their returning turne: ſtand ſtill they might, but that could neyther bee continuall, nor to purpoſe: and to fight for the way in ſo perillous a place, was eyther to put a wilfull period to their lives, or extreamely hazzard them. That they may therefore both paſſe in ſafety, the one lyes downe, and the other goes over him: ſo while their paſſage is *quiet*, their lives are *ſecure*, from death, from danger. I have ever thought it idle to continue in *ſtrife*; if I get the victory it ſatisfies my minde, but then, ſhall I have his malice too, which may endamage me more: ſo my gaine will bee leſſe then my hinderance: If I bee overcome unwillingly, then is the diſgrace mine, and the loſſe: and though I have not his *malice*, yet ſhall I not want his *ſcorne*. I will (in things not weighty) ſubmit freely: *The pureſt gold is moſt ductible: 'tis commonly a good blade that bends well.* If I expect diſadvantage, or misdoubt the Conqueſt, I thinke it good wiſedome, to give in ſooneſt; ſo ſhall it bee more honour to doe that willingly, which with ſtiffeneſſe I cannot but hazard upon compulſion. *I had* rather be accounted too much *humble*, then eſteemed a little *proud*: the Reede is better that bends, and is not whole: then the ſtrong Oake, that not bending, breakes: If I muſt have one, give me an unconvenience, not a miſchiefe: the lighteſt burthen, is the eaſieſt borne.

III.

To perfection, what is moſt neceſſarie.

TO make a perfect man, there is requiſite both *Religion* and *Nature*. *Nature* alone wee know too looſe: *Religion* alone will ſeeme too hard; ſome for *Religion* have I knowne formall, ſtrict; yet have ſo wanted the pleaſing parts of a good nature, as they have bin feared, but not loved: for being of a fiery ſpirit, even ſlender occaſions have made way to the divulging of their owne imperfections: either by too ſevere a reprehenſion, or elſe by too ſoone ſudden Contempt: both which make much for the harbouring of hate againſt themſelves, by making them eſteemed either raſh *Cenſurers*, or angry *proud ones*: and wee all know, that as *Iudgment* is never ſhot ſuddenly, but from a fooles bow: ſo blind choller broke into expreſſion, is the true marke of an intemperate minde; others there yet reſt, whom it tickles much to chatter of their owne merits, and they cannot lay an egge, but they muſt cackle, or like the boaſting *Phariſee*, trumpet out the report of theyr owne praiſes: if not out of an affected *ſingularity*, and an overweening opinion of theyr owne excellence, yet for lacke of an humble and diſcreet Nature, that ſhould cauſe theyr obſervation to bee buſied at home. And this is that makes the world diſdaine, contemne them: *ſelfe-commendation* is an arrow with

with too many feathers: which, wee levelling at the marke, is taken with the Wind, and carried quite from it. Some againe for *Nature*, I have found rarely qualified: ennobled with ſuch a milde affability, ſuch a generous ſpirit, and ſuch ſweetneſſe of diſpoſition, and demeanour, that their *humble* and courteous carriage have prevailed much in the affection of thoſe with whom they have had commerce: yet becauſe they have wanted *Religion*, (that like a good ſubject ſhould make an elaborate worke rare) they have, onely in a ſuperficiall applauſe, wonne the approbation of the unſteady multitude: who love them more for ſuffering their rudeneſſe, then for any noble worth that's obvious to their undiſcerning judgements. But in all this, they have got no reverence, no reſpect at all. Thus *Religion* without *Nature* (in men meerely naturall) begets a certaine forme of awfull regard: but to them, 'tis like a tyrannicall *Prince*, whom the people obey more for feare of an auſtere rebuke, then for any true affection they beare to his perſon. Now *Nature* without *Religion*, oft wins love: and this is like a Maſter too familiar with his ſervant, that in the beginning gaines love, but ſhall in the end finde contempt: and his toleration will be made an allowance of ill. Both together are rare for qualification. *Nature* hath in her ſelfe treaſure enough to pleaſe a man; *Religion* a Chriſtian, the laſt begets feare, the other love, together, admiration, *reverence*. I will like, I will love them ſingle; but conjoyn'd, I will affect and honour.

IIII.

Of Lyes and Vntruths:

I Finde, to him that the tale is told, beliefe onely makes the difference betwixt a *truth*, and *lyes*: for a *lye* beleeved, is true: and *truth* uncredited, a *lye*; unleſſe he can carry his probation in's pocket, or more readily at his tongues end: for as hee that tells a ſmooth *lye*, is iudged to ſpeake *truth*, till ſome ſtep forth to contradict his utrerance: ſo hee that tells an unlikely *truth*, is thought to broach a *lye*, unleſſe hee can produce convincing reaſon to prove it; onely the guilt, or juſtice of the thing reſts in the knowing conſcience of the Relator. In the hearer I cannot account it a fault: 'tis eaſie to be deceived, in miracles, in probabilities: albeit the judgment that paſſeth on them, bee both honeſt, wiſe, apprehenſive, and cleere. In the teller, juſtly; if it be a *lye*, there needs no text to confute it; if it ſeeme ſo, and hee cannot purge it, diſcretion were better ſilent. I will tell no *lyes*, leſt I bee falſe to my ſelfe: no *improbable truth*, leſt I ſeeme ſo to others: If I heare any man report wonders, what I know, I may haply ſpeake; what I but think, ſhall reſt with my ſelfe; I may as well be too *ſuſpicious*, as over-credulous.

Three

V.

Three things aggravate a Miserie.

THree things are there which aggravate a miserie, and make an evill seeme greater then indeed it is. *Inexpectation*, *Vnacquaintance*, *want of Preparation*. *Inexpectation*, when a mishap comes suddenly, and unlooked for: it distracteth the minde, and scarres both the faculties and affections from their due consultation of remedy: whereas an evill foreseene is halfe cured, because it giveth warning to provide for danger. Thus the falling of a *house* is more perillous then the rising of a *flood*: for, while of the former, the hurt is more unavoydable, by reason both of the violence, and precipitation: The latter, through the remissenesse of comming, is lesse dangerous, lesse prejudiciall; there being time eyther to avoyd the place, or to countermure. If this suffice not: thinke but how odious treason would shew in a deare *friend*, from whom we onely expected the sweet embraces of *love*: the conceit onely is able to kill, like a mad Dogg's biting, that not onely wounds the body, but insaniates the Soule. Secondly, *Vnacquaintance. Familiarity takes away feare*, when matters not usuall, prove inductions to terror. The first time the *Foxe* saw the *Lion*, he feared him as death: the second, he feared him, but not so much: the third time he grew more bold, and passed by him without

without quaking. The Imbellicke peaſant, wher he comes firſt to the field, ſhakes at the report of a *Musket*: but after he hath rang'd thorough the fury of two or three *Battels*, hee then can feareleſſe, ſtand a breach; and dares undaunted gaze Death in the face. Thirdly, *want of preparation*. When the Enemy beſiegeth a *Citie* not prepared for Warre, there is ſmall hope of evaſion, none at all to conquer, none to overcome. How much more hard is the Winter to the *Graſhopper*, then the *Piſmire*, who before, having ſtor'd her Garner, is now able to withſtand a famine? Leſt then, I make my *death* ſeeme more terrible to me, then indeed it is; I will firſt daily *expect* it: that when it comes, I may not be to ſeeke to entertaine it: if not with joy, as beeing but fleſh: yet without ſorrow, as having a Soule. 2. I will labour to bee *acquainted* with it, often before it come, thinking it may come: ſo when I know it better, I ſhall better ſuſtaine it: withleſſe feare, with out terror. 3. I will *prepare* for it, by caſting up my accounts with *God*, that all things even and ſtreight betwixt us, whenſoever he ſhall pleaſe to call for me, I may as willingly lay downe my life, as leave a priſon. Thus ſhall I make my death leſſe dreadfull, and finiſh my life before I dye. *He that dyes daily, ſeldome dyes deiectedly.*

Of

VI.

Of Good and Bad Ends.

A Good *beginning* have I often ſeene conclude *ill*. Sin in the bud is fayre, ſweet, pleaſing: but the fruit is death, horror, *hell*. Something will I reſpect in my *way*, moſt in my *Concluſion*: in the one, to prevent all wilfull errors; in the other, to inſure a *Crwone*. *For*, as Iudgment hath relation to the manner of dying; ſo hath Death dependance on the courſe of living. Yet the good end hath no bad beginning; it once had. A good conſequence makes the premiſes ſo eſteemed of, and a ſweet relliſh at the leaving off, makes the draught delightfull, that at the firſt did ſeeme unpleaſant. That is well that ends well: and better is a bad beginning that concludes well, then a proſperous onſet that ends in complaint. What if my *beginning* hath beene ill? Sorrowes over-blowne, are pleaſant; that which hath beene hard to ſuffer, is ſweet to remember. *I will not much care what my beginning be, ſo my end bee happy*. If my Sunne ſet in the new *Ieruſalem*, I have liv'd *well*, how ever afflictions have ſometimes clouded my courſe.

Extreme

VII.

Extreme Longings ſeldome ſeene to ſucceed well.

Extreme longings in a Chriſtian, I ſeldome ſee ſucceed well: ſurely *God* meanes to temper his, as hee would not have his affections *violent*, in the ſearch of a temporall bleſſing: or elſe hee knowes our frailtie ſuch, as wee would bee more taken with the *fruition* of a benefit, then the *Author*. *Proſperities are ſtrong pleaders for ſinne: Troubles bee the ſureſt Tutors of goodneſſe.* How many would have died ill, if they had liv'd merrily? *God* hath ſeverall wayes to reduce *his* to his owne orders; among which, I am perſwaded, none is more powerfull, then *reſtraint of their wills*. It ſends the Soule to meditation, whereby ſhe ſees the Worlds follies in ſuch true colours of vanity, that no ſound diſcretion can thinke them worth the doting on: and though our diſcontentments ſo tranſport us, as we ſee not the good wee reape by a *Deprivation*: yet ſure we are happier by this want, for wee are like women with Child, if wee had the things we long for, how long ſhould wee eate and ſurfet? When *nature* findes her ardent deſires fulfilled, ſhe is ravenous, and greedy, yea then ſhee hath ſo little moderation, as 'tis not ſafe to ſatisfie her. If I can, I will never extreamely covet; ſo though I meete with a *Croſſe*, it ſhall neyther diſtemper nor diſtract mee: but if my deſires out-ſtrip my intention, I will

will comfort my ſelfe with this, that the enioyment might have added to my content, and endangered my ſoule: but the want ſhall in the end bee a meanes to embetter them both. *Gods Saints* ſhall with ioy ſubſcribe to his will: though heere for a time it may ſeeme to thwart them.

VIII.

Of Silence. Of Babling.

A Worthy Act hath hee done, that hath learned to refraine his *tongue*: and ſurely much evill hath he prevented, if he knowes when to bee well *ſilent*. Vnkindneſſes breed not ſo many Iarres, as the *multiplying of words* that follow them. How ſoone would theſe Coales die, if the *tongue* did not enkindle them? *Repentance* often followes *ſpeaking*; *ſilence* eyther ſeldome, or *never*; for while our words are many, *ſinne* is in ſome, in moſt. Goe to the *Crane*, thou *Babler*, reade her ſtorie, and let her informe thee: who flying out of *Sicily*, puts little ſtones in her mouth, leſt by her owne garrulity ſhe bewray her ſelfe as a prey to the *Eagles* of the Mountaine *Taurus*: which, with this policie, ſhee flies over in ſafety: even ſilence every where is ſafe ſafeguard: If by it I offend, I am ſure I offend without a *witneſſe*: while an unruly *tongue* may procure my ruine, and prove as a Sword to cut the thrid of my life into two: 'tis good alwayes to ſpeake well, and in ſeaſon: and is it not as ſafe

ſafe ſometimes to ſay nothing: hee that ſpeakes little, may mend it ſoone: and though hee ſpeakes moſt faults, yet hee exceeds not: for his words were *few*. To ſpeake too much, bewrayes *folly*; too little, an unperceiving *ſtupiditie*: I will ſo ſpeake, as I may be free from babling *Garrulitie*: ſo be ſilent, as my Spectators may not account me blockiſhly *dull*. *Silent* and *ſpeech* are both as they are uſed, eyther tokens of *Indiſcretion*, or badges of *Wiſedome*.

IX.

Of Prayer.

TIs a hard thing among men of inferiour ranke, to ſpeake to an earthly *Prince*: no *King* keepes a *Court* ſo open, to give admittance to all commers: and though they have, they are not ſure to *ſpeed*; albeit there bee nothing that ſhould make theyr petitions not grantable. Oh how happy, how priviledged is then a *Chriſtian*? who though he often lives here in a ſlight eſteeme, yet can hee freely conferre with the *King* of *Heaven*, who not onely heares his intreaties, but delights in his requeſts, invites him to come, and promiſeth a happy *welcome*: which hee ſhewes in fulfilling his deſires, or better, fitter for him. In reſpect of whom, the greateſt *Monarch* is more baſe, then the baſeſt vaſſaile in regard of the moſt mighty and puiſſant *Emperour*. *Man* cannot ſo much exceed a Beaſt,

as

as *God* doth him: what if I be not knowne to the *Nimrods* of the world, and the Peeres of the earth? I can ſpeake to their better, to their *Maſter*; and by *Prayer* be familiar with him: importunity does not anger him: neyther can any thing but our ſins make us goe away *empty*; while the game is playing, there is much difference betweene the *King* and the *Pawne*: that once ended, they are both ſhuffled into the bag: and who can ſay whether was moſt happy, ſave onely the *King* had many *checks*, while the Pawne was free and *ſecure*? My comfort is, my exceſſe to heaven is as free as the Princes; my departure from earth not ſo grievous: for while the world ſmiles on him, I am ſure I have leſſe reaſon to love it then hee. *Gods* favour I will chiefely ſeeke for; *mans*, but as it falls in the way to it: when it proves a hinderance, I hate to be loved.

X.

A Vertuous Man is a Wonder.

THe *Vertuous* man is a true *wonder*: for it is not from himſelfe, that he is ſo. But that I ſee ſo many wicked, I marvell not. 'Tis eaſier running downe the hill, then climing it. They that are this way given, have much the advantage of them that follow *goodneſſe*. Beſides thoſe inclinations that ſway the ſoule to vice, the way is broader, more ready: he that walkes thorow a large field, hath

hath onely a narrow path to guide him in the right way: but on either ſide, what a wide roome hee hath to wander in? Every *vertue* hath two vices, that clozes her up in curious limits: and if ſhee ſwerves, though but a little, ſhee ſuddenly ſteps into errour. *Fortitude* hath *Feare* and *Raſhneſſe*: *Liberality*, *Avarice* and *Prodigality*: *Iuſtice* hath *Rigor* and *Partiality*. Thus every good miſtreſſe hath two bad ſervants: which hath made ſome to define *vertue* to be nothing but *a meane betweene two vices*, whereof one leades to *exceſſe*, the other to *defect*: making her like the roofe of a Church, on whoſe top, we ſcarce finde roome to turne a foote in: but on either ſide a broad road to ruine: in which, if we once be falling, our *ſtay* is rare, our *recoverie* a miracle. The man that is *rare* in vice, I will never admire: if he goes but as he is driven, hee may ſoone be witty in evill: but the *good man* I will worthily magnifie: hee it is can ſaile againſt the wind, make the thorny way pleaſant, and vnintangle the incombrances of the *World*.

XI.

Of Veniall Sinnes.

WHat ſinne is there, that we may account or *little*, or *veniall*, unleſſe comparatively; ſeeing there is none ſo ſmall, but that (without repentance) is able to ſinke the ſoule in eternall *Damnation*? Who will thinke, That a ſlight wound, which

which giues a ſudden inlet to *Death?* But ſhould wee grant this errour, yet theſe of all other, I obſerue the moſt dangerous, both for their *frequencie* and *ſecrecie*: the one encreaſing them to a large heape, the other ſo couering them, as wee ſee not how they wrong vs. The *raine* that falls in ſmalleſt drops, moyſtens the earth, makes it mire, flimy, and durty: whereas a hard ſhowre, that deſcends violently, waſhes away, but ſoakes not in. Euen the *ſmalleſt letters* are more hurtfull to the ſight, then thoſe that are written with a text pen. *Great* ſinnes, and *publike*. I will auoyd for their *ſcandall* and *wonder*: *leſſer* and *priuate*, for their *danger* and *multitude*: both, becauſe my *God* hates them. I cannot, if I loue him, but abhorre what hee *loathes*.

XII.

Of Memorie and Forgetfulneſſe.

Memorie and *Forgetfulneſſe*, are both in friendſhip neceſſary. Let me *remember* thoſe kindneſſes my friend hath done to mee, that I may ſee his loue, and learne gratitude. Let me forget thoſe benefits I haue performed to him, leſt they ſhuffle out the effect of my loue, and tell me, he is required. Thus may wee together increaſe our friendſhip and comforts: otherwiſe, a man may haue many acquaintances, but no *friends*; though vnthankefulneſſe baniſheth loue, *Gratitude* obtaines a *repeale*.

XIII.

A Christians Valour and True Fidelity.

I Obserue, besides the inward contents of a peaceable *conscience*, two things, wherein a *Christian* excels all other men. In true *Valour*: In *Fidelity*. In true *Valour*; that is, in a *iust quarrell*: for if his cause be naught, there is none more timorous then he; and indeed to shew much Courage, in a bad matter, is rather a token of a desperate folly, then any badge of a *magnanimous* minde; but in a *iust cause*, he is bold as a *Lyon*. Nothing can daunt his euer vn-daunted minde. Not *Infamy*; for he knowes in this, his share is not worse then his *Masters*; and while it is for his Names sake, he knowes he is in it, *blessed*. If there be any *Nectar* in this life, 'tis in sorrowes we indure for goodnesse. Besides, hee weighes not how hee falls to the world and men; so he may stand firme to his heauenly *Father*. That *God* wee fight for, is able enough to vindicate all our wrongs. Not *afflictions*; how many did *Iob*, and the *Apostles* wade thorow with *Courage*, with *Contents*? These he knowes are heere but for a time, transient, and momentany; neither shall the *Israelites* liue alwaies vnder the tyranny of *Pharaoh*, or the trauels of the *Wildernesse*: He knowes also, the more abundant in sorrowes heere, the more abundant in ioyes hereafter; His teares shall returne in smiles, his weepings in a streame of pleasures. *God* doth

doth not recompence with a niggardly hand; hee ſhall finde his ioyes as an ouer-flowing Sea; and his glory beyond thought, exuberant. Not *Death*; for he knowes, That will be his happieſt day, and his *Bridge* from *woe*, to *glory*. Though it bee the wicked mans *ſhipwracke*, 'tis the good mans putting into *harbour*; where ſtriking *Sayles*, and caſting *Anchor*, he returnes his lading with aduantage, to the Owner; that is, his ſoule to *God*; leauing the bulke ſtill moored in the *Heauen*; who is vnrigg'd, but onely to be new built againe, and fitted for an eternall voyage. Had not *Chriſtians* had this ſolace: how ſhould the *Martyrs* haue dyed ſo merrily, leaping for ioy, that they were ſo neere their home, and their heauen; dying often like *Samſon* among his enemies, more victorie attending their end, then proceedings? Ah peereleſſe *Valiance*! vnconquerable *Fortitude*! Secondly, in *Fidelity*. There is no friendſhip like the friendſhip of *Faith*. *Nature*, *Education*, *Benefits*, cannot altogether tye ſo ſtrong as this. *Chriſtianity* knits more ſure, more indiſſoluble. This makes a knot that *Alexander* cannot cut. For as grace in her ſelfe is farre aboue *nature*, ſo likewiſe is ſhee, in her effects: and therefore vnites, in a farre more durable bond. And a *Chriſtian*, though he would reſolue with himſelfe to deale double; yet if he be ſincere, in ſpight of his reſolution, his conſcience will rate him, check him, and deny him to doe it; nay, though he would, hee cannot reſolue. He that is borne of *God*, ſinnes not: and the Spirit of Sanctification will not let him reſolue vpon ill. This is that *Fidelity* that we

finde, and admire in many, that haue choſen rather to embrace the flame, and dye in ſilence, then to reueale their Companions, and Brethren in *Chriſt*. Tyrants will ſooner want inuention for torments, then they with tortures bee made trecherous. The *League* that Heauen hath made, hell wants power to breake. Who can ſeparate the coniunctions of the *Deitie*? Againe, as well in reproofe, as in kindneſſe, doth his *loue* appeare. For howſoeuer he conceales his friends faults, from the eye of the world, yet he affectionately tels him of them, in priuate: not without ſome ſorrow of his owne part, for his brothers fall. *He ſcornes to be ſo baſe as to flatter: and hee hates to be ſo curriſh as to bite.* In his reprehenſions, he mingles *Oyle* and *Vineger*: he is in them, plaine, and louing. *Inviolable amitie! Invaluable loue!* Heere is met *Courage* and *Conſtancie*; one to withſtand an *Enemy*, another to entertaine a *Friend*. Giue me any *Foe*, rather then a *reſolued Chriſtian*: No friend, vnleſſe a man *truly honeſt*. *A father is a ready treaſury; a brother an infallible comfort; but a friend is both.*

XIIII.

In Loſſes what to looke to.

I Will in all *loſſes*, looke both to what I haue *loſt*, and to what I haue *left*. To what I haue *loſt*: that if it may be, and be good, I may recouer it: if not, that I may know what I haue forgone. To what I haue

haue *left*: that if it be much, I may be thankefull, that I *loſt* no more, hauing ſo much, that I might haue beene depriued of: if little, that I may not repine; becauſe I haue yet ſomething: if nothing but my life, that I may then be glad: becauſe that will be the next thing I ſhall loſe. Which whenſoeuer it happens, will with double ioy recompence all the reſt. *Gods* preſence is aboundant plenty: hauing that, I know nor *want*, nor *loſſe*, nor *admiſſion of ill.*

XV.

How to eſtabliſh a troubled Government.

A Man that would eſtabliſh a troubled Gouernment, muſt firſt *vanquiſh* all his foes. *Factious heads*, muſt be higher by a Pole then their bodies. For how will the *Folds* be quiet, while yet among them there be ſome *Wolues*? He that would rule ouer many, muſt fight with many, and conquer: and be ſure, either to cut off thoſe that raiſe vp *tumults*: or by a Maieſticke awe, to keepe them in a ſtrict ſubiection. *Slackneſſe* and *connivence*, are the ruines of vnſetled *Kingdomes*. My *paſſions* and *affections* are the chiefe diſturbers of my *Civill State*: What peace can I expect within mee, while theſe *Rebels* reſt vnouercome? If they get a head, my *Kingdome* is diuided, ſo it cannot *ſtand*. *Separations* are the wounds of a *Crowne*: whereby (neglected) it will *bleed* to death. Then will I ſtriue to ſubdue.

If I cut them not off, I will yet reſtraine them. 'Tis no cruelty to deny a Traytor liberty. I will haue them be my *ſubiects*, not my *Prince*: they ſhall *ſerue* me, and I will *ſway* them. If it cannot bee without much ſtriuing; I am content with a hard combate, that I may haue a happy raigne. 'Tis better I endure a ſhort skirmiſh, then a long ſiege: having once wonne the field, I will hope to keepe it.

XVI.

Death is the beginning of a Godly mans Ioy.

Death to a righteous man, whether it commeth ſoone or late, is the beginning of ioy, and the end of ſorrow. I will not much care, whether my life be *long* or *ſhort*. If *ſhort*; the fewer my dayes be, the leſſe ſhall be my miſery, the ſooner ſhall I be happy. But if my yeeres be *many*, that my head waxe gray, euen the long expectation of my happineſſe, ſhall make my ioy more welcome.

XVII.

Of doing Good with Labour, and Euill with Pleaſure.

'TWas anciently ſayd, That whatſoeuer *good* worke a man doth with *labour*, the *labour* vaniſheth, but the *good* remaines with him that wrought

wrought it. And whatſoever *euill* thing hee doth with *pleaſure*, the *pleaſure* flyes, but the *euill* ſtill reſteth with the Actor of it: goodneſſe making *labour* ſweet; euill turning *pleaſure* to a burthen. I will not care how laborious, but how *honeſt*, not how pleaſurable, but how good my actions bee: If it could be, let me be good without pleaſure; rather then lewd with much joy. For though my good bee at firſt tedious; I am ſure in time it will yeeld me *content*: whereas the euill that now is delightfull, cannot but proue a *woe* to my ſoule. The ſweeteſt liquor is not alwaies the moſt wholeſome. The *Lymon* is more tart, yet excelleth the *Orenge* that delighteth the taſte: Poyſon may a while ſeeme pleaſant, and a weake ſtomacke thinke a Cordiall fulſome.

XVIII.

Of being the Worlds Favorite without Grace.

WHat if I were the Worlds chiefeſt *Favorite?* endowed with the chiefeſt ornaments her Treaſurie could afford me, *adorned* with beauty, *imbeliſht* with a faire proportion, in policie *ſubtill*, in alliance *great*, in reuenue *large*, in knowledge *rich*, famed with *honour*, and honoured with attendants; and to all theſe, had adioyned the prolonged yeeres of *Methuſelah*, yet if I wanted *grace*, they would all turne to my greater diſgrace and

confuſion. Good parts imployed ill, are weapons, that being meant for our owne defence, we madly turne their edges, and *wound* our ſelues: they might make mee faire in ſhow, but in ſubſtance more polluted: they would bee but as a ſaddle of gold to the backe of a gall'd Horſe; adorne mee they might, better me they could not. *Grace* onely can make a man *truly happy*: what ſhe affordeth, can content ſufficiently, and with eaſe furniſh the vaſt roomes of the minde: without her all are nothing: with her, euen the ſmalleſt is true *ſufficiencie*: how fully can ſhee bee rich in the penurie of theſe outward Royalties? ſomething indeed they adde to her *ornament*, but 'tis from *her* that they aſſume their *goodneſſe*. For though *Heaven* hath made them ſo in their owne nature, yet it is from her that they proue ſo to me. Doe wee not oftner finde them lights, to *blinde* vs, then to *direct* vs? I will neuer thinke my ſelfe neerer *Heaven*, for hauing ſo much of *Earth*. A weake houſe with a heauie roofe is in moſt danger. Hee that gets *Heaven*, hath plenty enough, though the *Earth* ſcornes to allow him any thing: he that failes of *that*, is truely-miſerable, though ſhee giues him all ſhee hath. *Heaven*, without *Earth*, is perfect: *Earth* without *Heaven*, is but a little more cheerefully *hell*. Who haue beene more ſplendent in theſe externall flouriſhes, then *Heathen*? but in the other, 'tis the *Chriſtian* onely can challenge a *felicitie*. Hauing theſe, I might win *applauſe* with *men*; but the other wanting, I ſhall neuer gaine *approbation* with *God*. And what will all their allowance auaile, when

when the *Earths Creator* ſhall Iudge & Condemne? *'Tis a poore reliefe in Miſerie, to bee onely thought well of by thoſe that cannot helpe mee.*

XIX.

Humanitie and Miſerie, are Paralells.

IS not a man borne to *trouble*, as the ſparkes flye vpward? is not his time *ſhort*, and *miſerable*, his dayes *few* and *euill*? What madneſſe then were it in me to hope for a freedome from *ſorrowes*, or to thinke my ſelfe exempt from the common appoyntment of the moſt *High*? It hath beene cenſured as *phrenſie*, to vndertake to expell *nature*; what ſhall I thinke it, to hope to fruſtrate the deſignement of the *Lord* of *Nature*? *Humanity* and *Miſerie*, are alwaies *paralels*. ſometime *individuals*: and therefore when we would put *Sorrow* in an *Embleme*, we paint him in a *Man*. If I haue but few *Croſſes*, I will truly then account my ſelfe fauoured: if I haue *many*, and bee ſometimes free; Ile thinke I eſcape well being ſo vntoward. If I haue *nothing* but troubles, yet may I not complaine: becauſe my *ſinne* hath deſeru'd *more* then heere I can be able to ſuffer. Had I but a beeing, though full of woe, yet were I beholding to God for it. His very leaſt, and meaneſt *gift*, exceedeth much, euen all, my beſt *deſert*. I doe infinitely want, how to merit a *permiſſion* to liue.

Of

XX.

Of Reputation : Or, A good Name.

TO haue euery man ſpeake *well* of mee, is impoſſible : becauſe howſoeuer I carry my ſelfe, ſome *Cynicke* will barke at my courſe. Who can ſcape the laſhe of *Cenſure*? If I ſhould be *vicious* and *profuſe*, I ſhould be loued of *ſome*; but not the *beſt*, not the *good*. If I ſhould, *Camelion*-like, change my ſelfe to euery *obiect*, if I were not extraordinarie wearie, I might ſoone counterfeit ſome mans humour falſe, and that would bane my *drift*. For both to *Virtue* and to *Vice*, is *Flatterie* a *falſe Glaſſe*, making the one ſeeme *greater*, the other *leſſe* then it is : and if it lights on a noble *diſcretion*, it is euer ſo vnhappy, as to beget the *ruine of it ſelfe*. But imagine I could doe it with ſuch exactneſſe, that euen the eye of *Lyncæus* could not eſpye it : yet when one ſhould commend mee for one thing, and another for the contrary ; what would the *World* thinke of mee, that could thus in one, be *hot* and *cold*? Should I not be cenſured as a *Tymoriſt*? Yes ſurely, and that *iuſtly*: neither could it but be iuſt with *God*, at laſt to vnmaske my *Flattery*, and vnrippe my *folly*, in the view of the *multitude*. *Private ſinnes* are puniſht with a *publike ſhame*. A ſuppoſed *honeſt man* found *lewd*, is hated as a growne *Monſter*, diſcovered by the blabbe of *Time*. Sinne is a concealed *fire*, that euen in *darkeneſſe* will ſo worke, as to bewray it ſelfe. If I liue *vertuouſly* and with *pie-*

tie,

tie, the *World* will hate mee, as a *Separatiſt*: and my *Reputation*, will be traduced by the Ignominious aſperſion of *malevolent tongues*. To be *good*, is now thought too neere a way to *contempt*: That which the *Ancients* admired, we laugh at. A good *honeſt man* is a *foole*. What then? ſhall *I*, to pleaſe a *man* diſpleaſe a *Chriſtian*? I had rather liue *hated* for *goodneſſe*, then be loued for *Vice*. He does better that pleaſeth one *good man*, then he that contents a thouſand *bad ones*. I would, If it could bee, pleaſe *all*: yet I would winne their loues with *honeſty*: otherwiſe let their *hate* wound me, rather then their *loue* imbrace. What care I for his friendſhip that affects not *vertue*? hauing his *hate*, hee may hurt me outwardly: but enioying his *loue*, I will iuſtly ſuſpect my ſoule of ſome ill. For if his *affection* bee towards me, 'tis ſure becauſe hee ſees ſomething in me that pleaſeth himſelfe: but while he ſees euery thing *vnlike* him; how is't poſſible I ſhould be *beloued* of him? ſince *diuerſities breed nothing but diſ-vnion: and ſweet Congruity is the Mother of Loue*.

XXI.

Sinne brings Sorrow.

WHo admires not the Wiſedome of *Demoſthenes*, in the anſwer he returned to *Corinthian Lais* [*Pœnitere tanti non emo.*] Certainely, had he not knowne it from a ſelfe experience, 'tis not poſſible

poſſible a *Heathen* ſhould haue ſpoke ſo *divinely*. All our *diſhoneſt actions*, are but *earneſts* laid downe for *griefe*. *Vice* is an infallible forerunner of wretchednesſe. Let the *Worldling* tell me, if he findes it not true, that all his vnwarrantable *aberrations*, wherein he hath dilatedly tumbled himſelfe, end at laſt, either in *anguiſh* or *confuſion*; *Sinne* on the beſt condition brings *repentance*: but for *ſinne* without *repentance*, is prouided *Hell*. 'Tis not folly, but madneſſe, euen the *higheſt*, that makes a man buy his vexation. I will force my ſelfe to want that willingly, which I cannot enioy without future diſtaſte. Though the *Waſpe* falls into the *honey*, that after drownes her: yet the *Bee* chuſeth rather to goe to the *Flower* in the field, where ſhee may lade her thighs ſecurely, and with leaſure, than to come to the ſhop of the *Apothecarie*, where ſhee gets more, but makes her life hazzardable.

XXII.

Of Workes without Faith, and of Faith without Workes.

Workes without *Faith*, are like a *Salamander* without *fire*, or a *Fiſh* without *water*: In which, though there may ſeeme to be ſome quick actions of *life*, and ſymptomes of *agilitie*: yet they are indeed, but fore-runners of their *end*, and the very preſages of *Death*. *Faith* againe without *Works*, is like a *Bird* without *wings*: who, though ſhe may hoppe

hoppe with her companions here vpon *earth*; yet if ſhee liue till the world ends, ſhee'l neuer fly to *heauen*. But when both are ioyn'd together, then doth the *ſoule* mount vp to the *Hill* of eternall *Reſt*: theſe can brauely raiſe her to her firſt *height*: yea carry her beyond it; taking away both the *will* that *did* betray her, and the *poſſibilitie* that *might*. The *former* without the *latter*, is *ſelfe-coozenage*; the *laſt* without the *former*, is meere *hypocriſie*: together, the excellencie of *Religion*. *Faith* is the *Rocke*, while euery good action is as a *ſtone* laid; one the *Foundation*, the other the *Structure*. The *Foundation* without the *walls*, is of ſlender value: the *building* without a *Baſis*, cannot ſtand. They are ſo inſeparable, as their coniunction makes them good. Chiefly will I labour for a ſure *Foundation*, *Sauing Faith*; and equally I will ſeeke for ſtrong *Walls*. *Good Workes*. For as man iudgeth the *houſe* by the *edifice*, more then by the *Foundation*: ſo, not according to his *Faith*, but according to his *Workes*, ſhall *God* iudge *Man*.

XXIII.

A rare thing to ſee a Rich Man Religious.

'TIs a rare thing to ſee a rich man *religious*; wee are told, that his *way* is difficult: and not many *mighty* are choſen. For while the *earth* allowes them ſuch *ioyes*, 'tis their *Heauen*; and they looke for no other: Their *pleaſures* are ſufficient vnto them,

them, both for *honour*, *ſolace* and *wealth*: who wonders to ſee them careleſſe of the *better*, when they dote vpon the *worſe*? neither the *minde*, nor *affection* can be ſeriouſly diuided at once. Againe, euen low *Commons* whom they thinke meanely of, are *higher* often in *vertues* of the minde; are *dearer* vnto *God* then they; and ſhall ſit in *Heauen* aboue them. Are there not many *ſeruants*, that in their life-time haue borne the burthen, now crowned with vnending *Ioyes*, while their *Maſters* are either in a lower degree *glorious*, or excluded that *cæleſtiall ſociety*? I dare make it a part of my *Faith*, yet auouch my ſelfe no *Hereticke*. Euen in the meaneſt things, *God* ſhewes his mighty *power*: *Impoſſibilities* are the beſt aduancers of his *Glory*. For what wee *leaſt* beleeue can be *done*, we moſt admire, being *done*. Yet in this obſerue the *mercy* of *God*, that though the *Worldling* hath not *pietie* in his thoughts, yet *God* giues him all theſe *good things* that he hath no right to; albeit by his owne *ill*, he, like *enuy*, extracts *euill* out of *good*: ſo they proue in the end, nothing but *paper Pillers*, and *painted fruit*. Let all men bleſſe *God* for what they enioy: they that haue wealth, for their *riches*: I will praiſe him that he hath kept them from *me*. I haue now what is good for mee: and when my time comes, my *ioy* ſhall abound.

What

XXIIII.

What a Vertuous man is like, in the Puritie of a Righteous Life.

A *Vertuous Man*, ſhining in the puritie of a *righteous life*, is a *Light-houſe* ſet by the *Sea-ſide*, whereby the *Mariners* both ſaile aright, and avoyd danger: but he that liues in noted *ſinnes*, is a falſe *Lanthorne*, which ſhipwrackes thoſe that truſt him. The *vertuous man* by his good carriage winnes more to *godlineſſe*, and is the occaſion of much good, yea it may be, ſo long as the *Moone* renewes: For his *righteouſneſſe* dyes not with him: thoſe good *examples* which he liued in, and thoſe pious *workes* which he leaues behind him, are imitated and followed of *others*, both remaining and ſucceeding. So they are conueyed from one *generation* to another: and *hee*, next *God*, is a primary cauſe of a great deale of the *good* they atchiue. So wee cannot but grant, that while here his *memory* weares out, his *Glory* in a better World augments daily: either by his *good preſidents*, his *pious inſtitutions*, his *charitable deedes*, or his *godly workes*: each of which, with *Gods bleſſing*, are able to kindle ſome heate in the cold zeale of poſterity. *Examples* are the beſt and moſt laſting *lectures*; *Vertue* the beſt *example*. Happy man that hath done theſe things in *ſincerity*: Time ſhall not out-liue his worth: he liues truly after death, whoſe *pious actions* are his *pillers*

pillers of remembrance: though his fleſh moulders to droſſe in the graue, yet is his happineſſe in a perpetuall growth: no day but addes ſome *graines* to his *heape* of *glory*. *Good workes* are *ſeedes*, that after *ſowing* returne vs a continuall *harueſt*. A man liues more renowned by ſome glorious deeds, then euer did that *Carian*, by his *Mauſolean monument*. On the contrary, what a wofull courſe hath he runne, that hath liued lewdly, and *dyes* without repentance? his example infects others, and they ſpread it abroad to more: like a man that dyes on the *Plague*, hee leaues the infection to a whole *Citie*: ſo that euen the ſinnes of thouſands, hee muſt giue an account for. What can we thinke of ſuch as haue beene the inuentors of vnlawfull *Games* and *callings* that are now in vſe? ſure they haue much to anſwere for, that thus haue occaſioned ſo much ill: yea better had it beene they had not *beene* at all, then *being*, to bee loaden with the ſinne of ſo many. Miſerable man! that when thy owne burthen is inſupportable, thou yet cauſeſt others to adde to thy weight; as if thou wouldeſt be ſure deſperately to make thy *riſing* irrecouerable: are the *waters* of thy owne ſinnes ſo low, that thou muſt haue *ſtreames* from euery place, to runne in that *Ocean*? Who can without a ſhowre of *teares*, thinke on thy deplorable ſtate; or without *mourning*, meditate thy ſad condition? Oh! Let me ſo liue, as my life may be *beneficiall*, not hurtfull to other. Let my *glory* increaſe, when my *life* is done: I am ſure, *ſatiety*, in *Heaven* is not capable of either *complaint* or *diſcontent*: but as for ſpoyling o-

thers

thers by my owne *confusion*, *sinne*, I should thinke *Death* a faire *prevention*. I love not that *life* which makes *death* eternall. I haue sinne enough of mine *owne*, to sigh, and sorrow, and mourne for: I neede not make *others* mine by my owne bad actions. A *little* of this is too *much*; yea, hee hath *enough* that hath *none*; he hath too *much*, that hath *any* at all.

XXV.

Of being Proud, by being Commended.

HEe deserves not *commendation*, that for being *commended* growes *proud*: euery *good thing* a *good man* speakes of me, shall, like the blast of a *Trumpet* in *warre*, incite and encourage mee, to a closer pursuit of more nobler *vertue*: not like *Bucephalus* trappings, blow me up in a higher conceit of overprizing my own weakenesse: So while some speake well, let my my deeds exceed their tongue. *I had rather men should see more then they expect, then looke for more then they shall finde.*

XXVI.

Of Secresie in projecting ought.

WHen a man hath the *project* of a course in his minde, 'tis good wisedome to resolue of *secresie*, till the time his intent bee fulfilled: neither

can he chuſe but be fooliſh, that *brags* much, either of what he *will doe*, or what hee *ſhall have*: For if what he ſpeakes of, falles not out accordingly, then will the world *mocke* him with *deriſion* and *ſcorne*: and oftentimes his *liberall tongue*, may be an occaſion of ſome ones ſudden intercepting his *ayme*: divulged intentions ſeldome proceed well: multitudes make a jarre in buſineſſes; theyr opinions or *Councels* eyther diſtract *Judgement*, or divert *Reſolution*: But howſoever, if what we boaſted of commeth to paſſe, yet ſhall we be reputed *vaine-glorious*, *boaſters*, *vnwiſe*. *Braggers* lift up *expectation* ſo high, that ſhe over-thinkes the Birth: and many times the *Childe* which indeed is *faire*, we thinke not ſo, becauſe we were poſſeſt with hopes of finding it *rare*. *Secreſie* is a neceſſary part of *policie*: things *vntold*, are yet *vndone*, then to ſay nothing, there is not a leſſe labour. I obſerve, the *Fig-tree*, whoſe *fruit* is moſt pleaſant, *bloomes* not at all: whereas the *Sallow* that hath glorious *palmes*, is continually found *barren*. I would *firſt* be ſo wiſe, as to be my owne *Councellor*; *next*, ſo ſecret, as to be my owne *Councell-keeper*.

XXVII.

A Rule in reading Authors.

SOme men reade *Authors* as our *Gentlemen* vſe *Flowers*, onely for delight and ſmell, to pleaſe theyr *fancie*, and refine their *tongue*. Others, like the

Bee,

Bee, extract onely the *honey*, the *wholesome precepts*, and this alone they beare away, leauing the rest, as little worth, of small value. In reading I will care for *both*, though for the *last*, *most*: the one serves to instruct the minde; the other fits her to tell what she hath learned: pitty it is, they should be devided: he that hath worth in him, and cannot expresse it, is a *chest* keeping a rich *Iewell*, and the *key* lost. Concealing *goodnesse*, is *vice*; *Vertue* is better by being comunicated. A good *stile*, with *wholesome matter*, is a *faire Woman* with a *vertuous soule*, which attracts the eyes of *all*; The *good man* thinkes chastly, and loues her *beauty* for her *vertue*; which he still thinkes more *faire*, for dwelling in so *faire* an out-side. The *vicious man* hath lustfull thoughts; and he would for her *beauty* faine destroy her *vertue*: but comming to solicite his purpose, findes such *Divine Lectures* from her *Angels* tongue, and those deliver'd, with so sweet a pleasing *modesty*, that he thinkes *vertue* is dissecting her *soule* to him, to ravish man with a *beauty* which he dream'd not of. So he could now curse himselfe for *desiring that* lewdly, which he hath learn'd since onely to *admire* and *reverence*: Thus he goes away *better*, that came with an intent to be *worse*. Quaint Phrases on a good subiect, are *baits* to make an *ill* man *vertuous*: how many *vile* men seeking *these*, haue found themselues *Convertites*? I may *refine* my speech without harme: but I will indevour more to *reforme* my life. 'Tis a good grace both of *Oratory*, or the *Penne*, to speake or write proper: but that is the best worke, where the *Graces* and the *Muses* meet.

XXVIII.

A Christian compared in a three-fold condition to the Moone.

WE see in the *Moone* a three-fold condition; her *Wane*, her *Increase*, her *Full*: all which I lively see resembled in a *Christian*, three causes working them: *Sinne*, *Repentance*, *Faith*. *Sinne*; which after the Act, when hee once considers, it makes him like the *Moone* in her *Wane*, or state of *Decrement*, obscuring, and diminishing that glorious light of the *Spirit*, which whilome shined so brightly in him: nay, sometimes as the *Moone* in her latest state of *Diminution*, hee seemes quite gone, resting for a time like a *man* in a trance, like a *tree* in Winter, or as *fire* buried in concealing *Embers*, without either *sence*, or *shew*, of either *light* or *heat*. But then comes *Repentance*, and casts water in his face, bedewes him with teares, rubbes vp his benummed soule, that there is to bee seene some tokens, both of *life* and *Recovery*: This makes him *Spring*, causes him to begin to *bud* againe, unburies his *lost light*, and by little and little, recollects his decayed strength of the apprehension of *Gods Spirit*: so sets him in the way to ioy, and renewed courses. But lastly, *Faith* appeares, and *perfects* what *Repentance* began, and could not finish: shee cheeres up his drooping hopes, brings him againe to his wonted solace, spreads out his *leaves*, blowes

vp

up his fainting *fire* to a bright *flame*: makes him like the *Moone* in her full glory, indues him with a plenteous fruition of the preſence of the *Almighty*, and never leaves him till hee be reſetled in his *full Ioy, Contentment, Happineſſe*. Thus while he *ſinnes*, he is a *Decreſſant*; when hee *repents*, a *Creſſant*; when his *faith* ſhines cleere, *at full*. Yet in all theſe, while he lives here, he is ſubiect to *change*: ſometime like a *Beacon* on a *Hill*, hee is ſeene a farre off, and to *all*: ſometime like a *Candle* in a *houſe*, neerer hand, and onely to his *familiars*: ſometimes like a *Lampe* under a *Buſhell*, he is obſcur'd to *all*; yet in *all* he burnes: though in *ſome*, inſenſibly; and is never without one ſound conſolation, in the worſt of all theſe: for as the *Moone* when ſhe is *leaſt viſible*, is a *Moone*, as well as when wee ſee her in her *full proportion*; onely the *Sunne* lookes not on her with ſo *full an aſpect*, and ſhe reflects no more, then ſhe receives from him: So a *Chriſtian* in his loweſt *ebbe* of ſorrow, is the *Child of God*, as well as when he is in his greateſt *flow* of comfort, onely the *Sunne of Righteouſneſſe* darts not the beames of his *love* ſo plentifully, and he ſhewes no more then *God* gives him. When *God* hides his face, *Man* muſt languiſh: his *With-drawings*, are our *miſeries*: his *Preſence*, our *vnfayling Ioy*. *Sinne* may caſt me in a trance, it cannot ſlay me: it may bury my heat for a time, it cannot extinguiſh it: it may make me in the *Wane*, it cannot *change* my being; it may *accuſe*, it ſhall not *condemne*: Though *God* deprive me of his *preſence* for a time, he will one day re-inlighten me, polliſh me, and crowne me for ever; where

the *Moone* of my inconstant joy shall change to a *Sunne*, and that *Sunne* shall never set, be clouded, or eclipsed.

XXIX.

A Rule for Spending and Sparing.

IN expences I would be neyther *pinching* nor *prodigall*: yet if my meanes allow it not, rather thought too *sparing*; then a little *profuse*: 'tis no disgrace to make my *ability* my Compasse of saile, and line to walke by. I see what I may doe, others but what I doe; they looke to what I spend, as they thinke me able; I must looke to what my Estate will beare; nor can it bee safe to straine it at all: 'tis fit I should respect my owne *abilitie*, before their forward *expectation*. He that, when hee should not, spends *too much*, shall when he would not, have *too little* to spend. 'Twas a witty reason of *Diogenes*, why he asked a halfe-penny of the *thrifty* man, and a pound of the *Prodigall*; the first, hee said, might give him *often*, but the other ere long, would have *none* to give. Yet say, I had to dispend *freely*; as to be *too neere*, having enough, I esteeme *sordid*: so to spend *superfluously*, though I have *abundance*, I account one of *Follies* deepest *Over-sights*. There is *better* use to bee made of our *talents*, then to cast them away in *waste*: *God* gave us *them*, not to spend *vainely*, but to imploy for *profit*, for *gaine*.

XXX.

Of a Christians Setledneſſe in his Saviour.

AS the *Needle* in a *Diall* removed from his *point*, never leaves his quivering *motion*, till it *ſettles* it *ſelfe* in the *iuſt* place it alwaies ſtands in: So fares it with a *Chriſtian* in this world; nothing can ſo *charme* him, but he will ſtill *minde* his *Saviour*: all that put him out of the *queſt* of *Heaven*, are but *diſturbances*. Though the *pleaſures*, *profits*, and *honours* of this *life*, may ſometimes *ſhuffle* him out of his vſuall *courſe*; yet he *nevers* up and downe in *trouble*, runnes to and fro like *Quickſilver*, and is never *quiet* within, till hee returnes to his wonted *life*, & inward *happineſſe*: there he *ſets* downe his *reſt*, in a *ſweet*, *vnperceived*, *inward content*: which though *vnſeene* to others, hee eſteemes more then all that the world cals by the name of *felicity*, they are to him as *may-games* to a *Prince*; fitter for children, then the *Royalty* of a *Crowne*. It ſhall not more *grieve* me to *line* in a continued *ſorrow*, then it ſhall *ioy* mee to finde a *ſecret perturbation* in the worlds choiſeſt *ſolaces*. If I finde my *ioy* in them without *vnquietneſſe*, that will proue a burthenſome *mirth*: For finding my affections *ſettle* to them without *reſiſtance*, I cannot but *diſtruſt* my ſelfe, of *truſting* them *too much*. A full *delight* in earthly things, argues a *neglect* of heavenly. I can hardly thinke him *honeſt*, that loves a *Harlot* for her *bravery*, more

then his *Wife* for her *vertues*. But while an *inward diſtaſte* ſhewes mee theſe *Cates* vnſavory, if my *ioy* be uncompleate in theſe *terrene felicities*, my *inward vnſetledneſſe* in them, ſhall make my *content* both *ſufficient* and *full*.

XXXI.

The Worlds inchantment, when ſhee ſmiles on vs.

STrange is the *inchantment* that the world workes on us, when ſhee *ſmiles* and lookes *merrily*: 'tis iuſtly matter of *amazement*, for a man to grow *rich*, and retaine a *minde* unaltered: yet are not all men *changed* alike, though all in ſomething admit *variation*. The *Spider* kils the *man*, that cures the *Ape*. *Fortunes effects* are *variable*, as the natures *ſhee* workes vpon: *ſome*, while their *baskets* grow more full, their *mindes* are higher, and riſe: they now know not thoſe *friends*, that were lately their *companions*: but as a *Tyrant* among his *Subiects*, growes *haughty* and *proud*: ſo *they*, among their *familiars*, *ſcorne* and *contemne*: ſpurning thoſe with *arrogant* diſdaine, which but of late, they thought as *worthy* as themſelves, or better: *high fortunes* are the way to *high mindes*: *pride* is vſually the *child* of *riches*. *Contempt* too often ſits in the ſeat with *Honour*. Who haue wee knowne ſo imperious in *Office*, as the man that was borne to *Beggery*? As *theſe* riſe, ſo *ſome* fall: and that which ſhould ſatiate their *deſire*, increaſeth it: which is euer accompanied with this

this *vnhappineſſe*, that it will never be *ſatisfied*: this makes them *baſer*, by being *wealthier*: *Profit* (though with drudgery) they *hugge* with cloſe *armes*. All *vices* debaſe man, but this makes a *maſter* a ſlave to his *ſervants*, a *drudge* to his *ſlave*; and him that *God* ſet over all, this puts under all. Pittifull! that *Man* when *good things* are preſent, ſhould ſearch for *ill*; that he ſhould ſo care for Riches, as if they were his *owne*; yet ſo uſe them, as if they were *anothers*; that when he might be *happy* in ſpending them, will be *miſerable* in keeping them; and had rather *dying* leave wealth with his *enemies*, then being *alive*, relieve his *friends*. Thus as one *aſpires*, the other *deſcends*: both extremes, and juſtly lamentable. If my *eſtate* riſe not, I hope my *mind* will be what it is, not *Ambitious*, nor *Avaricious*. But if the *Divine providence* ſhall, beyond either my deſert or expectation, *bleſſe* me, I will thinke, to grow *proud*, is but to *riſe* to *fall*; and to prove *Covetous*, onely to poſſeſſe wealth, that the *Nobler minds* may hate and ſcorne me. For what is there they eſteeme more *ſordid*, then for a mans minde to bee his moneys *Mercenarie*?

XXXII.

The Chriſtian Life what.

A Weake Chriſtians life, is almoſt nothing but a *viciſſitude* of ſinne, and ſorrow, Firſt, hee *ſinnes*, and then he *laments* his folly: like a negligent

gent *Schoole-boy*, hee *displeaſeth* his *Maſter*, and then *beſeecheth* his remiſſion with teares. Our owne *corruptions* are diſeaſes incurable: while we liue, they will breake out upon us, we may *correct* them, wee cannot *deſtroy* them: they are like the *feathers* in a *Fowle*: cut them, they will come againe: breake them, they will come againe: plucke them out, yet they will come agayne: onely kill the *Bird*, and they will grow no more. While *blood* is in our *veynes*, *ſinne* is in our *nature*: ſince I cannot *avoyde* it, I will learne to lament it: and if through my offences my *ioy* be made *obſcure*, and *vaniſh*; that *ſorrow* ſhall new beget my *ioy*, not becauſe I have beene ſinfull, but becauſe for *ſinne* I finde my ſelfe *ſorrowfull*. All other *ſorrowes* are either fooliſh, fruitleſſe, or beget *more*: onely this darke *Entry* leads the way to the faire *Court of happineſſe*. *God* is more mercifull in giving *repentance* to the *Delinquent*, then in granting *remiſſion* to the *Repentant*: He hath promiſed pardon to the *Penitent*, no *Repentance* to the *Peccant*.

XXXIII.

A good Rule for chuſing a Friend.

IN *chuſing friends*, there be *two ſorts* of men, that I would for euer auoyd: for beſides the learning of their *vices*, I dare not truſt them with a *ſecret*. There is the *Angry man*, and the *Drunkard*: The *firſt* in his fit is meerely *mad*, hee ſpeakes not a word

word by *reason*, but by *brutish passions*: not upon premeditated termes, but whatsoever his *memory* on the sudden catches, his violent *passion* driveth out, be it knowne, or hidden: so oft in a brawle hee blabs out *that*, which being cooled, he much repents to have named; committing that in his sparkling fury, which his appeased Soule will tremble to thinke of. *Anger* is the *feaver* of the *Soule*, which makes the *tongue* talke idle: it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot heare what *Counsell* speakes: 'tis a raging *Sea*, a troubled *water*, that cannot bee wholsome for the use of any: & if it be true which *Hippocrates* tels, that those *diseases* are most *dangerous* that alter the habit of the *patients* countenance: this must needs be most *perillous*, that voyce, colour, countenance, pace, so changeth, as if *fury*, dispossessing *reason*, had set a new *Garrison* in the *Citadell* of *Man*. This he knew, that gave us that Precept. *Make not friendship with an angry Man*. The *other* hath no *memory* at all: For the abundance of *wine* hath drown'd up that noble *Recorder*: and whild *Bacchus* is his chiefe god, *Apollo* never keepes him company: *Friends* and *Foes*, *familiars* and *strangers* are then all of equall esteeme; so hee forgetfully speakes of that in his *Cups*, which if he were *sober*, should be buried in silence. First hee speakes he knowes not *what*, nor after, can he remember *what* that was he spake. He *speakes* that he should *forget*, and *forgets* that which he did *speake*. *Drunkennesse* is the *Funerall* of all intelligible *man*, whom onely *time* and *abstinence* can resuscitate. A *Drunkards minde* and *stomacke* are alike; neither

can

can retaine what they receive. I would be loth to admit of a *familiar* ſo infectious as eyther; more unwillingly to reveale my ſelfe to any ſo open. What *friend* ſoever I make choice of, I will be ſure he ſhall have theſe two properties, *Mildneſſe*, *Temperance*: otherwiſe, 'tis better to want companions, then to bee annoyed with eyther a *Mad-man*, or *Foole*. *Clitus* was ſlaine by a *Drunken Maſter*, the *Theſſalonians* maſſacred by an *angry Emperour*: and the deaths of either lamented by the *Agents*.

XXXIIII.

Liberty makes Licentious.

I See, *liberty* makes *licentious*, and when the *reynes* are given too looſely, the *affections* runne wildely on, without a *guide*, to ruine. For mans *will*, without *diſcretion*, that ſhould adde *limits*, is like a blind *horſe* without a *bridle*, that ſhould guide him aright: he may goe faſt, but runnes to his owne overthrow, and while he mends his *pace*, he haſtens his owne *miſchiefe*. Nothing makes us more wretched, then our owne uncontrolled *wills*. A looſe *will* fulfilled, is the way to worke out a *woe*. For beſides this folly in beginning wrong, the greateſt danger is in continuance: when like a *Bowle* running downe a *Hill*, he is ever moſt violent, when hee growes neareſt his *Center* and *Period* of his ayme. Theſe follies are prettily ſhaddowed in the ſports of *Actæon*, that while hee ſuffer'd his

eye

eye to rove at *pleasure*, and beyond the pale of experience, his *Hounds*, even his owne *affections*, ceaze him, teare him, prove his decay. Let it be my vigilance to curbe my beginning *desires*, that they may not wander beyond *moderation*; if my owne *will* be a blind conductor, *good precepts* to an ingenious nature, are *bits* that restraine, but hurt not. I know, to follow a soothing *fancy*, cannot be but ridiculously *ill*: and this inconvenience besides have I seene, that he which *may* doe more then is *fit*, *will* in time doe more then is *lawfull*. He that now exceeds the *measure*, will ere long exceede the *manner*. *Vice* is a *Peripateticke*, alwaies in *Progression*.

XXXV.

That All secrets should not be imparted to the faithfullest Friend.

EVen betweene two *faithfull friends*, I thinke it not convenient that *all secrets* should bee imparted: neither is it the part of a *friend*, to fish out *that*, which were better concealed. Yet I observe some, of such *insinuating dispositions*, that there is nothing in their *friends* heart, that they would not themselves know with him: and *this*, If I may speake freely, I count as a *fault*. For many times by too farre urging, they wring *blood*, from whence onely *milke* should flow: knowing That by their *importunitie*, which not onely breedes a dislike in them to heare; but also when their conference is ended,

ended, begets a *repenting ſorrow* in him that told it: and makes him wiſh, he had lockt up his *lips* in *ſilence*, rather then have powred out his *heart* with ſuch *indiſcretion*. How many have beway led the vntimely diſcloſures of their *tongue?* How many have ſcrew'd out *ſecrets*, that would have given thouſands to have return'd them unknowne? If I have a *friend* that I care not to looſe, I will never ingage my ſelfe *ſo much*, as to be beholding to him to know all. If I have one that is *faithfull*, I will not wrong him ſo much, as to wreſt *that* from him, ſhould cauſe him be *ſorrowfull*. If he reveales ought vn-urged, my advice is faithfull, and free: otherwiſe, to preſſe out a *ſecret* that may prove preiudiciall, I eſteeme as the beginning of the breach of *Amity*, and the primary breeder of a *ſecret diſlike*.

XXXVI.

What loſſe comes by the gaining eyther of the Pleaſure or Profit of the World.

WEe know 'tis ſometimes better to ſound a *retreate*, and ſo *retyre*, then 'tis to ſtay in the *Field* and *conquer*: becauſe it may ſo fall out, that the *prize* we win, cannot countervaile the *loſſe*, that by this *Warre* we ſhall ſuſtaine: ſo like the fooliſh *Mariner*, that ſeeing a *Fiſh* in the *Sea*, leapes into the water to catch *that*, which together with his *life* he loſeth. We often loſe an eternall *Kingdome*, for the gaine of *toyes* and *vanities*. Who is there that

that hazzards not his *ſoule* for the *pleaſures* or *profits* of *ſinne*? Which when they haue, what haue they got, but *ſhaddowes* or *vexations*? The wealthy man is like a *powder-maſter*, who hath proviſion againſt an *Enemie*, but is ever in danger to be *blowne vp*. As for *pleaſure*, 'tis at beſt but a bilded *veſſell*, which though it pleaſe the palate for a *cup* or two; yet the *Lees* are at hand, and they marre it: a little *diſturbance* turnes it into *diſtaſte*. What a *Foole* were I, to caſt away my *Soule* on ſuch tranſitory *Triſles*? Which when I have, I am neither ſure to *enioy*, nor to finde *commodious*: what I cannot *keepe* without *danger*, I will never earneſtly *ſeeke*. To loſe a *Crowne* of gold for a *counterfeit*, is more thē a childiſh fondneſſe. I had better *ſit ſtill*, and be quiet in *peace*, then *riſe* to conquer a petty *Village*, when my loſſe is a *large City*.

XXXVII.

Of vſing Meanes.

CHRIST healed *Diſeaſes* three manner of wayes; *with meanes*, as the *Leper* in the eighth of *Matthew*; *without meanes*, as the ten *Lepers* in the ſeventeenth of *Luke*; *againſt meanes*, as the man borne blinde, in the ninth of *Iohn*. I will looke to *meanes*, as being more ordinary, more revealed; but if my blinde eye ſee not that preſent ſuccour, my feare, is not more, nor my griefe. 'Tis as eaſie to God to worke *without meanes*, as *with* them, & *againſt* them,

as

as by either: 'Tis all one to him, *Be cleane*, or, *Goe waſh*: Yea, though euery Argument concludes danger, let not my hopes faile me yet, his *omnipotencie* is beyond that feeble ſtay of the ſoule: nor yet will I ſo depend on His *will hidden*, as I neglect to practiſe his *will revealed*. For as to diſ-regard his appointed *meanes*, is a ſupreme contempt; ſo to depend too much on things vnſearchable, is rather a badge of raſh *preſuming*, then any notable courage of *Faith*. I muſt looke to *my way*, and let him alone in *his*.

XXXVIII.

The Miſery of being old and Ignorant.

'Tis a *Capitall miſery* for a man to be at once both *old* and *ignorant*. If he were onely *old*, and had ſome *knowledge*, he might abate the tediouſneſſe of decrepit age, by the diuine raptures of *Contemplation*. If he were *young*; though he knew nothing, yet his yeeres would ſerue him to *labour* and *learne*: whereby in the *Winter* of his time, hee might beguile the wearineſſe of his *pillow* and *chaire*. But now his *body* being withered by the ſtealing length of his dayes, and his limbes wholly diſabled, for either motion, or exoercise: *theſe* together with a minde unfurniſhed of thoſe contenting ſpeculations of admired *Science*, cannot but delineate the portraicture of a *man* wretched. A *gray head* with a *wiſe minde*, is a *treaſurie* of *graue precepts*, *experience*,

experience, and *iudgement*: But foolish *old age*, is a barren *Vine* in *Autumne*: or an *Vniuersitie* to ſtudy folly in: euery *action* is a patterne of *infirmitie*: while his *body* ſits ſtill, he knowes not how to finde his *minde* action: and tell mee, if there be any life more irkeſome then *idleneſſe*. I haue numbred yet but a few *dayes*; and thoſe, I know, I haue neglected: I am not ſure they ſhall bee *more*, nor can I promiſe my *head*, it ſhall haue a ſnowie *haire*. What then? *Knowledge* is not hurtfull, but helps a good minde any thing that is *laudable*, I deſire to *learne*. If I dye to morrow, my life to day ſhall bee ſomewhat the ſweeter for *knowledge*: and if my *day* proove a *Summer* one, it ſhall not be amiſſe, to haue prouided ſomething, that in the euening of my *Age* may make my minde my *Companion*. Notable was the anſwere that *Antiſthenes* gaue, when hee was asked what fruit hee had reaped of all his *ſtudies*? By them, ſaith he, I haue learned, both to liue, and to talke with my ſelfe.

XXIX.

A two-fold way to Honour.

THere a is two-fold way to Honour: *Direct*, when *God* calls: *indirect*, when *man* ſeekes it, without the *Lords* warrant: *David* went the firſt, and his *Crowne* departed not from his head, till *Nature* had payed her debt, and his *life* diſſolued: and when he is gone, his *Iſſue* ſucceeds him. *Abſalon*

went the *other*, but his ſinnes pulled him downe with vengeance, and onely a dumbe *Pillar* ſpeakes his memory. *God* cannot endure the aſpiring *ſpirit*, that would climbe the hill of preferment without his leave. *Theeves of Honour* ſeldome finde *joy* in their purchaſes, *ſtability*, never. Beſides, I obſerve, the *man* that is fit for a *place* of note, never ſeekes it ſo much, as he is ſought for, for it: whereas ever the *Bramble*, that is low, and worthleſſe, cries out alowd, *Make me a King*: 'tis incident to a weake minde to over-value it ſelfe. How many would be *Magiſtrates*, that know not how to bee *men*! *Moſes* objects much, when *God* himſelfe impoſeth a charge: For a man of underſtanding knowes that 'tis better to live in the *Valley*, where the times *Tempeſts* blow over him, then to have his ſeat on the *Mountaines* top, where every *blaſt* threatens both his *ruine* and *fall*: howſoever others meaſure him, he knowes his owne height, and will not exceed it. Yet being placed by an *Almighty hand*, He that ſet him there, can keepe him ſecure. But he muſt then beware, that hee makes not that his *King*, that ſhould be his *Subiect*: that he gives not the *reynes*, where he ſhould uſe the *checke*: and that he playes not the *Ape* too much, either by too idle *imitation*, or by doting too fondly on his *darling Honour*. Thus cautelous, may he live ſafe: When he that reacheth *promotion* without *Gods* calling him, may flouriſh a while, but not thrive. In aſcents, thoſe are the *ſafeſt*, that are *broadeſt*, and leaſt *ſudden*, and where the *light* is open: how ſoone is a fall caught in thoſe *ſtayres* that

are

are *darke, narrow*, and *quickly rising*: I will as well looke to the *way*, as the *thing*: There is no path to *happy preferment*, but that which *Vertue* treades: which was well noted by the *Heathen*, when they build the *Temple* of *Honour* so, that none could enter it, but they must first passe thorow that of *Vertue*. I had rather live *honestly*, though *meanely*; then by vnlawfull practices vsurpe a *Crowne*.

XL.

Cowardice worthlesse.

NOthing more dis-worths a man, then *Cowardice*; and a base *feare* of *danger*: the smooth way it makes difficult, the difficult inaccessible. The *Coward* is an vnfinisht man, or else one which *Nature* made lesse then others: If ever he did any thing well, *Fortune* was his guide, not *Wisedome*. His *feare* in him begets *delay*, and *delay* breeds that he feares, *danger*; the *Souldier* that dares not fight, affoords the *Enemie* too much advantage for his *preparement*; both for directing his *Soldiers*, plotting his *Stratagems*, strengthening his *Files*, ordering his *Campe*, or doing any thing may turne disadvantage upon his *Foe*: when as the *Valorous Warrior* gives most discomfiture in his suddenest *onset*, where he takes away the time for *fortification*. If it be by speech a man is to *act* his *part*, feare puts an Ague in his *tongue*, and often leaves him, eyther in an amazed distraction, or quite clingued. For the

too ſerious apprehenſion of a poſſible *ſhame*, makes him forget *that*, ſhould helpe him againſt it: I meane, a *plaine boldneſſe*, bequeathing a dilated *freedome* to all his faculties and ſences: which now with a cold *feare*, are frozen and congealed. If not *this*, out of an unmeaſured care to doe well, it drives a man into *affectation*: and that, like miſhapen *apparell*, ſpoyles the beauty of a well-limb'd *body*: For *Nature* will not endure the *racke*; when you ſet her too high, ſhe proves *vntuneable*, and in ſtead of a ſweet *cloze*, yeelds a *Cracke*; ſhee ever goes beſt in her owne free pace; I will neyther ſtay her ſo long, as to meet delay; nor run her ſo farre, as to doe ought affectedly, *I had rather be confidently bold, then fooliſhly timerous*; *hee that in every thing feares to doe well, will at length doe ill in all.*

XLI.

Of Lamenting the loſſe of Trifles.

MAny have much lamented the loſſe of *trifles*, when they might have gained by ſuch *damages*, had they not with them, loſt *themſelves*; I meane, their *quiet minds*, and *patience*. Vnwiſe ſo to debarre themſelves of *reſt*, when their vexation cannot yeeld them *profit*; if *teares* could eyther recover a *loſſe*, or recall time, then to *weepe* were but to purpoſe; but things paſt, though with *prudence* they may bee *corrected*, yet with greateſt griefe they cannot bee *recalled*; make them better wee

may

may, but to make them not to be at all, requires more then a *humane* ſtrength, or a *finite* power. Actions once done, admit a *correction*, not a *nullity*. Although I will endevour to amend what is gone by *amiſſe*, yet will I labour never to *grieve* for any thing *paſt*, but *ſinne*: and for that *alwayes*. A ſmall *loſſe* ſhall never trouble me: neither ſhall the greateſt *hinderance* make my heart not mine owne. He ſpake well, that ſayd, *Hee which hath himſelfe, hath loſt nothing.*

XLII.

A Practice with } *Friendſhip.*
A Rule of —— }

SOme men are of ſo *Noble* and free a *diſpoſition*, that you cannot, being a *friend*, aske ought, to receive a *deniall*: it being one part of their happineſſe, to pleaſure the *man* they *love*. Yet *theſe* in the end, and theſe *times*, are the onely *vnhappy* men. For being exhauſted by the neceſſities of others, and their baſe working on a *free Nature*, and unwelcome *want*, at once undoes *them*, and the goodneſſe of their *diſpoſition*. Pitty ſuch willing *courteſies* ſhould be caſt away in ſuch ungratefull *ground*; that like an unbottomed *Gulfe*, ſwallowes, but returnes not: or that a mans firme love ſhould make him do that, ſhould *kill* himſelfe in future. Contrary to theſe, you have another ſort as faſt and holding: and though ſometimes they might pleaſure a *friend*, without a ſelfe-prejudice: yet their in-bred

crabbednesse reserves *all*, with a close hand. And while the other ruines with a *faire affection*, he thrives with a *vulgar hate*, and *curses*; such as the *first*, are best to *others*; such as the *last*, to *themselves*. I will so serve *others*, as I injure not my *selfe*; so my *selfe*, as I may helpe *others*.

XLIII.

Sinne by but Once committing, gaines a Proneness to Reiteration.

AS there is no feat of *Activitie* so difficult, but being once done, a man ventures on it more freely the second time: so there is no *sinne* at first so hatefull, but being once committed willingly, a man is made more prone for a *reiteration*. For there is more desire of a knowne *pleasure*, then of that which onely our eares have heard report of. So farre is *Ignorance* good, that in a calme it keepes the *minde* from *distraction*; and *Knowledge*, as it breeds desire in all things, so in *sinne*. Bootlesse therefore shall ever be that cunning fetch of *Sathan*, when he would induce me once to make a triall of *sinne*, that I might thereby know more, and be able to fill up my mouth with discourse, my minde with fruition; bearing me in hand, I may at my pleasure give it the hand of *parting*, and a finall *farewell*. Too often (alas) have I beene deceived with this beguiling perswasion, of a power to leave, and a *will* to returne at my *will*. Henceforth

forth ſhall my care bee to refraine from *once*. If I grant *that*, ſtronger perſwaſions will pleade for a *ſecond* action: 'tis eaſier to deny a *Gueſt* at firſt, then to turne him out, having ſtayed a while. Thou knoweſt not, ſenceleſſe man, what *ioyes* thou loſeſt, when thou fondly laſheſt into new *offences*. The *World* cannot repurchaſe thee thy priſtine *integrity*: thou haſt hereby loſt ſuch hold of *grace*, as thou wilt neuer againe be able to recover. A minde not conſcious of any foule *enormities*, is a faire *temple* in a durty *ſtreet*: at whoſe doore, *Sinne*, like a throng of rude *plebeians*, knockes inceſſantly: while the *doore* is *ſhut*, 'tis eaſie to keepe it ſo, and them out; *open* that, but to let in one, thouſands will ruſh in after him: and their tramplings will for euer ſoile that vnſtained *floore*: while thy conſcience is vnſpotted, thou haſt *that* can make thee ſmile on the *Racke*, and *flames*; 'tis like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can baniſh the *ſadneſſe* of the *minde*. But when thou woundeſt *that*, thou burieſt thy *ioyes* at once: and throweſt a *Iewell* from thee, is richer then the wealth of *Worlds*. *Foole* that thou art, that wandring in a darke *wilderneſſe*, doſt wilfully put out thy *candle*, and thinkeſt cold water can ſlacke thy thirſt, in the burning fit of an *Ague*; when it onely breeds in thee a deſire to powre in more. Hee that neuer taſted the pleaſures of *ſinne*, longs leſſe after thoſe baneſull *diſcontenting contents*. What *ſweets* of *ſinne* I know not, I deſire ſtill to be vnexperienc'd in. I had rather not *knowe*, then by *knowledge* bee *miſerable*. This *Ignorance* will teach me *Knowldege*, of an vnknowne *Peace*. Let mee

rather be outwardly *maimed*, and want diſcourſe; then be furniſht of that, and poſſeſſe a *wound* that bleedeth within.

XLIV.

Of purchaſing Friends with large Gifts.

TIs fooliſh, and ſavours not of common policy, to purchaſe *Friends* with large *Gifts*: becauſe having once uſed them to *rewards*, they will ſtill expect more: and *cuſtome* that pleaſeth, is ſeldome omitted without either *diſcontent* or *danger*. If then our *loves tokens* ſhall ſeeme to *diminiſh*, *friendſhip* likewiſe will *decreaſe*: and if not quite *conſume*, yet eaſily be drawne to allow harbour to baſe *diſ-reſpect*: which what a thorne it is to an *affectionate minde*, I deſire rather to know by judicious *obſervation*, then by reall *experience*: but ſure I am, it no way can be *ſmall*; yet moſt true muſt it needs bee, that *friendſhip* wonne by large *Gifts*, reſembles but the *ſtraw fire*, that having matter to feede upon, burnes brightly; but let new *fewell* be neglected, it dyes, conſumes, and quite *goes out*. Nor further can this *amity* be ever approved, or ſure, or ſincere. For he that loves me for my *gifts* ſake, loves my *gifts* above my ſelfe; and if I ſhould happen to light on *adverſity*, I ſhould not find him then to appeare; there being no hope of a gainefull *requitall*. If I give any thing, it ſhall be becauſe he is my *friend*; not becauſe I would have him ſo: not ſo much that

that I *may have* his *love*; but that already hee *hath* mine. I will use them sometimes to continue *friendship*, never to begin it. *I do not hold him worthy thanks, that professeth me kindnesse for his owne ends.*

XLV.

Iust Shame in a good man, saddens his soule.
Of Credit or Good Name,
vid. pag. 346.

NOthing more *saddens* the Soule of a good man, then the *serious* apprehension of a *iust shame*. If it were *false*, his owne *cleerenesse* would be a *shield* strong enough to repell the darts of *slander*. For man is never *miserable*, till *Conscience* turnes his *Enemy*. If it were but the losse of *riches*, there were a *possibility* of a *recovery*: if of *friends*, he might find more, or content himselfe with the knowledge of their *happinesse*, in that glorious *Mansion* of the *Saints*: if of *corporall* anguish, a *quiet* minde might mitigate his paines, or industry with time take a *truce* with sorrowes: but this misery is immedicable. *Credit* once lost, is like water so diffusively spilt, that 'tis not in *humanity* to recollect it. If it be, it hath lost the *purity*, and will for ever after, be full of *foile*; and by how much his *honesty* was more noted; by so much will his *shame* bee more, and his *griefe*. For see what a *horrour* he hath before him; all will be now ready to brand him with the *odious*, and *stigmaticall* name of an *Hypocrite*. His Reputa-

Reputation (which though it be not dearer then his *ſoule*, yet he prizeth aboue his *life*) will be blacked with an eternall *ſtaine*: which nor *abſcence*, *time*, *endeuour*, nor *Death*, can waſh away. If he *lives*, and could in himſelfe *forget it*: yet the *enuious* world will keepe it vpon *Record*: and when he mindes it not, rub it on his *galled* ſoule. If he could flye from his *Countrey*, that would like a *Bloud-hound* follow him: if he dyes, that will ſurviue him, and make his very graue contemptible: nay, ſo farre will it ſpread, as ſomewhat to infect his friends: and though haply in himſelfe he may bee bettered, by ſo raſh a fall: yet the *cruell*, and *uncharitable* world will euer thinke him worſe. In this I dare not follow *it*: in doing that may cauſe this, I hope I ſhall not. I will *firſt* ſtrive to bee voyd of the *act* might bring ſhame, *next*, not to caſt it in the *diſh*, of the penitent. If my ſufferings be *vniuſt* I am ſure in the *end* I ſhall finde them *comfortable*. If *God* hath pleas'd to remit *offences*, why ſhould I commemorate *them*? A good *life* is a fortreſſe againſt *ſhame*: and a good man's *ſhame* is his *benefit*: the one keepes it *away*; the other, when it *comes*, makes it prove *profitable*.

XLVI.

The Will accepted with God for the Deed.

THe *will* for the *deed*, is oft with *God* accepted: and hee that is a thankefull *Debtor*, reſtores a *benefit*.

benefit. Many *benefits*, nay, all I poſſeſſe, *O Lord*, from thee I know I have received: *requite* them I cannot, *returne* them I may not, and to reſt *ingrateſull*, were a ſinne *inexcuſable*. Since then I cannot retaliate thy *love*, or retribute thy *favours*; yet *Lord*, will *I owe* them, with a deſire to *pay*.

XLVII.

Concealed Grudges, the Gangrene of Friendſhip.

THere is not any thing *eates* out friendſhip, ſooner then *concealed* grudges. Though *reaſon* at *firſt* produceth opinion, yet opinion, *after*, ſeduceth *Reaſon*. *Conceits* of unkindneſſe harboured and believed, will worke euen a *ſteady* love, to hatred. And therefore, reſerved *diſpoſitions*, as they are the beſt keepers of *ſecrets*: ſo they are the worſt increaſers of *love*. Betweene friends it cannot *be*, but diſcourteſies will *appeare*; though not intended by a willing *act*, yet ſo taken by a wrong *ſuſpect*; which ſmothered in ſilence, increaſe daily to a greater *diſtaſte*: but revealed once, in a *friendly* manner, oft meet with that ſatisfaction, which doth in the diſcloſure *baniſh* them. Sometimes *ill* tongues by *falſe* tales, ſow *Diſcord* betweene two *Lovers*. Sometimes *miſtakes* ſet the mind in a *falſe* beliefe. Sometimes *Iealouſies*, that flow from *love*, *imprint* ſuſpition in the thoughts. All which may find eaſe in the *uttering*; ſo their diſcovery being

mild-

mildneſſe; otherwiſe, choller caſts a *miſt* before the eyes of the *minde*, and when it might ſee *cleerely*, will not let it. If betweene my *friend*, and my *ſelfe*, a private thought of unkindneſſe ariſe, I will preſently tell it, and be *reconciled*: if he be *cleere*, I ſhall like him the better when I ſee his *integrity*: if *faulty*, confeſſion gaines my pardon, and *bindes* me to love him: and though we ſhould in the diſcuſſion *iarre* a little, yet will I be ſure to *part* friendly. Fire almoſt *quench't*, and laid abroad, *dyes* preſently: put together, it will *burne* the better. Every ſuch breach as this, will unite *affection* faſter: a little ſhaking prefers the *growth* of the tree.

XLVIII.

Of affecting an high ſeate of Honour.

I Have ſometimes *wiſh't* my ſelfe in ſome high ſeate of *Honour*: with what *folly*, I have after ſeene, and beene *diſpleaſed*, with my *ſelfe*, with my *deſires*: ſo unbefitting *wiſedome*, ſo diſſonant from *Chriſtianity*. For what can a high *place* conferre unto me, that can make my life more truly happy? if it addes to my *ioyes*, it increaſeth my *feares*; if it augments my *pleaſure*, my *care* is more, and my *trouble*. But perhaps I ſhall have *reverence*, weare *rich apparell*, and fare *deliciouſly*: alas! cold *flames*, wet *rayment*. Have I not knowne ſome injoying *all* and never found other *fruit*, but *envy*, *beggery*, and *diſeaſe*? ſo have in the end, wiſhed to change, for

lower

lower honours, for *meaner* dignities, accounting themſelves as the *flag*, on the top of *a ſhipmaſt*, as more high, and more viſible; ſo more, and ever open, to the *wind*, and *ſtormes*; being as a worthy *Iudge* once anſwered one, that gave him his title of *Honour*; True, *Honourable* ſervants, to poaſt through the *toyles* of a circuit, and thinke on any mans buſineſſe but their owne. Ah Tiſſue *cover*, to a ſtraw *Cuſhion*! But I ſhall have more *meanes*, ſo ſhall I doe the more *good*; I grant; but may I not doe as *much* good, with *leſſe* meanes? 'Tis a queſtion who ſhall have more *reward*, of him that does moſt in *quantity*, or moſt according the *proportion* of his meanes; If *Chriſt* may be admitted as *arbitrator*, the *poore* Widdow gave more, then all the *rich* ones. I feare, if I had *more*, I ſhould ſpend *more* in waſte; ſure I am, I ſhould have *more* to anſwer for. Beſides, who knowes what a change *wealth* might worke in mee? What a *ſnare* hath *it* proved to many, that like the *Sunne*, have in the *Morning* of theyr time, *mounted* themſelves to the higheſt *pitch* of *perſpicuity* and *brightneſſe*? which when they have once *attayned*, they *decline*, *fall*, *vaniſh* and are *gone*; leaving nothing behinde them, but *darke* night, *blacke* reputation. If not this, what can I tell, but that I might gather like a *Spunge*, to bee *ſqueezed* out againe, by ſome *grinding* oppreſſor? So bee more *vexed* with an unexpected *loſſe*, then *pleaſed* with my ſhort *inioyment*. The Thiefe that meets with a full *purſe*, takes away *it*, and returnes a *ſtabbe*; while the empty *pocket* makes the life *ſecure*; then perhaps we could wiſh to be *poore*, but

but cannot: that ſo we might leſſen our *griefe*, by the *ſorrow* for our *loſſe*. Tell me then, *O my Soule!* what ſhould make thee wiſh to *change?* I live in a *ranke*, though not of the *higheſt*, yet affording as much *happineſſe*, more *freedome*: as being exempt from thoſe *ſuſpicious cares*, that pricke the *boſome* of the *wealthy* man; 'tis ſuch as might content my better, and ſuch as Heaven ſmiles on, with a gracious promiſe of bleſſing, if my carriage be *faire* and *honeſt*; and without *theſe*, who is well? I have *neceſſaries*, and what is *decent*; and when I deſire it, ſomething for *pleaſure*. Who hath more that is *needfull?* If I be not ſo *rich*, as to ſow *almes* by ſackfuls, even my *Mite* is beyond the ſuperfluity of *wealth*: and my *pen*, my *tongue*, and my *life*, ſhall (I hope) helpe ſome to better *treaſure* then the *earth* afford them. I have food convenient for me: and I ſometimes finde *exerciſe* to keepe my *body* healthfull: when I doe, I make it my *Recreation*, not my *toyle*. My rayment is not *worſt*, but *good*; and then *that*, let me never have better. I can be as warme in a good *Kerſey*, as a Prince in a *Scarlet robe*. *I live* where is much meanes of true ſalvation: my liberty is mine owne, *I can* both frequent them, and deſire to profit by them. *I have* a minde can be pleaſed with the *preſent*; and if time turnes the wheele, can endure the change without deſiring it. *I want* nothing but abundance; and this *I need* not, becauſe want herein, *I account* much better then reall poſſeſſion; if it had beene fit for mee, *I know*, my God would have beſtowed it on me. He never was ſo careleſſe of a childe of his, as to let him

him misse *that*, hee knew might make for his *good*. Seeing then, he sees it *inconvenient*, it shall be my joy to live without it; and henceforth, will I not long any more to *change*. He is not a compleat *Christian*, that cannot be contented with *that* he injoyes. I will rather settle my mind to a *quiet rest*, in that I finde: then let her wander in a wearied sollicitude, after *ungotten plenty*. That estate that *God* gives me, ever will I esteeme best: though I could not thinke it so, I am sure it is so: and to *thinke* against knowledge, is a *foolish* suspition.

XLIX.

Of Iealousie of an Other.

'TIs a *precept* from a perfidious minde, that bids us thinke all *Knaves* we deale with: so by distrusting, to hinder deceit. *I dare* not give my mind that liberty, lest I injure *Charity*, and runne into *errour*. *I will* thinke all *honest* if strangers: for so I'm sure they should be; onely let me remember, they are but *men*; so may upon *temptation*, fall with the *time*; otherwise, though they want *Religion*, *Nature* hath implanted a morall *Iustice*, which unperverted, will deale square. *Christ's* Precept was found in the mouthes of *Heathen*: *Doe not to another what thou wouldest not have done to thy selfe*.

The

L.

The great euill that Neglect brings both to Body and Soule.

THough the *bodies excretions* grow but insensibly, yet vnlesse they be daily taken away, wee see they make men *monstrous*: as *Nebuchadnezzars haires* were like *Eagles feathers*, and his *nailes* like *birds clawes*, in his seuen yeeres *beastialitie*. So that those things which *Nature* with due ordering, hath made for vse and *ornament*; with a careless neglect, grow to micheife and *deformitie*. In the *soule* I finde it yet worse: and no *Vice* so soone stealcs on vs, as the abuse of *things* in themselues *lawfull*: For *Nature*, euer since her first deprivation, without a corrigible *hand* to restraine her, runnes into wide extremities. I know, 'tis good the *Vine* should flourish; but let it alone, and it *ruines* it selfe, in superfluous *branches*. Our *pleasures* we see, are sometimes the enlivenings of a drooping *soule*: yet how easily doe they steale away our *mindes*, and make vs with a mad affection, *dote* vpon them, none suspecting in so faire a semblance, a *Sinon*, that should gull us with such delusive postures? but because wee know them lawfull, wee boldly and heedlessely use them: and as *Providence* is the mother of *happinesse*: so *Negligence* is the Parent of *misery*. I will euer bee more circumspect in things veyled with either *goodnesse* or *sweetnesse*.

Nothing

Nothing ſteales more *ſoules* from *God*, then *lewd courſes* that are outwardly glorious. *Reaſon* hath not ſo dull an eye, but ſhee may ſee thoſe things that are apparently *ill*: but thoſe that are ſo, onely by their accident, haue power to blinde her ſight: ſo require more care, more *vigilancie*. I'le onely uſe them, to make me better: when they leaue *that*, I'le leaue them: and deale with'um, in a wiſe diſcretion, as the Emperour *Commodus* did with his ſervants, in a *wicked ieſt*, baniſh them: not for the *ill* they *haue done* me; but for the *harme* they *may doe*. Since all my *goodneſſe* cannot make one ſinne *good*: why ſhould an accidentall *ſinne* ſpoyle *that*, which is *good* in it *ſelfe*?

LI.

Of Solitarineſſe and Companionſhip.

THere is no man that lives well, but ſhall be ſuſpected for *ſelfe-conceited*, unleſſe he can live like an *Hermite*, in a *Cell*: or like ſome *Satyre*, in an unfrequented *Deſart*. He cannot for his life ſo carry himſelfe, but hee ſhall ſometimes light on *lewd* company: ſuch as he neither *loues*, nor cares for. If he continues *ſociety* with them, hee indangers his *ſoule*: either by *participating* of their *bad actions*, or elſe by *conniving* at thoſe *offences*, he ſees they delight in: either of which, not onely caſt a preſent *guilt* on the *ſoule*, but euen worke it to ſuch a *temper*, as makes it apt to receive the impreſſion of

any *ill*; So *ſecretly* inſinuating, till it come from *toleration*, to *Allowance*, *Action*, *Cuſtome*, *Delight*. Bad *Companions* are like *Traitors*, with whom if we *act*, or *conceale*, wee are *guiltie*: this *Pitch* will defile a man. If he ſhall out of an honeſt care of his *ſoules* wel-fare, and his loue to *Religion*, labour to avoid ſuch *bad aſſociates*: or being *vnhappily* fallen among them, ſeeke for a *preſent eſcape*: Then *pride*, and a high *conceit* of himſelfe is gueſſed the onely *motive* of his *bodies* departure: when indeed 'tis only goodneſſe that *importunes* his abſence. But tell me now is't not better I leaue them, and be thought *proud* wrongfully: then ſtay with them, and be knowne *bad* certainely? He's a foole that will ſell his *ſoule* for a few *good* words, from a mans tongue. What is't to me, how others *thinke* me, when I *know* my intent is *good*, and my wayes warrantable? A good conſcience cares for no *witneſſe*: that is alone, as a thouſand. Neither can the worlds *Calumnies*, worke a *change* in a *minde reſolved*. Howſoever heere my *Reputation* ſhould bee ſoiled unworthily, yet the *time* is not farre off, when a freedome from *ſinne* will be more worth, then a *perpetuated fame* from *Adam*, till *Doomes-day*. While *heaven* & my *Conſcience* ſeeme *Innocent*, the Worlds ſuppoſitions cannot make me *culpable*. He that is *good*, and *ill* ſpoken of, ſhall reioyce for the *wrong* is done him by others. He that is *bad*, and well reported, ſhall grieve for the *iniurie* he does himſelfe. In the *one*, they would make what I am not: in the *other*, I make my ſelfe what I ſhould not. Let mee rather *heare* ill, and doe *well*: then doe *ill*, and be *flattered*.

Better

LII.

Better to ſuffer Iniuries then offer them.

FOr *iniuries*, my *opinion* is with *Socrates*: 'Tis better to *ſuffer*, then to *offer* them. *He* may be *good* that beares them, he muſt be *ill* that proffers them. *Saul* would *ſlay David*, when himſelfe onely is *vicious*, and *ill*. *Vice* is accompanied with *iniuſtice*; *Patience* is attendant on *Vertue*.

LIII.

Government and Obedience, the two cauſes of a Common Proſperity.

IN all *Nations*, *two things* are *cauſes* of a common proſperity: Good *Government*, and good *Obedience*. A good *Magiſtrate*, over a *perverſe people*, is a *ſound head*, on a *ſurfeited body*. A good *Communalty*, and a bad *Ruler*, is a healthfull *body*, with a *head* aching; eyther are occaſions of *ruine*: both found *preſervatives*. A good *Governour*, is a skilfull *Shipmaſter*, that takes the *ſhorteſt*, and the *ſafeſt* courſe; and continually ſo *ſteeres*, as the *Rockes*, and *Shelves* which might *ſhipwracke* the *ſtate*, be avoyded: and the *voyage* even made, with the *ſooneſt ſpeed*, *beſt profit*, moſt *eaſe*. But a wicked *Magiſtrate* is a *Wolfe* made leader of the *fold*; that both *ſatiates* his cruel-

ty, and betrayes them to danger. To whom if you adde but *ignorance*, you may upon certaine grounds propheſie *deſtruction*. *The Iudges inſufficiency is the Innocents calamity*. But if the *Common-wealth* bee obedient, and the *Ruler* worthy, how durable is their *felicity* and *ioy*? *Solon* might well ſay, That *City* was ſafe, whoſe *Citizens* were obedient to the *Magiſtrates*, and *Magiſtrates* to the *Lawes*. What made the *Maior Scipio* ſo victorious, but his *wiſedome* in *directing*, and his *Soldiers willingneſſe* in *obeying*, when he could ſhew his Troops, and ſay, *You ſee not a man among all theſe, but will, if I command him, from a Turret throw himſelfe into the Sea*? The inconvenience of *ſtubbornenеſſe*, that *Counſell* knew, who meeting with an obſtinate *Youth*, ſold both him, and his *goods*, ſaying; He had no need of that *Citizen*, that would not *obey*. As it is in the larger and more ſpacious *World*; ſo is it in the little *world* of *Man*. None, if they ſerve their true *Prince*, but have a *Governour* compleatly perfect. *Criticiſme* it ſelfe, cannot finde in *God* to cavill at. He is both *iuſt* and *mercifull*, in the *Concrete*, and the *Abſtract*, he is both of them. Who can taxe him with either *cruelty* or *partiality*? Though my *obedience* cannot anſwer his *perfection*; yet will I endevor it. If *Chriſt* be not my *King* to governe, he will neyther be my *Prophet* to forewarne, nor my *Prieſt* to expiate. If I cannot come neere it, in effect, as being *impoßible*: I will deſire, as being *convenient*: ſo though *leſſe*, yet if *ſincere*, I know, he will accept it: not as *meritorious*, but reſpecting his *promiſe*.

Of

LIV.

Of a Fruitleſſe Hearers danger.

THis an *Aphoriſme* in *Phyſicke*, that they which in the beginning of ſickeneſſe *eate* much, and *mend* not, fall at laſt to a generall loathing of *food*. The *Morall* is true in *Divinity*. He that hath a ſicke *Conſcience*, and lives a hearer under a fruitfull *Miniſtry*, if hee growes not ſound, he will learne to deſpiſe the *Word*. Contemned *bleſſings* leave roome for *curſes*. He that neglects the *good* he may have, ſhall finde the *evill* he would not have. Iuſtly he ſits in *darkneſſe*, that would not light his *Candle*, when the *fire* burned cleerely. He that needs *counſell*, and will not heare it, deſtines himſelfe to miſery, and is the willing *Author* of his owne *woe*. Continue at a ſtay hee cannot long: if he could, not to proceed, is *backward*. And this is as dangerous to the *Soule*, as the other to the *body*. Pittifull is his eſtate, that hates the thing ſhould helpe him: if ever you ſee a drowning man refuſe *helpe*, conclude him a *wilfull murtherer*. When *GOD* affoords me plentifull *meanes*, woe be to me if they proove not profitable: I had better have a *deafe eare*, then heare to *neglect* or *hate*: to the burying of ſuch *treaſures* there belongs a *curſe*; to their miſpending, *Iudgments*.

LV.

Of Gods gifts which are common to All, and peculiar to the Elect onely:

GOD gives three kindes of Gifts; *Temporall*, *Spirituall*, and *Eternall*; *Temporall*, as *Wealth*, *Pleasure*, *Honour*, and such like. *Spirituall*, as *Saving faith*, *Peace of conscience*, and *assurance of Salvation Eternall*, as *Glory*, and *Happinesse* in Heaven for ever. The first, is common to the *wicked* as well as the *godly*; and they mostly flourish in these terrene *beauties*. For who so great in favour with the *world* as they? They *live*, become *old*, and are mighty in *power*; as *Iob* speakes in his 21. yet all these *sweets* passe away like a *vapour*, and though they revell out their dayes in mirth, yet in a moment they goe downe to the *Grave*. The two other, *God* bestowes onely upon his *Elect*; all that here he often gives them, is onely one of these, some *spirituall favours* he bestowes upon them, the other he reserves for them, when *Earth* cannot call them her *Children*. *One* he gives them not, till they bee gone from hence; the *other*, when they have it, the *World* sees it not. What difference can a blind man perceive betweene a *sparkling Diamond*, and a worthlesse *peble*? or what can a naturall man spie in an humble *Christian*, that ever he thinkes may make him bee happy? *Afflictions* here are the *Lot* of the righteous, and they dimme those splendid beauties, that

speake

ſpeake them faire in the eye of the *Almighty*: they are ſports of the *privy Chamber*, that theſe *Kings* ioy in; the uncivill Vulgar ſee not the pleaſures of their *Crowne*. Wheras the *wicked* and God-forſaken man, ſpreads out his plumes, and ſeemes even to checke the Sunne in his glory. *Vice* loves to ſeeme glorious, yea more to ſeeme, then to be. What a Luſtre theſe *Glow-wormes* caſt in darkeneſſe, which yet but touched, are extinct? A poore reckoning alas in the end! when all theſe counterfeit *Iewels* ſhall be ſnatched from him, and hee anſwer for all ſtrictly, at the unavoydable Barre of the laſt *Iudgement*. They had need have ſome pleaſure heere, that can have nothing but woe hereafter. *Fleſh*, rebellious *fleſh*, would ſometime ſet me to murmure at their proſperity; but when my minde in her *Clozet* revolves their fickle eſtate, and findes all their good in preſent and outward, I ſee nothing may be a Mid-wife to the leaſt repining envy. When my ſoule ſolaceth her ſelfe in thoſe raviſhing delights that exhilerate a *Chriſtians* mind, how poorely can I thinke of thoſe lamentable *Ioyes*? The Spirituall man lookes on the flouriſhes of this life with *pitty*, not *deſire*. If *God* gives the wicked one, and me two, why ſhould I complaine? But when the leaſt of mine is infinitely better then his all, let me never grudge him ſo poore and ſo ſhort a Heaven, If *God* affords me his Childrens favours, (though oppreſſed with poverty) I am richer then all their *gawdy adulations* can make mee: becauſe I have already the earneſt of a *World* of *Ioy*, which the *wicked* ſhall never obtaine.

LVI.

Of Libelling against them that are falne.

I Wonder what *ſpirit* they are indued withall, that can baſely *libell* at a man that is *falne!* If they were *heavenly*, then would they with him condole his *diſaſters*, and drop ſome teares in pitty of his *folly* and *wretchedneſſe:* If but *humane*, yet *Nature* never gave them a minde ſo cruell, as to adde *weight* to an over-charged *Beame.* When I heare of any that fall into *publike diſgrace*, I have a minde to commiſerate his *miſ-hap*, not to make him *more diſconſolate.* To invenome a *name* by *libels*, that already is openly tainted, is to adde *ſtripes* with an *Iron rod*, to one that is fleyed with *whipping*; and is ſure in a *minde* well temper'd, thought *inhumane*, *diabolicall.*

LVII.

The vanity and ſhortneſſe of mans Life.

OVr *yeeres* at full are *foureſcore and tenne:* much *time* compared to a *day*; but not a *minute* in reſpect of *eternitie*: yet how few live to tell ſo large a ſucceſſion of *time?* One dyes in the *bud*; another in the *bloome*; ſome in the *fruit*; few like the *ſheafe*, that come to the *barne* in a full age: and though a man

man lives to enioy *all*, ſee but how little hee may call as his *owne*. He is firſt *Puer*, then *Iuvenis*; next *Vir*, and after, *Senex*; the *firſt*, he rattles away in *toyes* and *Fooleries*, and ere he knowes where he is, ſpends a great part of his precious *time*: he playes as if there were no *ſorrow*; and *ſleepes*, as if there would never be *ioy*. The *next*, *pleaſures* and *luxury* ſhorten and haſten away: uncheeked *heate* makes his nimble *ſpirits* boyle; he dares then *doe* that, which after he dares not *thinke* of; hee does not then *live*, but *revell*; and cares not ſo much for *life*, as for that which ſteales it away, *Pleaſure*. He hath then a *Soule* that thinkes not of it ſelfe, but ſtudies onely to content the *body*: which with her beſt *indulgence*, is but a piece of *active earth*: when ſhe leaves it, a *lumpe* of *naſtineſſe*. The third, *Cares of the World*, and *poſterity*, debarre of a *ſollid content*; and now when he is mounted to the *height* of his *way*, hee finds more *miſery*, then the beginning told him off. What *iarres*, what *toyles*, what *cares*, what *diſcontentments*, & what unexpected *diſtractions*, ſhall he light upon? If *poore*, he's *miſerable* and *ridiculous*; if *rich*, *fearefull* and *ſollicitous*: this being all the difference betweene them; the *firſt*, labours how to *live*, the *other*, ſtudies how to *continue living*. In the *laſt*, *Nature* growes weake & irkſome to her ſelfe, venting her diſtaſte with *Salomon*, and mournes that now ſhe findes her *dayes* that be unpleaſing. He that lives long, hath onely the happineſſe to take a larger taſte of *miſery*; what before he thought hurled about with more then a *ſphericall* ſwiftneſſe, he now thinkes more tedious then

then a tyred *Hackney* in foule wayes: *Time*, that before he hath wooed to ſtay for him, now he could on his knee ſue to, to haſte him away. But if (that *honey* of all *humanitie*) *Learning*, hath taught him a way to coozen his *ſorrowes*, hee could then with old *Themiſtocles*, finde in his heart to weepe, that he muſt then *leave life*, when he begins to *learne wit*. Thus all Man's *ages* are ſo full of troubles, that they filtch away his time of *living*. The *firſt*, is full of *folly*; the *ſecond*, of *ſinne*; the *third*, of *labour*; the *laſt*, of *griefe*. In *all*, he is in the *Court* of this *World*, as a Ball bandyed betweene two Rackets, *Ioy* and *Sorrow*: If eyther of them ſtrike him over, he may then *reſt*; otherwiſe his time is nothing but a conſtant motion in *calamity*. I have onely yet runne thorow the *firſt*, and paſſed my *Puerilia*; whether my *life* or my *youth* ſhall be ended firſt, I neyther *know* nor *care*. I ſhall never be ſorrowfull for leaving too ſoone, the *tempeſts* of this tumbling *Sea*. But if I ſee my *Summer* paſt, I hope in *Autumne* *God* will ripen me for himſelfe, and hather mee; if my *Maker* and *Maſter* ſaw it fit, I could be content neyther to ſee it, nor *Winter*, I meane the *Winter* of *Age*: but if he ſhall appoynt mee ſo large a time, I ſhall willingly pray, as my *Saviour* hath taught me, *His will be done*; though I wiſh not the full fruition of all, yet doe I deſire to borrow a *Letter* from each, ſo in ſtead of *Puer*, *Iuvenis*, *Vir*, *& Senex*; give me the foure firſt *Letters*, which will make me *Pius*.

LVIII.

A good Rule in wearing of Apparell.

TWo things in my *apparell* I will onely aime at; *Commodiouſneſſe*, *Decency*: beyond theſe, I know not how ought may be commendable; yet I hate an *effeminate ſpruceneſſe*, as much as a *phantaſticke diſorder*. A neglective *comelineſſe*, is a mans *ornament*. *Sardanapalus* was as baſe in his *feminine veſtures*, as *Heliogabilus* was mad, when hee wore *Shoes* of *Gold*, and *Rings* of *Leather*: the one ſhew'd much *pride*, the other more *wantonneſſe*; let me have *both theſe* excluded, and I am pleaſed in my *Garments*.

LIX.

The Good vſe of an Enemie.

THough an *Enemy* be not a thing neceſſary; yet is there much good uſe to bee made of *him*; yea, ſometimes he doth a man a greater *pleaſure*, then a *dearer friend*. For, whereas a *friend*, out of a feare to diſpleaſe, and a kind of conniving *partiality*, ſpeakes onely *Placentia*, and ſuch as he thinkes, may not give a *diſtaſte*; an *Enemy* utters his opinion boldly; and if any *act*, misbeſeeming *vertue*, ſpring from a man, he will be ſure to finde it, and blow it abroad.

abroad. So that if a man cannot know by his *friends*, wherein hee *offends*; his *enemie* will be so much his *friend*, as to shew him his *folly*, & how he fayles. 'Twas a good speech of *Diogenes*, *Wee have need of faithfull friends, or sharpe enemies.* Every man hath use of a *Monitor*: yet I see in all, such a naturall and wilfull blindnesse through selfe-love, that every man is *angry* when his *enemy* reviles him, though justly: and all *pleased*, when a *friend* commends, though his *Encomion* be false, and desertlesse. I will entertaine both with an equall *welcome*; neither, without some meditation and good use. If one *praise* me for the thing *I have not*, my first following indeavour shall be to get what hee commends me for; lest when the time comes that I should shew it, he reape disgrace by reporting *untruths*, and I lose my *credit*, by wanting that, I am suppos'd to possesse. If for that I *have*; I will strive to attaine it in a measure more large: so shall his *words* be truth, and my *deeds* prove them. If my *enemy* upbraides me, let me see if it be *iustly*. It was an argument of much worth, in that renowned *Macedonian*, which made him (when he was told *Nicanor* rayled on him) say, *I beleeve he is honest, and I feare I have deserved it.* If it be so, I will labour to shake off that *corruption*, and be glad I have so discover'd it. But if iniuriously he reports foule, it shall be my joy to beare contentedly, the unjust *aspersions* of malicious *Censure*: who ever was, that was not slandered? Though he should be *beleeved* a while; yet, at last my *actions* would out-weigh his *words*, and the *disgrace* rest with the *intender* of the

ill.

ill. So that *webbe* of *ſcandall*, they would inject upon me, my *life* ſhall make a *garment* for themſelves to weare. That *ſtone* that *iniury* caſts, ever in the end lights on *her ſelfe*.

LX.

Inward Integrity, and outward Vprightneſſe ought to be reſpected, whilſt we live heere.

TWo *things* a man ought to reſpect while he lives heere; his *inward integrity*, and his *outward vprightneſſe*: his *piety* toward *God*, and his *reputation* among *men*. The one is by performance of *religious duties*; the other by obedience to the *lawes publike*: the one makes his *life* famous; the other, his *death* happy: ſo both together, bring credit to the *name*, and felicity to the *ſoule*. I will ſo be alone, as I may be with *God*: ſo with *company*, as I may pleaſe the *godly*; that, report from *good men* may ſpeake me *vertuous*. Thus whenſoever my *breath* ſhall be made but *ayre*. they ſhall beleeve and I know my ſelfe to be bleſſed. The death of a *good man* is like the putting out of a *wax perfumed Candle*; he recompences the *loſſe of light*, with the ſweet *odour* he leaves behind him.

Of

LXI.

Of the danger of Neglecting the duty of Prayer.

AS it fareth betweene two *friends*, that have beene ancient *familiars*, yet dwelling a sunder; the one, out of a careleſſe neglect, forgets and omits his uſuall duty of *viſitation*, and that ſo long, that at laſt he forbeares to goe at all: ſo their *loves* decay and diminiſh: not proceeding from any *Iarre*, but onely out of a *ſtealing neglect*, of renuing their *loves*: Even ſo falls it out betweene *God*, and the careleſſe *Chriſtian*; who when hee hath omitted the duety of *Prayer*, and perhaps hath ſome ſmall motives of a happy returne; the *Divell* askes him with what face he can now repaire unto Him, having beene ſo long a ſtranger, both to him, and to that *holy Duty*. *Diſ-reſpect* is the way to loſe a *friend*: he that would not continue a *friend*, may *neglect* him, and have his ayme. Experience hath taught me how dangerous *negligence* hath beene, how prejudiciall: how ſoone it breeds *cuſtome*; how eaſily and inſenſibly *Cuſtome* creepes into *Nature*; which much labour and long endevour cannot alter, or extirpate. In this cauſe there is no remedy but violence, and the ſeaſonable acceptance of opportunity: The vigilant *Mariner* ſayles with the firſt *winde*, and though the *gale* blow ſomewhat adverſely, yet once lanched forth, he may eyther finde

finde the *blaſt*, to wombe out his *ſailes* more fully, or elſe helpe himſelfe, by the aduantage of *Searoome*: whereas he that rides ſtill *anchor'd* in the *River*, and will *ſaile* with none, but a *winde* faire, may either lie till he loſe his *voyage*, or elſe rot his *Barke* in the *Harbour*. If a *ſupine neglect*, runne me on theſe *ſands*, a *violent blaſt* muſt ſet me afloat againe. In things that muſt bee, 'tis good to be *reſolute*. I know not whether I ſhall haue a ſecond *call*, or whether my firſt motion ſhall dye *Iſſueleſſe*. I am ſure I muſt returne, or periſh: and therefore *neceſſity* ſhall adde a *foote* to my weake *deſires*; yet I will ſtrive more to prevent this, by frequent *familiaritie*; then being an eſtranged *friend*, to renue old loves: not that after *errour*, I would not returne; but that I would not *ſtray* at all.

LXII.

A good mans Ioy in his many ſorrowes.

THe *good man* hath many ſorrowes, that the *wicked man* never knowes of: his *Offences* the *ſinnes* of the *Time*, the diſhonour of *God*, the daily increaſing of *Satans* kingdome, and the preſent miſery of his *Fathers* children: So that many times, when the *prophane man* is belching out his *blaſphemies*, he inwardly drops a teare in his *ſoule*, and is then petitioning Heauen for his *pardon*. But to ſtrengthen him vnder the burthen of all theſe, he hath one *ioy* (that were all his ſorrowes doubled) could make him

him *lightly* beare *them*: and this is the truth of *Gods* promiſes. If I haue more troubles then another, I care not; ſo I haue more ioyes. *God* is no Tyrant, to giue mee more then my *load*. I am *well* in the midd'ſt of *all*, while I haue *that*, which can vphold me in *all*. Who deſerues moſt *honour*, of the *ſluggard* that hath kept his *bed warme*, or the man that hath *combated* a *monſter*, and maſter'd *him*? *Iob* was not ſo *miſerable* in his *afflictions*, as he was *happy* in his *patience*.

LXIII.

Enuie a Squint-ey'd foole.

THe *enuious man* is a *ſquint-ey'd foole*; and muſt needs *want* both *wit* and *honeſty*: for as the *wiſe man* hath alwaies his minde fixed moſt on his owne affaires: ſo on the contrary, hee obſerues other mens; while thoſe that are *proper* and *pertaining* to himſelfe, inioy the leaſt of his *counſell* and *care*. He *ſees* others, and is *blind* at home; he *lookes* vpon others as if they were his, and *neglects* his owne, as if they were anothers. Againe, that which he intends for *miſcheife*, and a ſecret *diſgrace*; euer addes ſome *ſplendor* to the *brightneſſe* of his worth, he doth ſo *vniuſtly* maligne: as if wiſhing him *infamous*, he would labour to make him *famous*: or deſiring to *kill* him, would preſcribe him a *Cordiall*. *Envy*, like the worme, never runnes but to the *faireſt* and the *ripeſt fruit*: as a cunning *Blood-hound*, it

ſingles

ſingles out the fatteſt *Deere* of the *Herd*: 'tis a *pitchy ſmoake* which whereſoeuer we finde, we may bee ſure there is a *fire of vertue*. *Abrahams riches* were the *Philiſtines envy*, *Iacobs bleſſing* bred *Eſaus hate*. Hee's a *man* of a ſtrange conſtitution, whoſe *ſickeneſſe* is bred by anothers *health*; as if *nature* had made him an *Antipathite* to *vertue*; If he were good, or meritorious, he would neuer grieve to haue a companion: but being bad, and ſhallow himſelfe, he would damme vp the *ſtreame*, that is *ſweet* and *ſilent*: ſo by envying another, for his *radiant luſtre*, he gives the world notice, how *darke* and *obſcure* he is in himſelfe. Yet to all theſe *blurres*, if it were a *vice*, that could adde but a *dramme* of *content*, there might ſomething be ſpoken in way of *Apologie*; But whereas all other *vices* are retained, either for *pleaſure* or *profit*; this onely like a *barren field*, brings forth nothing but *bryers*, and *thornes*: nothing but a *meager leaneneſſe* to the *pined corps*, accompanied with *griefe*, *vexation*, *madneſſe*. If another excell me in goodneſſe, Ile make him my *example* to *imitate*: not my *blocke* to *ſtumble on*. If in *wealth*, I ſhall with him bleſſe *God* for his plenty, neuer grudge at thoſe faire favours of heauen: *God* hath enough both for *me*, and *him*: but if hee deſerves *better*, let me applaud the *divine Iuſtice*, not *taxe* it. If the *vice* it ſelfe ſhall not cauſe me to ſhunne it; yet the *folly* of it ſhall awe me ſo much, as not to *ſhake hands* with a *Serpent* ſo *foule*: 'tis onely the *weake ſighted*, that cannot endure the *light*. A ſtrong *eye* can vnhurt gaze the *Sunne*.

LXIIII.

Gods Law our Looking-glasse.

THe *counsell* the *Philosopher* gave the young *men* of *Athens*, may with much *profit*, be applied by a *Christian*: *viz. That they should often view themselves in a glasse, that if they were faire, and well featured, they should doe such things as should be beseeming their amiable shape: but if foule, and ill favoured, that then they should labour to salve the bodies blemishes, by the beauties of a minde, accoutred with the ornaments of vertue, and good literature.* The *Law* is the *Christians looking-glasse*; which will shew all, without either *flattery*, or *partiality*. 'Tis a *globe* hung in the midd'st of the *roome*, which will shew thee euery *durty corner* of thy soule. If thou hast wandred in a *darke way*, this will tell thee thy aberrations, and put thee agayne into *true path*. In it will I often behold my selfe: that if I be *free* from the outward actuall violation of it, any thing faire, or have some beauties, I may study dayly, how to maintaine *them*, how to increase *them*. But if I finde my selfe like a *Leopard* in his spots, or an *Ethiopian* in his hiew *naturall*, *blacke* and *deformed* (as I cannot bee otherwise in my selfe) it shall yet make me see my *defects*, and strive to *mend them*. Knowne *deformities* incite vs to search for *remedy*: The knowledge of the *disease*, is halfe the *cure*.

The

LXV.

The Maiesty of Goodnesse.

THere is no man so *badly* inclin'd, but would gladly be thought *good*: no man so *good* already, but would bee accounted somewhat *better*: which hath oft made mee sit downe with *wonder*, at the choyse excellency of *religious vertue*; that even those which in heart contemne this *Princesse*; yet cannot but thinke it an honour, to bee counted as attendants to *her*. Such a *divine*, and *amazing* Maiestie there is in *Goodnesse*, that all desire to weare her *Livery*, though few care to performe her service: Like proud *Courtiers*, they would faine be *Favorites*, but scorne to attend. If then they cannot but *affect* her, that are her *enemies*; how should they *love* her that ioy to be *friends*? If I be *bad*, let my care be to be *good* indeed, not thought so. If any *good parts* already shine in *me*; I had rather in *silence* know my selfe *better*, then have the unconstant deeme *me*, either *rare* or *excellent*.

LXVI.

The true cause of a wicked mans short Life.

IT was *well said* of *David*, *The wicked man shall not live out halfe his dayes*: for by his *intemperancy*, hee

puls on himſelfe either *diſeaſes* or *iudgements*; which *cut* him downe before he be fully *growne*. And though his *dayes* be *multiplyed*, he makes them ſeeme much *ſhorter*, then indeed they are. For beſides the being taken away by *untimely accidents*, there be *two things* that ſeeme to contract *time*, in a more compendious *ſcope*. Either *exceſsive* and *ſecure ioy*: or elſe a ſure *expectation* of *ill*. One of theſe in euery wicked man hath *reſidence*: The *former* is too ordinary: the *latter* not ſo *common*, nor fully ſo *dangerous*. The *firſt* hath his conſcience ſo caſt in a ſleepe, that it feeles not thoſe *privy* and *perilous wounds*, that *ſinne* impaires it withall. All is *frollicke iocund*, *merry*: and he ſwimmes in the fulleſt *delights* invention can procure him: his eye's *inchanted* with *laſcivious obiects*; his eares *charmed* with *ſcurrilous talke*; his taſte *glutted* with *luxurious ryots*; his ſmell *filled* with *artificiall perfumes*; and his armes *heated* with the *wanton Imbraces of luſt*: euery ſence hath his ſeverall ſubiect of *ſolace*: and while in all theſe, his *affections* are wholly taken up in the preſent apprehenſion of *pleaſure*; how can he count of the precipitate pace of *time*, that like an *Arrow*, from a ſtrong bent Bow, *flings* with the ſpeed of his *courſe*? If his delights would give him leiſure, to *meditate* a little on this, he might be ſo much himſelfe, as to know how his *time poſteth*: But letting it paſſe, as a thing unthought of, his end ſteales on him *unlookt for*, *unwelcome*, *unawares*: and all thoſe voluptuous merriments, wherein in his *lifetime*, he imbathed himſelfe: now ſeeme as a day that is paſt, whoſe *Sunne* declin'd at noone. But if otherwiſe,

otherwise, this *sensuality* blindes him not, or that his *Conscience* be awake already: then alas! how timorous and terrifi'd he is, with the expectation of his *doome*, and finall *confusion*? wishing that hee were either some senceleſſe ſtone, that the bitter *throes* and *pangs* of *despaire* might not freely pierce *him*; or elſe that he had ſuch wings, as could procure his eſcape from *Death*, and marrow-ſearching *Iudgement*. So like a condemned man, that knowes the date of his *dayes*, he lyes telling the *clocke*, and counting the *houre*; which he ſpends, in wiſhing every *day* a *yeere*, every *houre* a *day*, every *minute* an *houre*, that ſtill he might a while enjoy the *ſweet poſſeſſion* of his deare and beloved *life*. Thus eyther while his *Soule* cleaves to the midſt of his mirth, his *way* beguiles *him*: or elſe while he *quivers* with the *conſideration* of the *ſhame* that attends him, hee *ſayles* with ſuch *feare*, that he minds not his *voyage*; ſo is ſuckt into a *Gulfe*, ere ever hee be *aware*: A full ſwinge in *pleaſure*, is the *way* to make man *senceleſſe*: A confident perſwaſion of vnavoydable *miſery*, is a ready path to *deſpaire*. Thoſe *potions* that are good but *taſted*, are mortall *ingurgitated*. *Pleaſure* taken as *Phyſicke*, is like a *cordiall* to a weakned *body*: and an expedient thought of our diſſolution, may be as a *corraſive plaiſter* to eate away the deadneſſe of the *fleſh*. Both are commendably uſefull. I will neither bee ſo *Iouiall*, as to forget the *end*; nor ſo *ſad*, as not to remember the *beginning* of life, GOD.

LXVII.

Prayer more needfull in the Morning, then Evening.

THough *Prayer* ſhould be the *key* of the *day*, and the *locke* of the *night*: yet I hold it more needfull in the *Morning*, then when our *bodies* doe take their *repoſe*. For howſoever *ſleepe* be the *Image* or *ſhaddow* of *Death*, and when the *ſhadow* is ſo neere, the *ſubſtance* cannot be farre: yet a man at reſt in his *chamber*, is like a *ſheepe* impenn'd in the *fold*, ſubject onely to the unavoydable, and more immediate hand of *God*: whereas in the day, when hee roves abroad in the open and wide *Paſtures*, he is then expoſed to many more unthought of accidents, that contingently and caſually occurre in the *way*: *Retiredneſſe* is more ſafe then *buſineſſe*: who beleeves not a ſhip ſecurer in the *Bay*, then in the middeſt of the boyling *Ocean*? Beſides, the *morning* to the *day*, is as *Youth* to the *Life* of a man: if that be begun well, commonly his age is vertuous: otherwiſe, *God* accepts not the latter *ſervice*, when his enemy joynts in the firſt *diſh*. He that loves *chaſtity*, will never marry *her* that hath lived a *Harlot* in youth. Why ſhould *God* take thy *dry* bones, when the divell hath ſuckt the *marrow* out?

The

LXVIII.

The three Bookes, in which God may be easily found.

GOD hath left *three Bookes* to the *World*, in each of which *he* may easily be found. The *Booke* of the *Creatures*, the *Booke* of *Conscience*, and *his written Word*. The *first*, shewes his *Omnipotency*. The *second*, his *Iustice*: The *third*, his *Mercy* and *Goodnesse*: So though there be none of them so *barren* of the rudiments of *knowledge*, but is sufficient to leave all without *excuse*, *Apologies*: yet in them all, I find all the good, that ever either the *Heathen*, or the *Christian* hath publisht abroad. In the *first*, is all *Naturall Philosophie*: in the *second*, all *Morall Philosophy*: in the *third*, all true *Divinity*. To those admirable *Pillars* of all *humane learning* (the *Philosophers*) *God* shew'd himselfe in his *Omnipotency* and *Iustice*, but seemed, as it were, to conceale his *Mercy*: to us *Christians* he *shines* in that which *out-shines* all his *Workes*, his *Mercy*: Oh! how should we regratulate his *favours* for so *immense* a *benefit*, wherein secluding himselfe from others, hee hath wholly *imparted* himselfe to us? In the *first*, of these I will admire his *Workes*, by a serious meditation of the wonders in the *Creatures*. In the *second*, I will reverence his *Iustice*, by the secret and inmost *checkes* of the *Conscience*. In the *third*, imbrace his *Love*, by laying hold on those promises, wherein hee

hath not onely left me meanes to *know* him, but to *love him, rest in him*, and *inioy him for ever.*

LXIX.

The praise of Learning, yet without Grace, it is a Mischiefe.

IF the *fault* bee not in the *misapplication*, then it is true that *Diogenes* spake of *Learning*; That, *It makes young men sober, old men happy, poore men rich, and rich men honourable*. Yet in any without *grace*, it proves a double *mischiefe*; there is nothing more *pestilent*, then a ripe *wit* applyed to *lewdnesse*. Because hee that knowes himselfe to bee *quicke* and *acute*, relyes on his own *braine*, for evasion from all his *villanies*; and is drawne to the practice of much *vice*, by the too much presuming on his *owne* dexterity. *Ability* and a wicked *will* is *fuell* to burne the world with; *wit* and *wantonnesse* are able to intice a *chaste one*. *Resolution* and *policie* can cast broyles in *Christendome*, and put civill *men* into civill *warres*; if you believe not this, examine the *Iesuite*. On the contrary, where *grace* guides *knowledge*, and *Religion* hath the reynes of *Art*: there, though on *earth*, the man is made *heavenly*; and his life is truly *Angelicall*. He does good by the instinct of *Grace*, and that good he doth well, by the skilfull direction of *Learning*: *Religion* is as *Grammar*, that shewes him the *word*, and the *ground*: while *knowledge*, like *Rhetoricke*, doth polliſh it with beseeming

ing *ornaments*. He that gives almes, does *good*, but he that gives willingly to the needy, and in seaſon, does *better*. I will ſet my ſelfe to attaine both: for as he can never be a good *Orator*, that wants eyther *Grammar* or *Rhetoricke*: So there is no man can be a compleate *Chriſtian*, without *Grace*, and ſome *knowledge*. *Vzzah* intended well, but did not know ſo: and want of goodnes ſpoyled *Achitophels* counſell. How can we either *deſire* or love him that wee doe not know? ſince *affectus motus eſt Cordis, à notitia & cognitione obiecti exercitatus.*

LXX.

A Covetous Man can be a Friend to None.

THe *Covetous* man cannot be a true or faithfull *friend* to any: for whiles he loves his *mony* better then his *friend*, what expectation can there bee of the extent of his *liberality*? In adverſity, and the time of *tempeſt*, when he ſhould be a *Haven* to reſt in, and an *Alter-Idem*: he will eyther like the *Crocodile* ceaze on him in the fall, and take the advantage of his neceſſities: or elſe out of a lothneſſe to loſe any thing by his diſburſement, rather ſee him macerated by a conſuming *want*, then any way ſend him a ſalve for *diſtreſſe*. *Words* from a *dead man*, and *deeds of charity* from *a man covetous*, are both alike *rare*, and hard to come by. 'Tis a miracle if he ſpeakes at all: but if he doth breake ſilence, 'tis not without *terror* and *amazement* to the *hearers*

A *covetous mans kindneſſe* is like the *Fowlers ſhrape*, wherein he caſts *meate*, not out of *charitie* to *relieve* them; but *treachery* to *inſnare* them. *He reaches thee bread in one hand, and ſhewes it: but keepes a ſtone in the other, and hides it.* If yet his *courteſies* were without *danger*, I would rather endure ſome *extremity*, then be beholding to the *almes* of *Avarice*. He that over-values his *benefit*, never thinks he hath *thanks* ſufficient. I had better ſhift hardly, then owe to an inſatiable *Creditor*.

LXXI.

The folly of contemning the Poore in Chriſt. Magnanimitie and Humilitie Cohabitants.

I Have ſeene ſome high-minded *Royſters*, ſcornefully contemne the lowly *poore* of *Chriſt*: as if they were out of the reach of the ſhattering wind of *Iudgment*, or thought it an impoſſibility, ever to ſtand in need of the *helpe* of ſuch *humble ſhrubbes*. *Foolas*, ſo to contemne thoſe, whoſe ayde they may after want: 'tis no badge of *Nobility* to deſpiſe an *inferiour*. *Magnanimity* and *Humility* are *Cohabitants*: *Courteſie* is one of the faireſt *Iemmes* in a *Crowne*; 'twas *Caſars* glory, to ſave his *Country-men*, which lives ſtill in that ſpeech, which ſayes, *He pardoned more then he overcame*: *True Honour* is like the *Sun*, that ſhines as well to the *Peaſant* in the *field*, as the *Monarch* in his *Throne*; hee that with-holds his

his *Clemency*, because the *subiect* is base, denyes a *remedy* to his *wounded foot*, because 'tis an *inferiour part*: so hee may justly after complaine and want it: When the *Lyon* was catched in a snare, 'twas not the spacious *Elephant*, but the little *Mouse*, that restor'd him his wonted libertie: though the *head* guides the *hand*, the *hand* defends the *head*.

LXXII.

Sudden occasion of Sinne dangerous.

AS *sudden passions* are most violent; so *sudden occasions* of sinne are most dangerous: for while the sences are set upon by unthought of *Obiects*, *Reason* wants time to call a *Counsell*, to determine how to resist the assault: 'tis a *sure Booty* makes many a *Theefe*, that if he had missed of this accident, would perhaps have liv'd honestly. *Opportunity* is a *wooer* that none but *heaven* could doquer. *Humanity* is too weake a *spell* for so powerfull a *charme*: she casts a fury into the *blood*, that will teare out a way though the *soule* be lost by it. The *Racke* is easier then her importunity: *flames* are *Snow-balls* to it: sure if the *Divell* would change his properties, he would put himselfe into this *subtill thing*: she puts us with a thousand chaines; at every *Nerve* shee hangs a *poize* to draw us to her *sorcery*: and many times in our *gaine*, we are *lost* for euer. What *tortures* cannot force us to, she will smoothly perswade: she breakes all *bonds*, *lawes*, *resolutions*, *oathes*.

Wise

Wiſe was the abſtinence of *Alexander*, from the ſight of *Darius* his *Daughters*; leſt their beauty ſhould incite him to *folly*: ſhee runnes us into *errours*, and makes us ſo deſperate, as to dare any thing: If ſhee offer me her ſervice to *ill*, Ile neyther *kicke* her as a *Bawd* to *Vice*; or elſe *winke* when ſhe ſhewes me her *painting*. *Occaſion* is a *Witch*, and I'le be as heedfull in avoyding *her*; as I will be warie to eſchew a *ſinne*. But if I bee conſtrained to heare the *Syren* ſing, *Vliſſes* was wiſe, when he tyed himſelfe to the *Maſt*.

LXXII.

Of being Vices Friend, and Vertues Enemy.

MY *hatred* to my *Enemy* ſhall be but in *part*, my *love* to my *friend*, *whole* and *intire*; for howſoever I may *hate* my *Enemies vices*, and his ill *conditions*; yet will I *love* his *perſon*, both as he is a *man*, and my *brother*. His *deteſtation* is too deepe, that will burne his *linnen*, becauſe 'tis *foule*; they may both returne to their former *purity*, & then to *hate*, is ſinfull. But as for my *friend*, I will love both his *perſon*, and his *qualities*: his *qualities* firſt, and for *them*, his *perſon*. Yet in neither will I ſo *hate*, as to be a *foe* to *Goodneſſe*; nor ſo *love*, as to *foſter Iniquitie*: 'Tis a queſtion which is the worſt of the two, to be *Vices Friend*, or *Vertues Enemy*.

LXXIV.

Next God, the good man is the onely Friend.

NExt *God*, the *good man* is the onely *friend*: for when all other ſlinke out of the way, he onely is a ſecure *Harbour* for a *ſhipwrackt ſoule* to ride in; if hee be *upright* that is fallen in diſtreſſe, he then relieves him, as a *brother*, as a *member*; If *lewd*, yet neceſſity induceth a *commiſeration*, and ſeeing the glorious *Impreſſe* of the *Almighties Image* in him, hee cannot, but for his *Fathers* ſake, affect him. If he be *poore*, of *Gods* making, by the unavoydable *deſignement* of a *ſupreme providence*, *Nature* incites a *reliefe*: For he knowes not how ſoone, a like *lot* may fall in his owne *ground*. The ſame *Sunne* ſaw *Iob* both *rich* and *poore* to a *Proverbe*. If his owne ill courſes haue brought his *decay*; he is not ſo obdurate and flinty, but that he can afford him a hand of *compaſſion*, to ſtrengthen him a little in the midd'ſt of *diſaſters*: hoping that his *charity* may either worke his *returne*, or ſtay him from ſpeedy *ruine*. If he be *ill*, he is a *Magiſtrate*, to correct and reclaime him: if *good*, he is a *Father*, to uphold and love him: if *rich*; he reades him a Lecture of *moderation*, and *diſcreet diſpoſure*: tels him, not *poſſeſſion*, but *uſe*, divitiates a man more truely: if *poore*, he ſets him to *Schoole* with *Paul*, there to learne, *Content is plenty*; tel's how that *Pagan Cynicke* could laugh at *riches*, when hee call'd them nothing but

fortunes

fortunes vomit; if *wiſe*, he is his *delight* and *ſolace*; even the *Garner*, where hee leaves his *load*, and lockes his *ſtore*: if *ignorant*, he *inſtructs* him with the *Oracles* of *God*; *dictitates Sentences* vnto him, and ſpeakes all *tanquam ex tripode*. Euery way I find him ſo *beneficiall*, that the *pious* wil not live but *with him*, and the *bad man* cannot live *without* him. Who had ſalv'd the offending *Iſraelites*, had not *Moſes* ſtood vp to intercede? It ſhall more ioy mee to live with *Chriſtians* then *men*.

LXXV.

The hard-hearted man hath Miſery almoſt in Perfection.

THe hard-hearted man hath *miſerie* almoſt in *perfection*: and there is none more *wretched*, then a man with a conſcience ſeared. Other ſinners march in the high way to *ruine*; but he, as he goes builds a *wall* at his backe, that he cannot retire to the *Tent*. Neither *Mercies*, nor *Iudgements*, winne him at all. Not *Mercies*: thoſe, his *pride* makes him thinke but his *due*; and while they are but common ones, they paſſe away with his common thoughts. *Benefits* ſeldome ſinke deepe in *obdurate mindes*: 'tis the *ſoft nature* that is ſooneſt taken with a *courteſie*. Not *Iudgements*; for either he *reverberates* them backe, before they *pearce*, as a *wall* of *ſteele* doth a *blunt-headed Arrow*: or if they doe perhaps finde entrance, like the *Elephant*, with the convulſion of his *nerves*, and his *bodies* contraction;

ction; he casts out the *shaft* that stickes within him: so still he rests vnmollified, for all his *raine* and *haile*. *Warnings* to *perverse dispositions*, are the meanes to make them *worse*. Those *plagues* and *wonders* that would haue *melted* a *milder soule*, onely reduced *Pharaoh's* to a more hard and desperate *temper*. Strange! that he should locke out of his *owne good*, with so strange a *key*, so sure a *Ward*; when every *Vice* that defiles the minde, finds both ready and free welcome. If I liue in *sinne*, *Gods* first call is *mercy*; I had better goe willingly, then bee led by constraint: 'tis fit he should know the smart of *torture*, that nothing will cause to confesse but the *Racke*: If I finde *God* whippes me with any sensible *stroke*, I will search the *cause*, then seeke the *cure*: such blowes are the Physicke of a bleeding *Soule*: but neglected, my sinne will be more, and my punishment: 'Tis in vaine to be stubborne with *God*: he can crush vs to *nothing*, can turne vs to *any thing*: let me rather returne speedily, and prevent *Iudgements*, then stay obstinately, and pull downe *more*: as 'tis a happy *feare*, which prevents the *offence*, and the *Rod*: so that is a miserable *valour*, which is bold to dare the *Almighty*.

LXXVI.

Of Censure and Calumnie.

SOme mens *Censures* are like the blasts of *Rammes Hornes*, before the Walles of *Iericho*: all the strength

ſtrength of a mans *vertue* they lay *levell* at one utterance: when all their *ground* is only a *conceited fancy*, without any certaine *baſis* to build on. What religious minde will not with amazement ſhudder at the *peremptorie concluſions*, where they haue ſet their *period?* Wondring, *Man* that knowes ſo *little*, ſhould yet ſo ſpeake, as if he were privy to *All*. I confeſſe, a man may rove by the outward lineaments, what common inclinations rule within: yet that *Philoſopher* did more wiſely, that ſeeing a *faire face*, with a *tongue* ſilent, bad him *ſpeake, that he might ſee him*. For the *cheeke* may be dimpled with a pleaſing ſmile, while the *heart* throbs with vndiſcerned *dolours*: and as a *cleere face* ſhewes not alwayes a *ſound body*: no more is an *ingenious looke*, alwaies the enſigne of a *minde vertuous*. I will only walke in *Chriſts* path, and learne *by their fruit to know them*: where I want experience, *charitie* bids me thinke the *beſt*; and leaue what I know not, to the *Searcher of hearts*. *Miſtakes*, *Suſpect* and *Envie*, often iniurie a cleere fame: there is leaſt danger in a charitable conſtruction.

In part hee'. guilty of the wrong that's done,
Which doth beleeve thoſe falſe reports that runne.

I will neither *beleeve* all I *heare*, nor *ſpeake* all I *beleeve*; A mans good *name* is like a milke-white *ball*, that will infinitely gather ſoyle in toſſing. The act of *Alexander* in this cauſe, merits an eternall memory; that having read a *Letter* with his Favourite *Hepheſtion*, wherein his Mother calumniated *Antipater*,

Antipater, tooke his *Signet* from his finger, and appreſſed his lips with it: Conjuring as it were, the ſtrict ſilence of anothers diſgrace. Oh *Alexander*! this very *action* was enough to make thee famous: who ſhould not in this admire and imitate thee? A deſire to diſgrace another, cannot ſpring from a good *roote*: *Malice* and *baſeneſſe* ever dwell with *calumnie*. I will iudge *well* of every man, whom his owne bad *life* ſpeakes not *ill* of: if he be bad, I'le hope *well*; what know I how his end may proſper? I had better labour to amend him to *himſelfe*, then by publiſhing his *vices*, make him odious to *others*. If he be good, and belongs to *God*, how can I chuſe but offend much, when I ſpeake ill of a *childe* that is indeared to ſuch a *Fathers* affection? *God* loves his owne tenderly; and whoſoever offers a diſgrace to them, ſhall bee ſure to pay for't, either by *teares* or *torment*.

LXXVII.

Three things that a Chriſtian ſhould ſpecially know.

THere are three things eſpecially that a *Chriſtian* ſhould know: *His owne miſerie*; *Gods Loue*; *His owne thankfull Obedience*. His *Miſerie*, how iuſt, *Gods love*, how free, how undeſerved; his owne *thankefulneſſe*, how due, how neceſſarie; *Conſideration* of *one*, ſucceſſively begets the *apprehenſion* of *all*: Our *miſerie* ſnewes us his *Love*: his *love* cals for

our acknowledgement. *Want* makes a *bountie* weightier: if we thinke on our *needs*, wee cannot but admire his *mercies*: how dull were wee, if wee ſhould not value the reliefe of our neceſſities? hee cannot but eſteeme the *benefit*, that unexpectedly helpes him in his deepeſt diſtreſſe: That *Love* is moſt to be prized, whoſe onely motive is *goodneſſe*. The thought of *this*, will forme a diſpoſition gratefull: who can meditate ſo unbottomed a *love*, and not ſtudy for a thankefull demeanour? His minde is croſſe to *Nature*, that requites not *affection* with *gratitude*. All *favours* have this ſucceſſe, if they light on good ground, they bring forth *thankes*. Let mee firſt thinke my *miſerie* without my Sauiours *mercy*: next, his *mercy* without my *merits*: and from the meditation of theſe two, my ſincerer thankes will ſpring. Though I cannot conceive of the former as they are; *Infinite*, and beyond my thought: yet will I ſo ponder them, as they may enkindle the fire of my unfained and zealous *thankſgiving*. That time is well ſpent, wherein wee ſtudie *thankefulneſſe*.

LXXVIII.

Fooles great eſteeme of outward Beautie

THough the *fooles* of the World thinke *outward beauty* the onely *Iewell* that deſerveth wearing; yet the *wiſe man* counts it but an accident, that can neither adde nor diminiſh, to the worth of *Vertue*,

as ſhee is in her ſelfe: ſo as he never eſteemes her more or leſſe, but as he findes her accompliſht with *diſcretion*, *honeſty*, and *good parts*. If my friend bee *vertuous*, and *nobly-minded*, my *ſoule* ſhall love him, howſoever his *body* bee framed: and if *beauty* make him amiable, I needes muſt like him much the better: The *Sunne* is more glorious in a cleere *Sky*, then when the *Horizon* is clouded. *Beauty* is the *wit* of *Nature* put into the *Frontiſpice*. If there bee any humane thing may teach *Faith* reaſon, this is it: in other things we *imagine* more then we *ſee*: in this wee *ſee* more then wee can *imagine*. I have ſeene (and yet not with a partiall eye) ſuch *features*, and ſuch *mixtures*, as I haue thought impoſſible for either *Nature* to frame, or *Art* to counterfet: yet in the ſame *face*, I have ſeene that, which hath outgone them both, the *Countenance*. Oh! if ſuch glory can dwell with *corruption*, what celeſtiall excellencies are in the *Saints* above? Who would not gaze himſelfe into admiration, when he ſhall ſee ſo rich a *treaſure* in ſo pure a *Cabinet*, unmatched *vertue*, in matchleſſe *beauty*? But if my Friends *body* hath more *comelineſſe*, then his *ſoule goodneſſe*; I like him the worſe, for being but outwardly faire. *Wickedneſſe* in *beauty*, is a *Traytour* of the *Bedchamber*: poyſon in ſweet meates. A vicious *ſoule* in a beautifull *body*, I account as a *Ieſuite* in the Robes of a *Courtier*: or ſomewhat more fitly, a *Papiſt*, that will goe to *Church*.

LXXIX.

Of Being and Seeming to be.

AS I thinke, there are many worſe then they ſeeme; ſo I ſuppoſe there are ſome, better then they ſhew: and theſe are like the growing *Cheſnut*, that keepes a ſweet and nutrimentall kernell included in a rough and prickly huske. The other, as the *Peach*, hold a rugged and craggie ſtone, under the cover of a Velvet *Coate*. I would not deceive a good man either way: both offer a wrong to *vertue*: The one ſhewes her worſe then ſhe is; dulling her *beauty* with dimme colours, and preſenting her with a harder *favour* then her owne: The *other* doth varniſh over the rottennesſe of *Vice*, and makes *goodneſſe* but the vizor of *hypocriſie*. Eyther are condemnable: painting the *face*, is not much worſe then willfull ſoyling it. Hee is as well a *murtherer*, that accuſeth himſelfe falſly, as he that did the act, and denyes it. *One* would obſcure *Goodneſſe*, with *Vice*: the other would palliate *Vice*, with *Goodneſſe*. *Fraud* is in both: and I am ſure no *Pleaſure* can make *Deceit* allowable. I will therefore ſtrive to avoyd both: and with *Chriſoſtome*, either *ſeeme* as I am, or *bee* as I *ſeeme*. But if I ſhould erre on one ſide, I had rather reſemble a plaine *Country-man*, that goes in *Ruſſet*, and is rich in *Revennes*; then a *riotous Courtier*, that weares *glorious apparrell*, without *money* in his *purſe*.

Sanctitie

LXXX.

Sanctitie is a Sentence of three Stops.

A *Christians* voyage to *Heaven*, is a *Sentence* of three *Stops*; *Comma*, *Colon*, *Period*. He that *repents*, is come to the *Comma*, and beginnes to speake sweetly, the language of *Salvation*: but if he leaves there, *God* understands not such abrupt *speeches*: sorrow alone cannot expiate a *Pirates* robberies: he must both leave his theft, and serve his *Country*, e're his *Prince* will receive him to *favour*. 'Tis *he that confesseth and forsakes his sinne*, that *shall finde mercy*: 'tis his leaving his *wickednesse*, that is as his *Colon*: and carries him halfe way to *Heaven*. Yet here also is the *Clause* unperfect, unlesse hee goes on to the *practise of Righteousnesse*, which as a *Period* knits up all, and makes the *Sentence* full. *Returne* and *penitence* is not sufficient for him that hath fled from his *Soveraignes* Banner, he must first doe some *valiant act*, before by the Law of *Armes*, he can be restored to his former bearing. I will not content my selfe with a *Comma*; *Repentance* helps not, when *sinne* is renewed: nor dare I make my stay at a *Colon*; not to doe good, is to commit evill, at least by omission of what I ought to doe: before I come to a *Period*, the constant practice of *Pietie*, I am sure, *I* cannot bee sure of *compleat Glory*. If I did all strictly, *I* were yet *unprofitable*; and if *God* had not appointed my faith to perfect me, *miserable*

If he were not full of *mercies*, how unhappy a creature were *man*?

LXXXI.

The great Good of Good order.

EVen from naturall reason, is the *wicked man* prov'd to be *sonne* unto *Satan*, and *heyre* of *Hell*, and *torments*. For not to speake of *Heaven*, (where the *blessed* are happy, and all things beyond apprehension excellent,) even in the *Firmament*, we see how all things are preserved by a glorious *Order*: the *Sunne* hath his appointed circuit, the *Moone* her constant change, and every *Planet* and *Starre*, their proper course & place. For as they are called *fixed Starres*, not because they move not at all, but because their *motion* is insensible, and theyr distances ever the same, by reason of the slow motion of the *eighth Sphere*, in which they are: So they are not called *wandering Planets*, for that they move in an uncertaine *irregularity*; but because those seven inferiour *Orbes* wherein they are set, are diversly carried about; which makes them appeare sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, yet ever in the setled place of their owne *Orbe*, whose *Revolutions* also are in most strict, and ever certaine times. The *Earth* likewise hath her unstirred *Station*; the *Sea* is confin'd in limits; and in his ebbings and flowings, dances as it were after the influence, and aspect of the *Moone*; whereby it is both kept from

from *putrifaction*, and by ſtrugling with it ſelfe, from over-flowing the *Land*. In this World, *Order* is the life of *Kingdomes*, *Honours*, *Arts*: and by the excellency of it, all things flouriſh and thrive. Onely in *Hell* is *confuſion*, *horrour*, and *amazing diſorder*. From whence the wicked man ſhewes himſelfe ſprung; for there is nothing that like him lives ſo irregular, and out of *compaſſe*. *Diſorder* is a Bird of the *Divels* hatching: I feare leſt thoſe that rent the *Church* for *Ceremony*, have ſome affinitie with that Prince of miſ-rule; we oft finde the *parents* diſpoſition, though not propagated to the *childe*, yet followed by him. I doe not *cenſure*, *but doubt*. We have ſeldome knowne him *good*, that refuſeth to obey *good orders*. Who can expect a fruitfull *crop*, when the *field* is ſometimes blaſted with *Lightning*, ſometimes drenched with *Inundations*, but never cheriſhed with a kindly *Sunne*? things uncapable of a true forme, are ever mending, yet ever unperfect: when the *rankes* are broken, the *victorie* is in hazzard. One bad *voice*, can put twenty good ones out of tune. *I* will firſt order my mind by good *reſolution*; then keepe it ſo by a ſtrong *conſtancy*. Thoſe *Souldiers* dyed bravely, that where they ſtood to *fight*, they fell to *death*.

LXXXII.

Three things encounter our Consideration, and these three have three Remedies.

IN every man there is three things that encounter our Consideration; *The Minde*, the *Behaviour*, the *Person*. A grosse blemish in any of which, stickes some disgrace on the unhappy owner. If the *Minde* be vicious, though the carriage be faire, and the *Person* comely: *Honesty* esteemes not outward parts where inward *Grace* is wanting. If his *Mind* be good, and *carriage* clownish, his outward bad *demeanour*, makes his inward *worth* ridiculous: and admit he hath both deserving *applause*: yet a surfeited and diseased *body*, makes all dis-regarded, while the approach of his presence may proove prejudiciall, infectious, noysome. To remedy the defects of all these, I find three Noble Sciences: *Divinity*, *Philosophy*, *Physicke*: *Divinity*, for the *soule*, to preserve that unstain'd and holy; as also to induce it with understanding: for *God* with his *Graces* instils *Knowledge*: it was the keeping of his *Law*, made *David* wiser than those that taught him. *Divine Knowledge*, is not without *humane*: when *God* gives the first, in some measure he gives both: and therefore we seldome finde the ignorant man *honest*: if he be *mentally*, yet he failes *expressively*. *Philosophy*, for his manners and demeanours, in the many

many contingent things of this life; to fit him both with decent *Complements*, and sufficient *staidnesse*: neither favoring of *Curiosity*, nor *rusticity*: Nor was ever *Religion* found of a foe to *good manners*; For he shines brightest in a brave *behaviour*, so it be free from *affectation, flattery*. *Philosophy* is the *salt* of *life*; that can dry vp the crude humours of a *Novice*: and correct those *pestilent qualities* wherewith *Nature* hath infected us: which was ingenuously confest by *Socrates*, when *Zopyrus* by his *Phisiognomy* pronounced him fouly vicious. *Phisicke*, to know the state of the *body*; both to avoyd distempers in *health*, and to recover *health* in wearying *diseases*; tis the restitution of decaying *Nature*: when she is falling, this gives her a hand of *sustenance*: it puts away our *blemishes*, restores our *strength*, and rids us of that, which would ridde us of our *lives*. In all these, though a man bee not *so Learned*, as to *teach* them to *others*; yet in *all* I would know *so much*, as might serve to direct me in mine *owne occasions*. 'Tis commendable to know any thing that may beare the title of *Good*: but for these so *pleasing Sciences*, I will rather study with some paines, then want experience in things so necessarie. Thus shall I fit my *minde* for *God*, my *body* to my *minde*, my *behaviour* to both, and my *friends*.

How

LXXXIII.

How the diſtempers of theſe times ſhould affect wiſe men.

THe diſtempers of theſe *times* would make a *wiſe man* both *merry* and *mad: merry*, to ſee how *Vice* flouriſhes but a while, and being at laſt fruſtrate of all her faire hopes, dyes in a dejected *ſcorne*; which meetes with nothing in the end, but *Beggery*, *Baſeneſſe*, and *Contempt*. To ſee how the *World* is miſtaken in *opinion*, to ſuppoſe thoſe beſt that are *wealthieſt*. To ſee how the *World* thinkes to appall the mind of *Nobleneſſe* with *Miſery*; while true *Reſolution* laughs at their poore *impotency*, and ſlights even the utmoſt ſpight of *tyranny*. To ſee how men buy *Offices* at high rates, which when they have, prove *ginnes* to catch their *Soules* in, and ſnare their *eſtates* and *reputations*. To ſee how fooliſhly men coozen themſelves of their *ſoules*, while they think they gaine, by their cunning defrauding another. To ſee how the *Proiectors* of the *World*, like the ſpoke of the *Wheele* of *Seſoſtris Chariot*, are tumbled up and downe, from *beggery*, to *Worſhip*; from *worſhip*, to *honour*; from *honour*, to *baſeneſſe* againe. To ſee what idle *Complements* are currant among ſome that affect the *Phantaſticke garbe*: as if *friendſhip* were nothing but an *Apiſh ſalute*, gloſſed over with nothing but the *varniſh* of a *ſmooth tongue*. To ſee a *ſtrutting Prodigall* over-looke a *Region*, with his *waving*

ving plume; as if he could as eaſily ſhake *that*, as his *Feather*; yet in private will creepe like a *crouching Spaniell*, to his baſe muddy *Proſtitute*. To ſee how *Pot-valour* thunders in a *Taverne*, and appoints a *Duell*, but goes away, and gives *money* to have the *quarrell* taken up under-hand. *Mad* on the other ſide, to ſee how *Vice* goes trapped with *rich furniture*, while poore *Vertue* hath nothing but a *bridle* and *ſaddle*, which onely ſerve to increaſe her *bondage*. To ſee *Machiavels Tenents* held as *Oracles*; *Honeſty* reputed *ſhallowneſſe*; *Iuſtice* bought and ſold, as if the *World* went about to diſprove *Zorobabel*, and would make him confeſſe, *money* to be ſtronger then *Truth*. To ſee how *flattery* creepes into *favour* with *Greatneſſe*, while *plaine dealing* is thought the enemy of *State* and *Honour*. To ſee how the *Papiſts* (for promotion of their owne Religion) invent *lyes*, and *print* them; that they may not onely coozen the *preſent age*, but gull *poſterity*, with *forged actions*. To ſee how well-meaning *ſimplicity* is *foot-ball'd*. To ſee how *Religion* is made a *Politicians vizor*; which having helpt him to his *purpoſe*, he caſts by, like *Sunday apparell*, not thought on all the *weeke* after. And, which would *mad* a man more then all, to *know* all this, yet not *know* how to helpe it. Theſe would almoſt diſtract a man in himſelfe. But ſince I find they are *incurable*; I'le often pray for theyr amendment in private; never *declaime*, but when I am call'd to't. He loſeth much of his comfort, that without a juſt *deputation*, thruſts himſelfe into *danger*. Let me have *that* once, and it ſhall never grieve me to dye in a *warrantable Warre*.

To

LXXXIV.

To revenge wrongs, what it savours of.

TO *revenge* a *wrong*, is both *easie* and *usuall*; yet as the *World* thinks, savours of some *nobleness*: But *Religion* sayes the contrary, and tels us, 'tis better to *neglect* it, then *requite* it. If any man shall *willingly* offer *me* an *injury*, he shall *know*, I can *see* it, but withall, he shall *see*, I *scorne* it: unlesse it be such, as the bearing is an offence. What need I doe that, which his owne *mind* will doe for mee? If he hath done ill, my *revenge* is within him: if not, I am too blame in seeking it. If *unwillingly* he wrongs me, I am as ready to *forgive*, as he to *submit*: for I know, a good *minde* will bee more *sorrowfull*, then I shall be *offended*: *With his owne hand he rebateth his honor, that kills a Prisoner humbly yeelding*: Who but a *Divell*, or a *Pope*, could trample on a prostrate *Emperour*?

LXXXV.

Who is most subiect to Censure.

I Observe none more lyable to the *Worlds* false censure, then the *upright nature*, that is *honest* and *free*. For many times, while he thinkes no *ill*, hee cares not though the *World* sees the worst of his

actions;

actions; supposing he shall not be iudged *worse* then he knowes himselfe: but the *World* being *bad* it selfe, guesses at *others* by his *owne*: so concludes *bad* of those that are not. Some have I knowne thus iniur'd, that out of a *minde* not acquainted with *ill*, have by a *free demeanour*, had infinite *scandals* cast upon them; when I know, the *ignorant* and *ill World* is much *mistaken*, and coniectures false. I will never *censure*, till I see *grounds* apparent: hee that *thinkes ill* without this, I dare pawne my *soule*, is either *bad*, or would be so, if *opportunitie* but serv'd him. In things uncertaine, a *bad construction* must needs flow from a *bad minde*: who could imagine *private vice* which they doe not see, by a *harmelesse carriage* which they doe see, unlesse either their owne *ill practice*, or *desires* had prompted them? *Vice* as it is the *Devils issue*, so in part it retaines his *qualities*; and *desiring* others bad, *beleeves* them so. But *Vertue* had a more *heavenly breeding*: she is warie, least shee censure rashly: and had rather *straine* to *save*, then *erre* to *condemne*. If my life be free from *villany*, and *base designes*, I know, the *good* will speake no *worse* then they see: as for those that are *lewd*, their *blacke tongues* can never spot the faire of *Vertue*: onely I could sometimes grieve, to see how they *wrong themselves* by *wronging others*.

Content

LXXXVI.

Content makes Rich.

EVery man either *is rich*, or *may bee so*; though not all in one and the same *wealth*. Some have *abundance*, and *reioyce in't*: some *a competencie*, and are *content*: some having *nothing*, have a minde desiring *nothing*. He that hath *most*, wants *something*: he that hath *least*, is in something *supplyed*; wherein the minde which maketh *rich*, may well possesse him with the thought of store. Who *whistles* out more *content*, then the low-fortun'd *Plow-man*, or *sings* more *merrily*, then the abiect *Cobler* that sits under the stall? *Content* dwels with those, that are out of the *eye* of the world, whome shee hath never *train'd* with *her gaudes*, *her toyles*, *her lures*. *Wealth* is like *Learning*, wherein our greater *knowledge* is onely a larger *sight* of our *wants*. *Desires* fulfilled, teach us to desire more: so *wee* that at first were pleased, by removing from that, are now growne *insatiable*. *Wishes* haue neither *End*: nor *end*. So in the midd'st of *affluency*, we complaine of *penury*: which not finding, we make. For to possesse the whole world with a grumbling *mind*, is but a little more specious *poverty*. If I be not outwardly *rich*, I will labour to bee *poore* in craving desires; but in the vertues of *the minde* (the best *riches*) I would not have a man exceed *mee*. Hee that hath a *minde* contentedly *good*, inioyeth in it boundlesse *possessions*.

ons. If I be pleas'd in my ſelfe, who can adde to my *happineſſe?* as no man lives ſo *happy*, but to ſome his *life* would be *burdenſome:* ſo wee ſhall finde none ſo *miſerable*, but wee ſhall heare of another, that would change *calamities.*

LXXXVII.

The Condition of things, which the world yeelds.

TO *have beene happy, is wretched*; to be *happy, momentany*; to may be *happy, doubtfull.* All that the world yeelds, is either uncertainely *good*, or certainely *ill.* Even his beſt *cordials*, have ſome bitter ingredients in *them*; leſt fooliſh *ſenſualitie* ſhould catch them with too greedy a *hand.* Wee ſhould ſurfeit with their *honey*, if there were not *gall* intermingled. The reaſon of defect I finde in the *obiect*, which being earthly, muſt be *brittle, fading, vaine, imperfect*: ſo though it may *pleaſe*, it cannot *ſatisfie. Earth* can give us but a taſte of *pleaſure*, not fill us. What ſhee affords, let mee lawfully uſe; truſt to, never. Hee onely that hath beene, is, and ſhall bee for ever, can make my *paſt happineſſe*, preſent; my *future*, certaine; and my *preſent* continue, if not as 'tis, *better*, and then *for ever.*

Good

LXXXVIII.

Good Name, how it is both the Beſt, and Brittleſt thing that is.

A *Good name* is among all *externals* both the *beſt* and moſt brittle *bleſsing*. If it be true, that *Difficilia quæ pulchra*, this is a faire *beatitude*. 'Tis the hardeſt both to *get*, and *keepe*: like a *glaſſe* of moſt curious workemanſhip, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not gained but by a continued habit of many *vertues*, is by one ſhort *vicious action*, loſt for ever. Nay. if it could onely vaniſh in this ſort it would then by many bee kept un-tainted: If it could not be loſt but upon *certainties*; If it were in our owne *keeping*; or if not in our owne, in the *hands* of the *wiſe* and *honeſt*; how poſſible were it to preſerve it *pure*? But alas! this is the *miſerie*, that it reſts upon *probabilities*, which as they are hard to *diſprove*, ſo they are ready to *perſwade*: That it is in the hands of *others*, not our *ſelves*: in the cuſtody not of the *diſcreet* and *good* onely, but alſo of *Fooles*, *Knaves*, *Villaines*: who though they cannot make us *worſe* to our *ſelves*; yet how vile may they render us to *others*? To *vindicate* it from the tongues of theſe, there is no *remedie*, but a conſtant *careſull diſcretion*. I muſt not only *be good*, but not *ſeeme ill*. *Appearance* alone, which in good is *too little*, in evill is *too much*. Hee is a wilfull *murtherer* of his owne *fame*, that willingly

ly appeares in the *ill action* he did not. 'Tis not enough to be *well-liv'd*, but *well-reported*. When we know *good fame a blessing*, we may easily in the contrary, discerne *a curse*: whereof we are justly seized, while we labour not to avoyd it. I will care as well to be *thought honest*, as to *be so*: my *friends* know me by the actions they *see*: *strangers* by the things they *heare*: the agreement of *both*, is the confirming of my *goodnesse*. The one is a good *complexion*, the other a good *countenance*: I deny not but they may be severall, but they are then most *gracefull*, when both are seated together. It had beene well spoken of *Cæsar*, if hee had not put her away, when after *tryall*, and the *crime cleered*, he sayd, Cæsars *Wife should not onely be free from sinne but from suspition*. An *ill name* may bee free from *dishonesty*, but not from some *folly*. Though *slanders* rise from *others*, wee *our selves* oft give the occasion. The *first* best way to a *good name*, is a *good life*: the *next*, is a *good behaviour*.

LXXXIX.

Earthly delights sweeter in Expectation then in Enioyment.

ALl *earthly delights* I finde sweeter in the *expectation*, then the *inioyment*: All *spirituall pleasures*, more in *fruition* then *expectation*. Those *carnall contentments* that here we joy in, the *Divell* shewes us through a *prospective glasse*; which makes them

seeme both greater, and neerer hand: when hee tooke *Christ* to the *Mountaine*, hee shewed him all the *Kingdomes* and the *glory* of them; but never mentions the *troubles*, *dangers*, *cares*, *feares*, *vigilancies*, which are as it were the *thornes* wherewith a *Crowne* is lined. Oh! what Monotaines of *ioy* doe we cast up, while we thinke on our earthly *Canaane*: whatsoever *temporall felicity* we apprehend, we cull out the *pleasures*, and overprize them; the *perils* and *molestations* we, either not see or not thinke of: like the foolish man, that at a deare rate buyes a *Monopoly*, wherein he counts the *gaines*, and overcasts them; but never weighes the *charges*, nor the *casualtie*, in making him liable both to the *hatefull curse* of the *People*, and the severe *censure* of a *Parliament*. Herein we are all *fooles*, that seeing these *Bladders*, we will blow them beyond their compasse. 'Tis *Satan's* craft to shew us the inticing *spots* of this *Panther* concealing the torvitie of her *countenance*. But when againe we looke at *heavenly things*, like a *cunning Iugler* he turnes the *glasse*; so detracts from those *faire proportions*, the chiefe of their *beauty* and *worth*; those, wee beleeve both *lesse*, and more *remote*; as if he would carry us in *Winter* to see the pleasures of a *Garden*. Thus the *heart* informed by *abused sences*, is content to saile as they *steere*; so either tombes her selfe in the bosome of the *Waves*; or cuts thorow the way to her *Enemies Country*; where she is quickly *taken*, *ransack't*, and *rifl'd all*. If this were not, how could wee be so heartlesse in pursuit of *Celestiall prizes*; or what could breed so soone a loathing of *that*, which most we have coveted,

veted, and ſweat to obtaine? If my minde grow enamoured on any *ſublunary happineſſe*, I will coole it with this *knowledge*: and withall tell her, ſhee is happier in apprehending the *taſte* without the *Lees*; then in drinking the *Wine*, that is yet unfined. That *felicity* which *experience* findes lame and halting, *Thought* and *ſuſpition* give a perfect ſhape. But if the motions of my *Soule* wheele toward any Divine *ſweet*, my ſtrongeſt arguments ſhall perſwade a *proceeding*. Heere *Imagination's* darke eye is too dimme, to fixe upon this *Sun*. When I come to it, I am ſure I ſhall finde it tranſcending my thoughts: Till then, my *Faith* ſhall be above my *Reaſon*, and perſwade me to more then I know. Though *fruition* excludes *faith*, yet *beliefe* makes bleſſed. So I will *believe*, what yet I cannot *enjoy*.

XC.

How the Minde or Deſire make Actions eyther *Tedious or Delightfull.*

EVery mans *actions*, are according to his minde, *tedious* or *delightfull*. For be it never ſo laborious and painefull, if the *minde* entertaines it with *delight*, the body gladly undergoes the *trouble*, and is ſo farre at the *mindes* ſervice, as not to complaine of the burthen. And though it bee never ſo full of *pleaſure*, that might ſmooth the *ſences*; yet if the *mind* diſtaſtes it, the *content* turnes to *vexation*, *toyle*. *Deſire* is a *Wind*, that againſt the *Tyde* can carry us

merrily; with it, make us *flye*. How pleasant would our *life* be, if we had not *crosse gales* to thwart us, *various Tides* to checke us? With these, how full of *distresse*? yet in them we often increase our *sorrowes*, by vainely striving against *unconquerable Fate*; when if wee could but perswade our *minde*, we might much ease both it and our *body*. That which is *bad*, though never so *pleasurable*, Ile strive to make my *mind* dislike; that my *body* also may be willing to forgoe that, which my *minde* hates. That which is *good*, and should be done, Ile learne to *affect* and *love*; howsoever my *body* refuse. As my *minde* is better then it, so my care shall be more to content it: but most to make it content with *goodnesse*; otherwise, I had better crosse it, then let it settle to *unlawfull solaces*. I preferre this *unquietnesse*, before the other *peace*. That which is *easie*, I'le easily doe; that which is not, my *mind* shall make so. My *life* as it is full enough of *travell*: why should I by my *minds loathing*, make it seeme more *difficult*?

XCI.

That we cannot know God as he is.

I Cannot *know God* as he is: If I could, I were *unhappy*, and he not *God*. For then must that *eternall Omnipotency* of his, be *finite* and *comprehensible*: else how could the fleet dimensions of the *minde* of *Man* containe it? I admire the definition of *Empedocles*,

pedocles, who ſaid, *God was a Spheare, whoſe Center was every where, and Circumference no where.* Though his full light be inacceſſible, yet from this *ignorance* ſprings all my *happineſſe*, and ſtrongeſt *comfort*. When I am ſo ingulfed in miſery, as I know no way to eſcape; God, that is ſo infinite above me, can ſend a *deliverance*, when I can neyther *ſee* nor *hope* it. Hee needs never deſpaire, that knowes hee hath a *Friend*, which at all aſſayes can helpe him.

XCII.

Of the Minde of man after the conqueſt of a ſtrong Temptation.

IF I were ſo puniſht as to live here perpetually, I would wiſh to have alwayes ſuch a *mind*, as I find after the conqueſt of a *ſtrong temptation*: then have I as much *happineſſe*, as can bee found in this lifes moveables. The tryall firſt bewrayes the danger, then the eſcape uſhers in ſucceeding joy: and all know, the *Sunne* appeares more luſtrous to a *priſoner* that comes out of a *Dungeon*, then to him that daily beholds his *brightneſſe* When is *Wine* ſo pleaſant as after a long *thirſt*? Beſides, the ſoule withdrawne from *God*, returnes in the end with comfort, and againe ſweetly clozeth with her *Maker*; whoſe goodneſſe ſhe knowes it is, to make her ſo victorious. Wee are never ſo glad of our *friends* company, as when he returnes after tedious abſence.

ſence. All the *pleaſures* that we have, reliſh better when we come from *miſeries*: Then, what a glory is it to a Noble ſpirit, to have *endur'd* and *conquer'd*: there being ſome ſweetneſſe in a *hard victory*, where we come off faire; then in the neglected pleaſures of a continuall *peace*. Thoſe *Fowles* taſte beſt, that we kill our ſelves *birding*: What *bread* eates ſo well, as that which we earne with *labour*? And indeed 'tis the way to make us perfect: for as he can never be a good *Souldier*, that hath not felt the toyle of a *Battell*: ſo he cannot be a ſound *Chriſtian*, that hath not felt *temptations Buffets*. Every fire refines this *gold*. If I did find none, I ſhould feare, I were *Vices* too much: or elſe that *God* ſaw me ſo weake, as I could not hold out the *encounter*: but ſeeing I doe, the pleaſantneſſe of the *Fruit* ſhall furniſh mee with *patience*, to abide the precedent *bitterneſſe*; This gone, I ſhall find it a felicity to ſay, *I have beene wretched.*

XCIII.

Of Nobility ioyned with Vertue, how Glorious.

Earth hath not any thing more glorious then *ancient Nobility*, when 'tis found with *vertue*, What barbarous minde will not reverence that *bloud*, which hath untainted run thorow ſo large a ſucceſſion of *generations*? Beſides, *vertue* addes a new *ſplendor*, which together with the *honour* of his

Houſe,

Houſe, challengeth a *reſpect* from all. But *bad Greatneſſe* is nothing but the *vigour of Vice*, having both minde and *meanes* to be uncontrollably *lewd*. A debauched ſonne of a *Noble Family*, is one of the *intollerable burthens* of the *Earth*, and as hatefull a thing as *Hell*: for all know, he hath made both *example* and *precept*, flowing in his *education*; both which are powerfull enough to obliterate a native illneſſe: yet theſe in him are but auxiliaries to his ſhame, that with the *brightneſſe* of his *Anceſtors*, make his owne *darkeneſſe* more *palpable*. *Vice* in the Sonne of an *Ancient Family*, is like a *clownish Actor* in a *ſtately Play*; he is not onely ridiculous in himſelfe, but diſgraces both the *Plot* and the *Poet*: whereas *vertue* in a man of obſcure Parents, is like an vnpolliſht *Diamond*, lying in the way among *pebbles*; which how ſoever it bee neglected of the *uncivill Vulgar*; yet the wiſe *Lapidarie* takes it vp, as a *Iewell* unvaluable; it being ſo much the more glorious, by how much the other were *baſer*. Hee that is *good* and *great*, I would ſell my life to *ſerve him* nobly: otherwiſe, being *good*. I love him better, whoſe *Father* expired a *Clowne*, then he that being *vicious*, is in a lineall deſcent from him, that was Knighted with *Tubal-Cains Fauchion*, which hee made before the *Flood*.

XCIIII.

Of Extreame Paſſion.

I Finde ſome men *extreamely paſſionate*: and theſe, as they are more taken with a *ioy*; ſo, they taſte a *diſaſter* more heavily. Others are free from being affected; and as they never *ioy* exceſſiuely, ſo they never *ſorrow* immoderately: but have together, *leſſe mirth*, and *leſſe mourning*: like patient *Gameſters*, winning, and loſing, are one. The *latter* I will moſt labour for. I ſhall not loſe more *contentment* in apprehending *ioyes*, then I ſhall *griefe* in finding *troubles*. For wee are more ſenſible of *paine* then *delight*; the one contracting the *ſpirits*, the other dilating them. Though it were not ſo, living heere, *vexations* are more ordinary; *Ioy* is a thing for hereafter. *Heaven* cannot be found upon *Earth* Many great *ioyes* are not ſo *pleaſant*, as one *torment* prooves *tedious*. The *Father* ſighes more at the *death* of one *Sonne*, then hee ſmiles at the *birth* of many.

XCV.

How knowledge of our ſelves, and the things wee intend, make us doe well.

IN weighty affaires, wee can never doe *well*, vnleſſe we know both *our ſelves*; and the thing wee intend. *Truth* falls into haz zard, when it findes either a *weake Defender*, or one that knowes not her *worth*. How can he guide a *buſineſſe*, that needeth a *guide* for himſelfe? Have wee not knowne many, taking their abilities at too high a pitch, ruſh vpon *matters* that have proov'd their overthrow? *Raſh preſumption* is a *Ladder* that will breake our neckes. If wee thinke *too well* of our ſelves, wee over-ſhoote the *marke*: If not *well enough*, we are ſhort of it. And though wee know *our ſelves*, yet if ignorant in the *thing*, wee expoſe our ſelves to the ſame *miſchiefe*. Who is ſo vnwiſe as to wade thorow the *River* he hath not ſounded, vnleſſe hee can either *ſwimme* well, or have *helpe* at hand? he that takes vpon him what hee cannot doe, rides a *Horſe* which hee cannot rule: he can neither *ſit* in ſafety, nor *alight* when hee would. Whatſoever I vndertake, I will firſt ſtudy *my ſelfe*, next, the *thing* that I goe about: being to ſeeke in the former, I cannot proceed well; vnderſtanding *that*, I ſhall know the other the better: if not the *particulars*, I may caſt it in the *generall*; ſomething vnſeene, wee muſt leave to a *ſudden diſcretion*, either to *vrder* or *avoyd*. 'Tis not for

for *man* to ſee the events, further then *nature*, and probabilities of *reaſon* leade him. Though wee know not what *will bee* 'tis good wee prepare for that which *may bee*: wee ſhall brooke a checke the eaſier, while we thought on't, though we did not expect it. But if knowing both aright, I finde my ſelfe unable to *performe* it: I will rather deſiſt from *beginnings*, then run upon *ſhame* in the *ſequell*. I had better keepe my *ſelfe* and *ſhip* at home, then carry her to *Sea*, and not know how to guide her.

XCVI.

What man would doe, if he ſhould alwaies proſper.

VVHat an *ellated Meteor* would *Man* grow to, did *proſperity* alwaies caſt ſweetning *dewes* in his *face*? Sure hee would once more with *Ovids Gyants*, fling *Mountaines* on heapes, to pull downe *God* from his Throne of *Maieſtie*; forgetting all *felicity*, but that *aiery happineſſe* he is blinded with. Nothing feeds *Pride* ſo much as a *proſperous abundance*. 'Tis a wonder to ſee a *Favorite* ſtudy for ought, but *additions to his greatneſſe*: If I could bee ſo uncharitable, as to wiſh an *enemies ſoule* loſt, this were the onely way: Let him live in the height of the *worlds blandiſhments*. For how can hee love a ſecond *Miſtreſſe*, that never ſaw but one *beauty*, and ſtill continues deepely *enamoured* on it? Every man hath his deſires intending to ſome peculiar thing: God

God ſhould be the end we ayme at; yet wee often ſee, nothing carries us ſo farre from him, as thoſe *favours* he hath imparted us: 'tis dangerous to be outwardly bleſſed. If *plenty* and *proſperity* were not hazzardous, what a ſhort cut ſhould ſome have to *Heaven*, over others? 'Tis the *miſery* of the *Poore*, to be neglected of *men*: 'tis the *miſerie* of the *Rich*, to neglect their *God*. 'Tis no ſmall abatement to the bitterneſſe of *adverſities*, that they teach us the way to *Heaven*. Though I would not *inhabit Hell*, if I could, I would ſometimes ſee it; not out of an itching deſire to behold *wonders*; but by viewing ſuch horrors, I might value *Heaven* more dearely. Hee that hath experienc'd the *Seas* tumultuous perils, will ever after commend the *Lands* ſecurity. Let me ſwimme a river of *boyling Brimſtone*, to live eternally *happy*; rather then dwell in a *Paradiſe*, to be damn'd after death.

XCVII.

Pride and Crueltie, makes any more odious, then any ſinne beſides.

EVery *Vice* makes the Owner *odious*, but *Pride* and *Cruelty*, more then any beſide. *Pride* hath no friend: his thoughts ſet his *worth* above *himſelfe*, all others under it. Hee thinkes nothing ſo diſgracefull as want of *reverence* and *familiarity*. There is a kinde of *diſdaining ſcorne* writ in his brow, and geſture; wherein all may reade, *I am too good for thy*

thy company. So'tis juſt *all* ſhould deſpiſe him, becauſe he contemneth *all*. Hee that hath firſt *over-prized* himſelfe, ſhall after bee *vnder-valued* by *others*; which his arrogancy thinking unjuſt, ſhall ſwell him to *anger*, ſo make him *more hatefull*. *Pride* is ever diſcontentive: It both occaſions more then any, and makes more then it doth occaſion. As *Humility* is the way to get *love* and *quietneſſe*: ſo is *Pride* the cauſe of *Hatred* and *Warre*. Hee hath angred others, and others will vexe him. No man ſhall heare more *ill* of himſelfe, then hee that thinkes he deſerves moſt *good*. It was a juſt *quip* of that wiſe King to that proud *Phyſician*, who writing thus, *Menecrates Iupiter, Regi Ageſilao ſalutem*, was anſwered thus, *Rex Ageſilaus, Menecrati ſanitatem*: indeed he might well wiſh his wits to him, that was ſo unwiſe as to thinke himſelfe *God*. *Ariſtotle*, when hee ſaw a *Youth* proudly ſurveying himſelfe, did juſtly *wiſh to be as he thought himſelfe; but to have his enemies ſuch as he was*. I dare boldly ſay, *Never proud perſon was well-beloved*. For as nothing unites more then a reciprocall exchange of affection: ſo there is nothing hinders the knot of friendſhip more, then apparent neglect of courteſies. *Cruelty* is a *Curre* of the ſame Litter. 'Tis *Natures* good care of her ſelfe, that warnes us from the Den of this *Monſter*. Who will ever converſe with him, that hee hath ſeene devoure another before him? A *Tyrant* may *rule*, while he hath power to *compell*; but when he hath loſt that, the *hatred* he hath got, ſhall ſlay him. Who wonders to heare yong *Cato* aske his Schoolemaſter how *Silla* liv'd

ſo

ſo long, when he was ſo hated for his cruelty? It was a divelliſh ſpeech that *Caligula* borrowed of the Poet, *Oderint dum metuant:* I am content if they feare me, that they ſhould hate mee. And ſure if any man tooke the courſe for't, hee did whē he bade his executioners *ſo ſtrike, as they might feele that they were a dying.* Hee that makes *Cruelty* his delight, ſhall bee ſure to have *Hate* his beſt recompence. *Deteſtation* waites upon *vnmerciſulneſſe.* Who would not helpe to kill the *Beaſt*, that ſuckes the blood of the *Fold?* What hath made ſome Nations ſo odious as thoſe two, *Pride*, and *Cruelty?* The proud *will have* no friend: and the cruell man *ſhall have* none. Who are more miſerable then they that want *company?* I *pitty* their eſtate but *love* it not. Were I *Lord* of the whole *Globe*, and muſt live alone, I had unhappineſſe enough to make my *commands* my *trouble.* The one turn'd *Angels* out of *Heaven*; the other *Monarks* from their *Thrones*: both I am ſure, are able to turne us to *Hell*: it is better being a Beaſt, then dying a Man, with eyther unpardoned.

XCVIII.

Whether Likeneſſe be the cauſe of Love, or Love the cauſe of Likeneſſe.

I Know not whether is more true, that *Likeneſſe is the cauſe of Love*, or *Love the cauſe of Likeneſſe.* In agreeing diſpoſitions, the firſt is certaine: in thoſe that

that are not, the latter is evident. The first is the *easier love*; the other the more *worthy*. The one hath a *lure* to draw it; the other without respect, is *voluntary*. Men love us for the similitude we have with themselves; *God* meerely from his goodnesse, when yet we are contrary to him. Since hee hath *lov'd* me, when I was not *like* him, I will strive to bee *like* him, because he hath loved me. I would be *like* him being my *friend*, that *lov'd* me, when I was his *enemy*. Then only is *love* powerfull, when it frames us to the will of the *Loved*. *Lord*, though I cannot *serve* thee as I ought, let me *love* thee as I ought. Grant this, and I know I shall serve thee the better.

XCIX.

Love and feare doe easily draw us to Belief.

WHat we eyther *desire*, or *feare*, we are easily drawne to beleeve. Tell the *Prodigall* his *Kinsman's* dead, should leave him an estate to swagger with, hee'll quickly give credit to't. The *Mother* of a *sicke Infant*, if shee but heares *death* whisper'd, she is confident her *childe* is gone: eyther of them transport the mind beyond her selfe, and leave her open to *inconveniences*. How many have shortened their dayes, by sudden false *apprehensions*, that have beene help'd forward by one of these two, or else so discovered their mindes, as they have made way for themselves, to bee wrought

wrought vpon by *flattery*, by *ſeducement*? In the one, *Nature* is covetous for her owne *good*; ſo dilates her ſelfe, and as it were ſtretcheth out the *armes* of her *ſoule*, to imbrace that, which ſhe hath an opinion may pleaſure her: and this is in all ſenſitive creatures though I know, the deſire of only *rationall* and *intilligible things* is peculiar to *Man*: who by vertue of his *intellectual ſoule*, is made deſirous of things *incorporeall* and *immortall*. Thus hee that would be well ſpoken of, beleeves him, that falſly tels him ſo. In the other, *Nature* is provident for her owne *ſafety*: ſo all the *ſpirits* ſhrinke in, to guard the *heart*, as the moſt *noble part*: whereby the exteriour parts, being left without *moyſture*, the *haire* is ſometimes ſuddenly turned *gray* the *heart* thus contracted, and wrought upon by it ſelfe; more eaſily then admits any thing, that is brought her by the *outward ſences*. Thus if the *miſerable man* heares a *fire* hath beene in the *Towne* wherein his *houſe* is, hee cryes *Vndone*, though his owne were never in danger. In either of theſe, how might *perſwaſion* worke and *betray* vs? What *Nature* hath infuſed, I cannot *caſt out*; *correct* I may. If I muſt *deſire* and *feare*, I will doe it ſo moderately, as my *iudgement* and *reaſon* may be ſtill cleere, If unawares I be overtaken, I will yet bee carefull to conceale my ſelfe: ſo, though my owne *paſſions* bee over-ſtrong, others ſhall not ſee them to take mee at advantages. As many have been ſpoyled by being ſoothed in their plauſible *deſires*: ſo have many beene abuſed, by being malleated, in their troubleſome feare.

Though

C.

Though Reſolutions change, yet Vowes ſhould know no Variety.

Reſolutions may often *change*; ſometimes for the *better*; and the laſt ever ſtands firmeſt. But *vowes* well made, ſhould know no variance: For the firſt ſhould bee ſure without *alteration*. Hee that violates their *performance*, fayles in his dutie, and every breach is a wound to the *Soule*. I will *reſolve* oft, before I *vow* once; never *reſolve* to *vow*, but what I may *keepe*; never *vow*, but what I both *can* and will *keepe*.

28 MR 59

FINIS.

DEO

Authoris Votum.

OH Thou euery-where, *and* good of All! *whatsoever I doe, remember, I beseech* thee, *that I am but* Dust: *but as a* Vapour *sprung from* Earth, *which even thy smallest* Breath *can scatter. Thou hast given mee a* Soule, *and* Lawes *to governe it. Let that* Eternall Rule, *which thou didst first appoint to sway* Man, *order mee. Make me carefull to poynt at thy* Glory *in all my waies; and where I cannot rightly* know Thee, *let me rightly* admire Thee: *that not onely my* understanding, *but by* ignorance, *may* honour Thee. *Thou art* All *that can be* perfect: *besides* Thee, *nothing* is. *Oh, streame thy* selfe *into my* soule, *and flow it with thy* Grace, *thy* Illumination. *Make mee to depend on* Thee. *Thou delightest, that* Man *should account* Thee *as his* Royall Protector: *and cast himselfe, as an* Honourer *of* Thee *at thy feet. O establish my* Confidence *in* Thee: *for thou art the* Fountaine *of all* Bounty, *and canst not but bee* mercifull. *Nor canst thou deceive the humbled* Soule *that trusts* Thee. *And because I cannot bee defended by* thee, *unlesse I live after thy* Lawes; *Keepe me, O my* Soules Soveraigne! *in the* obedience

of thy will: *and that I wound not my* conſcience, *with the killing ſoiles of* Vice: *for this, I know, will deſtroy me within, and make thy cheering* Spirit *leave mee. I know, I have already infinitely ſwerved from the Tendings of that* Divine Guide, *which thou haſt planted in* the *minde of* Man. *And for this I am a ſad Proſtrate, and a* Penitent *at the foot of thy* Throne. *I appeale onely to the abundance of thy* Remiſſions, *and the wayes thou haſt appointed for the buoying up of* drowned Man. *O my God, my God, I know it is a* Myſterie *beyond the vaſt* Soules *apprehenſion; and therefore deepe enough for* Man *to reſt in ſafety in. O thou* Beeing of all Beings! *cauſe me to rowle my ſelfe to* thee, *and into the receiving armes of thy* Paternall Mercies, *throw my ſelfe. For* outward things, *I beleeve thou wilt not ſee mee* want: *they are but the* Adiectamenta *of thy richer* Graces: *& if it were not for my* Sinnes, *it would be ſome diſtruſt to begge them. The* Mines *and* deprivation, *are both in thy hands. I eare not what* Eſtate *thou giveſt mee, ſo thou* ray *thy ſelfe into my* Soule, *and giveſt mee but a* heart to pleaſe thee. *I beg no more, then may keepe me* uncontemnedly, *and* unpittiedly-honeſt. *Save me from the* Devill, Luſts, *and* Men: *and for thoſe fond dotages of* Mortality, *which would weigh down my* Soule, *to Lowneſſe, and* Debaughment, *Let it be my* Glory (*planting my ſelfe in a Noble* height *above them*) *to* contemne *them. Take* me *from my* ſelfe, *and* fill *mee, but with* thee. *Summe up thy* bleſſings *in theſe two, that I may bee rightly* good *and* wiſe. *And theſe for thy eternall* Truths *ſake grant, and make mee* gratefull.

A full Alphabeticall Table, by R. L.

containing the chiefe Heads of these

Centuries of Reſolves.

A

ABſent-Good: *Of our ſenſe of it.* 77
Acception of Perſons: *Not to* Accept Perſons *in regard of good* Counſell. 110.
Action: *That is it that keepes the Soule both* ſweete *and* ſound. 151. *it is the* Fattening food *of the Soule. ibid.*
Admiration: *Of the Worſhip of* Admiration. 42. *How things* Admirable *on* earth *ſhould carry the* Soule *to* Heaven. *ibid. that* Contemplative Admiration, *is a large part of the Worſhip of the* Deitie. 44
Adverſity: Friendſhip *in't prettily diſcovered.* 29. 30.
Affections: *of the temper of* Affections. 190
Ages: *the foure* Ages. 393. 3
All: *That no man can be good to* All. 80. 168
Ambition: *What it will practiſe rather then let* Port *decline.* 167
Anger: *That we muſt beware of making either an* Angry *man or a* Drunkard *to bee our* Friend. 362
Apparell: *A good rule in wearing it.* 395
Application: *That* Miſapplication, *makes Paſſion ill.* 141
Arrogancy: 17. *It is never in a* Noble nature. *ibid.*
Aſſimilation: 209. *How everything labours for a* Like. *ibid.* 210. *It is* Aſſimulation, *that makes the* True Love-knot *of* friendſhip. 211
Authors: *A rule of Reading them.* 354

Ayre: *Of* God *and* Good Ayre. 306. *an advice given to consider the* Ayre. *ibid.* & 307.

B

Babling, *Compared to a Crane.* 333. *It is the* Fistula *of the mind.* 291. *Of* Silence *and* Babling. 333

Beauty: *Fooles greatly esteem of outward* Beauty. 418

Beeing: *Of* Beeing, *and* Seeming *to be.* 420

Benefits: *vid.* Courtesies. 199 *That great* Benefits *cause* Ingratitude. 227. *Nothing so enslaves good natures, as a free* Benefit. 199. *A Crowne is safer kept by* Benefits *then by* Armes. 200. Benefits *that are* good *in* themselves, *are made* ill *by their being* misplaced. 229.

Bookes: *Of* Idle Books. 323 A *Rule of* Reading Bookes 354. Three books *in which* God *may easily bee found.* 407

Bounty: 167. *It cannot extend to* All *abundantly.* 168 *Of an inconsiderate* Bounty. *ibid.* Bounties *best obiect.* 169

C

Censure. 136. *Of it, and* Calumnie. 415. Malice *and* Baseneſſe, *ever dwell with it.* 417. Censurers *seeming* Wise, *are the veriest* Fooles. 136. *Two things to bee examined before wee* Censure. 137. *Who is most subject to* Censure. 428. *He that steeres by the gale of* Censure, *is ever in danger of* Wracke. 6. *How* Philoxenus *served a company of* Masons, *that* Censured *his* Poverty. 215

Change: *No estate exempted from* Mutability. 145 Change *is the great* Lord *of the World. ibidem. In all* Changes *to regard three things.* 171

Charity, 266. *Without it,* Mā *is no better then a* Beast. *ibid. It is That onely that gives life to other vertues.* 267. Charity *a* Debt, *and not a* Courtesie. 269

Chastity: *That the best* Chastity, *is* Matrimoniall Chastity. 263. *vide* Marriage.

Christian: *Compared to the* Moone *in a threefold condition.* 396. *His Constancie*

cie compared to a Needle in *a* Dial. 359. *His life nothing but a viciſſitude of* Sin *and* Sorrow, 361. *His voyage to Heaven, is a ſentence of three ſtops*, 421. *Three things that a* Chriſtian *ſhould ſpecially know.* 417.
Choller: *Of it &* Pride. 225
Pride *and* Choller *compared to the* Fox *at* Full, 225
Choller *admits no* counſell *that croſſes him*, 226. Pride *and* Choller *compared to a* Burning houſe. 226. 227
Commendations: *Of being* Proud, *by being* Commended. 353
Company: *Of it and* Solitarineſſe, 385. *That a wiſe man may gaine by* Any company. 33. *Of* Ill company; *the gaine by it*, 34 35. 176. *A rule for it: the vſe both of* good *and* bad Company, 36. *No enemy like ill* Company, 176. *'Tis like a* new trimmed ſhip, 176. *The cõplaints made of it in the end of our life. ib.*
Company: *Ill* Company *is every mans* Dalilah, 177. *Every part of man is endangered by* Ill Company, *ib.* *'Tis wiſedome rather to have* no Companion *then* a bad one, 178. *The choice of our* Company, *is one of the weighteſt actions of our lives.* 210. 211.
Compellation: *The bitternes of* Reprehenſion *is* ſweetned *with the pleaſingneſſe of* compellations. 21
Compulſion: *againſt it.* 160 *vide* Importunity. *They work with a wrong* Engine, *that ſeeke to gaine their ends by* conſtraint. 161
Conceit: Miſconceit *hath ruined many a man.* 96
Conſcience: *A example of a guilty* Conſcience. 87
Conſideration; *Three things encounter it, and Three Remedies for it.* 424
Conſtancy: *The* Conſtancy *of a Chriſtian compared to a* Needle *in a* Diall, 359
Contemplatiõ: *Nothing can carry vs ſo neere* Heaven *and* God *as it*, 44. *So that it be joyned with* Action. *ibid.*
Content, 309. *That there is no abſolute* content *here below.* 311. *It makes* Rich. 430
Covetouſneſſe: *A* covetous *man can be a friend to none.* 409.
A baſe ſlave. 361
Counſell: *That good* counſell

ſhould not bee valued by the perſon that gives it. 110
Courteſies: 199. *vid. Benefit How* Courteſie *conquers.* 161. *Nothing ſo inſlaves a gratefull nature as* Courteſies. 199
Court: *A* Plaine Heart *in* Court, *is but growne a better word for a* Foole. 134 135
Cowardize: 371. *Of it and* Feare. 218. *vide* Feare, *Whether a* Coward *may be good for ought.* 219. *A* Coward eclipſeth *Gods* Sufficiencie. 220. Cleomenes *uncharitableneſſe towards a* Coward. 220
Craft: *That ſin is more* Crafty *then* Violent. 116
Credit: *vide* Reputation.
Crowne: *It is ſafer kept by* Benefits *then by* Armes. 200
Curioſitie: *Of* Curioſity *in* knowledge. 91. *How it fils the World with* Brawles. 92
Cuſtome: *Of the difference of* Cuſtome *in ſin and the* Firſt Act. 67. *Of* Cuſtome *in advancing* Money. 113.

D

Death: *of Mans unwillingnes to* Dye, 37. *Two ſorts of mens differing much in their conceits of* Death. 39. *That it might not ſeeme* terrible, *we ſhould daily expect it*, 330. *It is the* beginning *of a godly mans* Ioy, 342. *Man is never quieted till he hath conquered the* feare *of* Death, 40. *The* feare of death *kils us often. ibid. It argues an evill man. ibid. Of whom* Death *is eaſily welcomed*, 41. *Of* praiſe, *or* diſpraiſe *after* Death, *what how little availeable*, 45. *Of* Death. 147. *No ſpectacle more profitable, more terrible, ibid.* 148. Scaligers *definition of* Death, 149. *A fine and full Deſcription of* Death. 149. 150
Deceit: *It is* Diſſimulations dreſſe. 134
Delight: *Earthly* delight *may be ſweeter in* Expectation *then in* Enjoyment, 433. *How the* minde *and* Deſire *make* actions *either* tedious *or* delightfull. 432
Denials: *Of them and* Petitions. 59

Derision: *It makes the* Peasant *brave the* Prince. 208
Desire: *How it makes actions either more or lesse* tedious *or* delightsome. 435
Detraction: 137. *It can endure nothing but* Selfe-excellency, *ibid. A detractors stab.* 158. *Whence bred, ibid. A* Detractor *where he findes not faults, he deviseth some, ibid. The* Detractor *wounds three at once.* 160
Differ: *Of the causes that make men* differ. 296
Diligence: *See* Industry. *It hath a kinde of* good Angel *waiting on her.* 152
Discontent 118
Discourse: *Of* tedious discourse, 290. *In* discourse *'tis better to speake* Reason *then* Authors. 140
Discretion *is the key of the minde,* 139. *See* Nans Lord-Keeper. 192
Disgrace: *The desire of* disgracing *another man, cannot spring from a good roote* 417
Dissimulation: 133. *Whether it be in it selfe, a* Vice *or no, ibid.* Deceit, *is* Dissimulation *sildome, 134. And dispute about it, 134. The best way to avoyde it.* 136
Divination: 300. *It is a* God-*like quality,* 301. *One evill in it. ibid.*
Divinity: *It crosseth not nature, so much as it* exceedeth *it.*
Dreames: 163. *They are a notable meanes to discover our owne* inclinations, *Ib. A man may bee collected what hee is, by telling his* Dreames, *ibidem. Every* Dreame *is not to bee counted of, nor to be laught away,* 164. *It is good to give* Dreames *our* consideration, *but not our* trust. 165 *to observe* Dreames, *what may be the benefit of* 166
Drunkards *and* Drunkennes: *We must be ware of trusting a* Drunkard *to bee our friend,* 362. *A* Drunkard *purely painted,* 219. *Hee is sure to* drunke *himselfe, that so prophanes* Reason, *as to urge it to a* drunken *man.* 120 *A notable good Tricke of a* Dutch Drunkard. 228
Drunkennesse *is the betrayer of the minde, and destroyes apparell the Soule,* 238. *It robs us of* Reason, *Ibidem.* Drunkennesse *doth* Anatomize

tomize *the Soule, ibidem.* Drunkennes *beastiates the braveſt ſpirits,* 259. *What a* Monſter *Man is in his* Inebriations, *ibid. A wonder to ſee a* Drunkard *not ruinated.* 260

E

Education: *Of its force,* 298
Elect: *Of Gifts proper to the* Elect *onely.* 390
Encreaſe: *'Tis beſt increaſing by* Little at Once, 303, 304
End: *Of good and bad End,* 331
Enemy: *When a* Friend *or* Enemy *is moſt dangerous,* 7. *An* Enemy *is a perpetuall ſpie, &c.* 74. *He is further deſcribed,* 74. 75. *Of a* reconciled Enemy, 74. Enemies *like Miners,* 76 *The good uſe of an* Enemie, 395
Envie: *Is a* Squint-ey'd Foole, 400
Evill: *Of the* Evill *of Man, from himſelfe and Occaſion,* 64. *Of doing* Good *with* Labour, *&* Evill *with* Pleaſure. 342
Exceſſes: *They have for the moſt part ill Concluſions,* 167

F

Fall: *That all things have a like* Progreſſion *&* Fall, 154. *That Religion ſuffers in a* Seeming. Good mans Fall. 386
Falling: *Of* Libelling *againſt them that are* Fallen, 292
Fame: 45. *Of mens deſire of* Fame after death. *ibid.* 47. Fame *never dyes,* 48 *A reaſon of* Fames *eager purſuite among the Heathen, ibid. Vertue had a kind of* Miſerie, *if* Fame *onely were all the Garland that did Crowne her. ibid.*
Familie: *It is like a* Plume *of* Feathers, 17
Fate: 242
Favorite: *Of being the* Worlds Favorite *without Grace,* 334. Favorites *are* Princes Skreenes, 354
Faith: *Of it without* workes *and of* Workes *without it,* 248 *That no* Friendſhip *is like to that of* Faith, 347
Feare: *Of it and* Cowardize, 218. *The* Coward *meetes with more dangers then the* Valiant man, *ibid.* Feare *fruſtrates a ſufficient defence,*

fence, 220. *No Armour can defend a* fearful heart, *ibid.*
Flatterie: *It is a falſe Glaſſe both to* Vertue *and* Vice, 346. *How it falls into favour with* Greatneſſe, 427
Fooles: *Their eſteeme of* Outward Beauty, 418. *A plain heart in* Court *is but growne a better word for a* Foole, 135
Forgetfulnes: *Of it and* Memory, 337
Fortune: *vide* Fate. 242
Fraud: *It is threefold*, 135.
Friend: *when a* Friend *and an* Enemy *is moſt dangerous*, 7. *In chuſing of a* Friend, *we muſt take heed of an* Angry man *and a* Drunkard, 362. *Of purchaſing* Friends *with large* Gifts, 376. *That all* Secrets *ſhould not be revealed to the* faithfulleſt Friend, 365. *A* Covetous Man *can be a* Friend *to* None, 406. *Next to* God, *the* Good man *is the onely* Friend, 413. *How to make* God our Friend: 32. *He that is but a* baſe Foe, *will hardly be but a* falſe friend, 76.
Friendſhip: *None like that of* Faith, 339. *A triall of true* Friendſhip, 29. *That* Friendſhip *and* Policy *are ſcarce compatible*, 255. *Concealed grudges are the Gangrene of* Friendſhip, 379. *Our Common* Friendſhip *in theſe times deſcribed.* 426. *The beſt* Friendſhip *is betweene different* Fortunes, 212. *Of having* friendſhip *with him that hath not* vertue, 347. *A Practice, with a rule of* Friendſhip. 373

G

Gaine: Ill-gotten Gaine *far worſe then* Loſſes *with* Preſerved Honeſty. 88
Gifts: *Of purchaſing* Friends *with large* Gifts, 376. *Of* Gods Gifts *that are common to* All, *and particular to the* Elect *only*, 390. Gifts *the greateſt vſury*, 201
God: *Of* Him, *and the* Ayre, 306. God *not to be defined*, 288. *Three Books in which* He *may be eaſily found*, 407. *That we cannot know him as he is*, 436
Good: *and* Goodneſſe. *Its* Maieſty, 463. *Of our ſenſe of* abſent Good. 77. 78. 79

That no man can bee Good to All, 80. *That no man ought to be* Excessive good 83. Good *is* Generative, 84. Communicative, 85. *Next* God *the* good man *is the onely* Friend, 413
Gospell: *The* Law & Gospell *how given,* 141
Government: *That we are* Governed *by a power that is from* Above us, 185 *How to establish a troubled* Government, 341. Government *and* Obedience, *the two causes of* Prosperity, 387
Grace: *Of being the* Worlds Favorite *without* Grace, 343. Grace *only can make a man* happy, 344
Grudge: *Concealed* Grudges *are the* Gangrene *of true* Friendship, 379
Guile: *It is threefold,* 135

H

Happinesse: *That no mans* Happines *is* perfect, 131 *Better never to have beene* Happy, *then afterward to be drowned in* Calamities, 187. 188. *Examples, ibid.* & 189.
Hard-Heartednes, *That the* Hard-hearted *man hath* Misery *almost in* Perfection, 414
Heart: *Mans owne* Heart *is the greatest* Traytor, 203
Hearer: *The danger of a* fruitlesse Hearer. 389
Heaven: *How to make the* Earth *a step towards* Heaven, 42
Honest: *It is now a* Vice *to be* Honest, 179
Honor: *A twofold way to* Honor. 369. *Of affecting an high state of* Honour, 370 380. Honour *compared to a* Noble Virgin, 13. 14. *Of* Fooles *and* Clowns *lifted up to* Honour, 14. *How to make* Honour *lasting.* 235
Hope: 249. *The miserable mans* God, *ibid. The presumptuous mans* divell. *ibi. Both a* Flatterer & *a* True Friend, 250
Humanity: *That and* Misery *are* Paralels, 345
Humble: *Of* Humility, 324 *The* Humble man *is the* Best peace-Maker. Magnanimity & Humility *are Concomitants. An* Humble *man compared of all trees to the* Vine, 14
Hypocrisie: *Of* Beeing *and* Seeming to be. 420

I

Idlenes: *Of it*, 150. *An* Idle man *is a* Barren *piece of* Earth, *ibidem*. *How all the Creatures are kept out of* Idleneſſe, *ibid.* 151. *The Idle man what like*, 151. *By* Idlenes *men learne to doe* Ill, *ibidem*. *The root of all Vice*, 152. *Of idle Bookes*, 323

Iealouſie: *Of it*, 383. *It is the worſt of* Madneſſe, 241. *It is like a* Sinne *that we ſet to catch* Serpents. *ibid.*

Ieſts: *Of* Truth *and* Bitterneſſe *in* Ieſts, 124. *Nothing dents deeper into a generous minde then* Ieſts in Scorne. 126

Ignorant: *Of the Miſerie of being* Old *and* Ignorant, 368

Imperfection: *Of* Mans Imperfection, 88. *Notably delineated in many particulars.* 89

Imperiouſnes: *what it turnes to*, 18

Importunity: *Too much* Importunity *teaches a man to deny.* 160

Inconſtancy: *Of Mans* Inconſtancy, 169. 170.

Induſtry: *It is never vnfruitfull*, 152

Infidelity: *What it cauſes*, 31

Ingratitude: *That great Benefits cauſe it*, 227

Iniuries: *vide Wrongs*: *Better to* Suffer *then to* Offer Iniuries, 387

Innocency: *It hath more of* God *in it, then any other* Quality, 206

Inſultation: 207. *'Tis not ſafe to* Inſult *over any, no not the meaneſt.* 207. *What a laſh* Inſultation *is to the* Soule, 208. *examples, ibid.*

Integrity: *how to be reſpected*, 397

Ioy: *Of* Miſery *after* Ioy, 187 *Death is the beginning of a* Godly mans Ioy 342. *A good mans* Ioy, *amidſt his* Sorrowes. 399

K

Knowledge: *Of curioſity in it* 91. *The three things which a mã ſhould ſpecially* know 417. *How the knowledge of our* ſelues, *and the things we* intend, *make vs to* doe well. 441

Knowledge *is the* Treaſure *of the* minde, *but* diſcretion *is the* key, 139

L

Law: *Gods* Law *our* Looking-glaſſe. 402

Learning: *It without* grace, *is but a* miſchiefe, 418. Learning *compared to a* River. 91

Libelling: *Of* Libelling *againſt them that are fallen.* 402

Liberty: *Oft and* reſtraint, 393. *It makes* Licentiouſneſſe. 364

Life: *Of its* vncertainty, 108 *How hee muſt* live, *that* lives *well*, 313. *A Chriſtian mans life nothing elſe but a viciſſitude of* ſinne *and* ſorrow, 361. *The vanity and ſhortneſſe of mans* life, 392. *Of the foure ages in it.* 393 *Two things that ought to be reſpected of vs whileſt wee* live, 397. *The true cauſe of a* wicked mans ſhort life, 403. 404. *Hee that thinks of* Lifes *caſualties, cannei-ther be* careleſſe, *nor* covetous. 109

Likeneſſe: *It is* likeneſſe *that makes the* True-loves knot *of* Friendſhip, 211. *vide.* Aſſimilatiõ, *whether* likeneſſe *bee the cauſe of* love, *or* love *the cauſe of* likeneſſe. 445

Little: *Tis beſt increaſing by* little *at once.* 303

Logicke: *Of it*, 172. *Tis Reaſon drawne into too fine a thred. ibid. Its pure Art is* Excellency. 173

Longing: *Extreme* longing *ſeldome ſeene to ſucceed well.* 332

Loſſes: *Of the* loſſe *of things* loved, 104. *In them what to looke to*, 340. *Of the lamenting of the* loſſe *of trifles.* 372

Love: *That*, That love *is moſt to be prized, whoſe onely motiue is* goodneſſe, 418. *Whether* love *bee the cauſe of* likeneſſe, *or* likeneſſe *of* love, 445. *That* love *and* feare *doe eaſily draw vs to* belief, 446. *Enduring* love *is ever built on* vertue. 7

Lying: *Of it and* untruthes, 328. *How* Plato *held a* Lye *lawfull*, 135. Lyes *of three ſorts. ibid.*

M

Man: *Of* Mans imperfection, 88. *Of the evill of* Man *from* himſelfe, *and* occaſion, 64. *Of his imperfection*, 88, *Of* Man *over-valued*, 93. *Of his inconſtancy of*

of himselfe. 202. *That a* Man *is neither* happy *nor* miserable, *but by* comparison. 22. Man *compared to a Vast* Sea. 190. *When best,* 191. *Of* Mans self, 201 *Tis the inside of* Man *that does undoe him.* 202. Mans *own heart the greatest Traytor,* 203. Man *is meerely the* Ball *of* Time. 244

Marriage: *Of* it, *and* Single life, 262. *It perfects* Creation, *ibid.* *That* Matrimoniall chastity *is the* best, 263. *The Reasons why it should bee kept inviolable, ibid. What sorts agree best in this estate, ibid. What* Poverty *and* Riches *doe in* Marriage, 264. *The comparison of* Marriage *&* Single life. 265

Meanes: *Of use of it,* 367. *A pretty story of it.* 286

Memory: *Of it and* Forgetfulnesse. 337

Mercy: *It in a* Martiall man, *how shining a* vertue, 142. *Hee shall conquer both in* Peace *and* Warre, *ibidem.*

Minde: *How the* Mind *makes* Actions *either tedious or delightsome,* 435. *Of the* Minde *of* Man *after the Conquest of a strong* Temptation. 437

Minister: *Of a* Scandalous Minister, 284. 285. *See this fully amplified.* 286

Money: *Of Custome in advancing* Money, 113. Money *is a generall mean.* 114

Modesty, 237. *Its both a* vice *and* vertue, *ibid.* 238. *An excellent curbe to keepe us from straying, ibid.* Modesty *in Women what like.* 239

Misery: *Of* Care *in it,* 164. *Of* Miserie *after* Joy, 187 *It is like a sudden dampe,* 188. *Three things aggravate it.* 329. Humanity *and* Misery *are Parallel:* 345

Moderation, 234. *It makes* Greatnesse *lasting, ibidem* 235. *A pretty example of* Moderation. 236

Moone: *A Christian man compared to it in a three-fold condition.* 356

Musick, 273. *More for* pleasure *then for* profit *of man* 273. *Its description,* 273. *Which is the best, ibid.* *The curiosity of it fitter for* women *then for* Men, 274 Musicke *is both good and bad, according to the End whereto it tends,* 275 *The strange uses and effects of it. ibid.*

N

Name: *Of a* good Name. 346. *It is the* best *and* brittlest *thing that is.* 432

Nature: *That* Divinity *doth not so* crosse Nature *as it* exceeds *it,* 287. *how commended of* Natures *recompencing wrongs,* 121. Nature, *whether a* Mother *or a* Stepdame. 194

Neglect: *The great evill that it brings both to* Body *and* Soule. 384

Nobility: *When it is so ioyned with* vertue, *how* glorious *it is.* 438

O

Occasion: *Of the evill of man from* Occasion, 64. *Sudden* occasion *of sinne is dangerous,* 411. Occasion *and* Nature *are like two inordinate* Lovers. 203

Old: *The misery of being* old *and ignorant.* 368

Once: *Sinne but* once *committed, gets a proneneſſe to* reiteration. 374

Opinion: 182. *The foundation of all temporall happineſſe* 182. 183.

Order: *The great good of Good* order. 422

Oſtentation: 246. *Great Workes undertaken for* oſtentation, *miſſe of their* end, *and turne to the Authors* ſhame. 144. *Clouds of* diſdaine *are commonly raiſed by the Wind of* oſtẽtation. 248

P

Paſſion: *Of extreme* paſſion, 440. *What it is to admoniſh a man in the height of his* paſſion, 21. *Violent* paſſion *what like,* 21 Miſſe application *makes* paſſion *ill.* 141

Perfection: *That Religion & Nature is neceſſary to* perfection. 326

Petitions: *Of them, and denialls,* 56. *Much danger in them both, ibid. A rule in anſwering a* friends petition, *ibid. A rule in making* Petitions, 57. 58. *What to doe in a friends denying our* petition. *ibid.*

Plaine: *To be* plaine *and* pleaſing *in ſpeaking, what it argues.* 22. *A* plaine Heart *in* Court, *is but growne a* better Word *for a* Foole. 134. 135.

Pleaſures: *What loſſe comes by gaining the* Pleaſures *and* profits *of this World*, 366. *Earthly* pleaſures *ſweeter in the expectation then in the enioyment.* 433

Poets: *and* Poetry, 213. *A play that makes wordes dance, ibid. They are called Makers, ibid. And Vates*, 214. *A conjecturall reaſon of Poets poverty. ibid. They are all of free natures*, 214. *A difference to be put betweene Poets & Rimers*, 214, 215. *Two things blamed in Poetry*, 216. *The things that Poets ſhould be wary of in their Rimes. ib. It ſhould be ſhort*, 217

Policie: *That it and Friendſhip are ſcarce compatible*, 255

Policie *is a circumſtantiall Diſſembling*, 134. Policy *is not a Flower growing in every mans Garden*, 193. *It is but a Braine-warre, ibid. When it runnes ſmoothest, ibidem.* Policie *in Friendſhip like Logicke in Truth*, 255. 256. *The different end of* Policie *and* Love, 257

Poore: *and* Poverty, *of it*, 59. *The* Worlds *folly in contemning the poore in Chriſt*, 410

The Poore are the firſt that muſt ſtand the Shocke of Extremity, 59, 60. *Vertue how valued in a poore man or woman.* 60, 61. *Extreme Poverty is a Lanthorne that lights vs to all miſery*, 61. *The Poore is the proper object of pity.* 64

Poſteritie: *How to be prized and vſed*, 84

Prayer: 334. *By it we ſpeak to* God. *Of the danger of the neglect of the duty of prayer*, 398, *More needfull in the Morning, then in the Evening*, 406

Praiſes: *He that loveth them, is called an* Ayre-monger, 49

Preaching: 69. *The Exceſſe of it in its defect, hath made the Pulpit ſlighted, ibidem. A wonder to heare men preach at once So Little & So Long, ibidem. A pretty reaſon why men are ſo vſually ſleepy at a Sermon, and ſo vigilant at a Play*, 70. *A ſharpe invective not againſt Plaine, but Rude Preaching*, 70, 71. *A good Preacher ſhould be as a good Orator*, 71. *A Quip for*

for hasty Preachers, 71. *against sluttish Preachers*. 73
Pride: *Of it and Choller*. 225 *It is never in a Noble Nature*, 13. *Of being Proud, by being commended*, 353 *That Pride and Crueltie makes any man more odious then any sinne besides*, 443. *A Proud person never well beloved*, 444. *Pride and Crueltie are Curres of the same Littour, ibid. Pride being in fashion, brings Humility out of countenance.* 6
Pride *and* Choller *compared to a Fox, at the full.* 225 *A pretty Censure of such as would come to preferment by Pride, ibid. It is an uncharitable vice*, 226 *What Pride and Choller wants, ibid. These two are compared to a burning house.* 227
Projectors: *Of being a secret* Projector *of ought.* 353
Prosperity: *Of sudden* Prosperitie, 1. Government *and* Obedience *the two causes of a Common* Prosperity, 387. *What man would desire, if he should alwayes prosper.* 442
Punishments: *That no mans sinnes are alwayes unpunished*, 178, 180, 181
Puritan: 10. *Why none of them will owne their owne name, ibid. in finem. The various acceptatiõ of it*, 11. *in principium. He is a Church-Rebel, ibid. What kinde of* Puritan *is both to be loved and hated.* 12

R

Rayling: *A pretty use of one that* Rayles *on a man*, 396
Reading: *A Rule in reading of Authors*, 354
Reconciliation: *Of Reconciling Enemies*, 74
Religion: *Of its Choice*, 50. *That it is our best Guide*, 192. *A rare thing to see a Rich man Religious*, 349 *It is no foe to good manners; The Rule or Domination of Religion*, 51. *The Submissiõ of Reason to Religion, ibidem. The Protestant Religion commended*, 53. *That Religion governes All, even the World, Nature, and Policie.* 194
Repentance: *Without comes* Shame, 279. *How Repentãce infavours us againe with God. ibid. all things against a man,*

a man, whilst he lives impenitently, 277. *Repentance after Fasting, is a* Propter *to a surer hold,* 277. 278.
Reprehẽsion: 19. *A Friends love therein manifested. ibid. A rule for it, ibid.* 19. 20. 23. *Publike* Repentance *what like, ibid. A pretty comparison to manifest a meane in Reprehension,* 22. *An argument drawn from the unboned tongue, ibid. A good Rule, and shrewd Checke for a Reprover, ibid & 23. Against rough* Reprehension. 161
Reputation: *vide Good name,* 346
Resolution: *Of sudden* Resolution, 4. *It is the most fortifying armour a man can weare, ibid. Fortunes* Resolution *necessarie to insafe vs from the Thefts and Wiles of Prosperitie,* 5. *Though* Resolutiõs *change, yet vowes should know no variety.* 448
Restraint: *That all things have their Rest,* 130. *Of it and Libertie.* 293
Revenge: *To revenge Wrongs what it savours of,* 428. *Whilest wee thinke to Revenge a Wrong, We oft begin one,* 127
Reward: *Of it and* Service, 16
Riches: *How advanced by* Custome, 113. *vide* Encreate, 303. *A rare thing to see a* Rich man *Religious,* 439. *Content makes Rich,* 430

S

Sanctitie: *It is a Sentence of three stops,* 421
Scandall: *Its fault and fruit,* 284. *Of Scandalous Ministers, ibid.* 285
Science: *Of it and Wisdome,* 138. *It comes short of Wisdome, ibid.*
Sea: *Every man is a* Vast Sea, 190
Secresie: *It ought to be in Projecting ought,* 353. *That all Secrets should not be imparted to the faithfullest Friend,* 365 *What two friends should do with their Secrets, when they depart one from another,* 158
Servant: *The good of a discret Servant,* 16. *Good to vse a Servant sometimes like a Friend,* 17. *but this should not make him sawcy,* 18. *A*

18. *A good rule betweene Master and Servant, ibid. Servants vsually are our best Friends or Worst Foes.* 112

Shame: *Iust Shame saddens a good mans Soule,* 377

Silence: *Of Silence and Babbling,* 333. *A pretty example of enjoying Silence,* 416. 417.

Sinne: *That sinne is more* Crafty *then* Violent, 116 *The horror that it leaves behind,* 86. 87. *That no man Sinne goes alwayes vnpunished,* 178. *Of Veniall Sinne,* 336, *Sinne brings Sorrow,* 347. *Sinne but Once committed, begets a proneneſſe to Reiteration,* 374. *The ſudden occaſion of Sinne moſt dangerous,* 411

Solitarineſſe: *Of it and* Companionſhip, 385

Sorrow: *That Sinne brings it,* 347. *Sorrowes are like putrid Graves,* 175. *Of all abjects of Sorrow, a Diſtreſſed King is the moſt pitifull,* 187. 188.

Soule: *Of it,* 195. *Of the manifold diſtractions about it, ibid. Whether it followes the temperature of the body.* 196

Souldier: *Of* Him & warre 279. *A* Souldier *ſhould have in him both* Courage *and* Compaſſion. 143. *A Souldiers life is a life tempting to exorbitancie,* 282. *Their life but an ordered Quarrell, ibid.*

Speech: *Of ſpeeches bewraying,* 416. *Reaſons of giving a deafe eare to evill ſpeaking,* 241

Spending: *Of it and* Sparing 358

Speed: *Times continuall* Speed, 23

Stedfaſtneſſe: *A Chriſtians* Stedfaſtnes *in his* Saviour, *compared to a* Needle *in a* Diall, 359

Sudden: *Of ſudden Reſolutions,* 4

Suite: *vide* Petitions, 56. 57

Sufferance: *That it cauſeth Love,* 253

Suſpicion *vide* Iealouſie: *Of it,* 240. *Whence it proceeds moſt commonly, ibid.*

T

Temptations: *Of the mind of a man after the Conqueſt of a ſtrong* Temptation. 437

Time: *Its continuall* speed, 23. *A thing in* time *praiseth good* succesſe, 21. *Of the waſte and change of* time, 144. Time *is* changes agent, 149. *Man is but* times Ball, 244. *An example of vaine ſpent* time, 303. *How the diſtempers of theſe* times *affect the* wiſe, 426. Travell, *a rule for converſe in* Travel, 272
Trauell, 270. *A* trauelling foole *is the ſhame of all* Nations, 271. *How to better our ſelves by* trauell, *ib.*
Traytor: *Mans owne heart the greateſt* traytor. 203
Treachery, *Its worſt kinde.*
Trifles: *Of lamenting the loſſe of* trifles, 372
Troubles: *Thy are the beſt* tutors *to* goodneſse. 332

V.

Valour: *A Chriſtians* valour *and true* fidelity, 338. Valour, *when beſt tempered.* 142
Value: *Of being* ouer-valued 93. *There is no* detraction *worſe, then to* over-value *men,* 96
Variety: *Though pleaſing, yet* troublesome. 50.
Vertue: *Of the end of* vertue *and* vice, 8. *Of it and* wiſedome, 230. *A* Vertuous man *is a wonder,* 335. *Every* Vertue *hath two* Vices *clogging her* 336. *What a* Vertuous *Man in the purity of his life is like,* 351. *Of being* Vertues *friend, and* vices *foe,* 412. Vertue *and* vice *compared,* 438. 439. Vertue *and* vices large attendants. 24. 25. *When a Man is rightly* vertuous, 123. *and when upright, ibidem.* Vertue *is* Natures envie, 178. 179. vertus *garment how* ſacred, 230. *Of* Nobilitie *ioyned with* vertue, *how glorious.* 438
Vice: *Of the end of* vice *and* vertue, 8. Vices *path, ibid. A painted* Harlot, 9. *when moſt dangerous,* 129. *Its flouriſhing and decay,* 426 Vices *attendants,* 29. *Tis now a* vice *to bee* honeſt, 179. vices *brave bold face,* 180. *It hath a puniſhment, though ſecret.* 180. 181
Viciſſitude: *All temporall things have their* viciſſitude, 131. *This* viciſſitude *maintaines the* World. 132.

Vine: Humility *compared to the* Vine. 14.
Violence: *Of it and* eagerneſſe, 27. *It oft proſpers, but ſeldome is bleſſed, ibid. examples in the Covetous, ibidem, and others by many pretty ſimiles. ibidem. & 28. The Authors concluſion from the premiſes.* 29
Vowes: *Though* reſolutions *change, yet* vowes *ſhould know no* variety. 448
Vprightneſſe: *Inward* integrity, *& outward* vprightneſſe *ought to be reſpected.* 397

W

Warre: *Of it, and* Souldiers, 279. *A* Souldier *ſhould have in him both* courage *and* compaſſion, 143. War *is the* blood-letting *of a* body Politicke, 279. *The cauſes of* Warre *reduced into five heads*, 280 *It is lawfull for* Princes *by* Warre *to vindicate the honour of* themſelves *and their* people, 281. *Three vertues which ought to bee in every* Commander *of* Warre, *ibidem.* Warre *is one of the offences with* woe. 283
Watches: *A wiſe Man will keepe a double* wateh. 203
Will: *That it is accepted with God for the* deed. 378
Wife: *What the comfort of a wiſe* Wife *is.* 264. 265.
Wiſdome: *Of* over-valuing *our* wiſdome, 93. *Of it, and* Science, 138. *Of it, and* vertue, 230. *They are the* gards *of* ſafety. *ibid.*
Woman: *Of her.* 100. Man, *why made her* maſter, 101 *Of a* Woman *with a* wiſe Soule. 264
Word: *The* Word *of* God our looking-glaſſe, 402 *A word in* ſeaſon, *compared to ſtriking in time.* 21.
Workes: *Of* them *without* Faith, *and of* Faith *without* them, 348. *Great* workes *undertaken for* oſtentation, *miſſe of their* end, *and turne to the Authers* ſhame, 144. *Examples of it. ibid.*
World: *Of being the* worlds favorite *without* Grace, 334. *Its enchantment when it ſmiles on us*, 360. *What gaine comes by the* profit

profit *and* pleasure *of the* World, 366. *The condition of the* Worlds *things.* 431

Wrongs: *Of* Natures *recompencing* wrongs, 121. *Of apprehension in* wrongs 126. *To revenge* wrongs, *what it savours of,* 428 *While wee thinke to* reuenge *a* wrong, *we oft begin it,* 172. *'Tis a Princely thing to disdaine a* wrong. 128.

FINIS.